# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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## LUKE XVIII. 11

I WATCH my brother at his work
From dawn to dusk, a loaf to win;
I see my sister, toiling late
Beside her lamp, with fingers thin—
This is my daily prayer to God,
"Lord! keep me pure from sin."

I fare through wintry streets, the storm
Beats blithely on my fur-clad breast;
My sister shivers at my side
In one poor threadbare garment dressed.
The warm blood tingles in my veins,
"Lord! be Thy bounty blest!"

I sit beside my plenteous board
That gleams with fruit, that glows with wine;
My brother, on the pave below
Sits by his dinner-pail to dine.
I fold my hands to pray: "Dear Lord!
A thankful heart be mine!"

My little children climb my knee
Their good-night blessing to repeat—
Whose roughened voices do I hear
Wrangling and cursing in the street?
I clasp my darlings close; I cry,
"O God! my life is sweet!"

*Like to that Pharisee of old*
*Who to the temple went to pray,*
*And thought upon his fellow-men,*
*And gave thanks he was not as they—?*
*Nay! not like him; all but ourselves*
*We have forgot, to-day!*

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# A New York Easter

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*W. T. Smedley, fecit.*

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*Albert Lynch, fecit.*

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And moreover on GOOD FRYDAY ye Qveane and her Ladyes are to double themselves in creppinge to ye CROSSE bearing also in their handes dyvers gyftes of Egges and Apples and thys to sygnifie an doublynge of ovre sclfes vnto CHRISTE before ye CROSSE and ye kissynge of ye memorie of ovre REDEMPTION made vpon ye CROSSE

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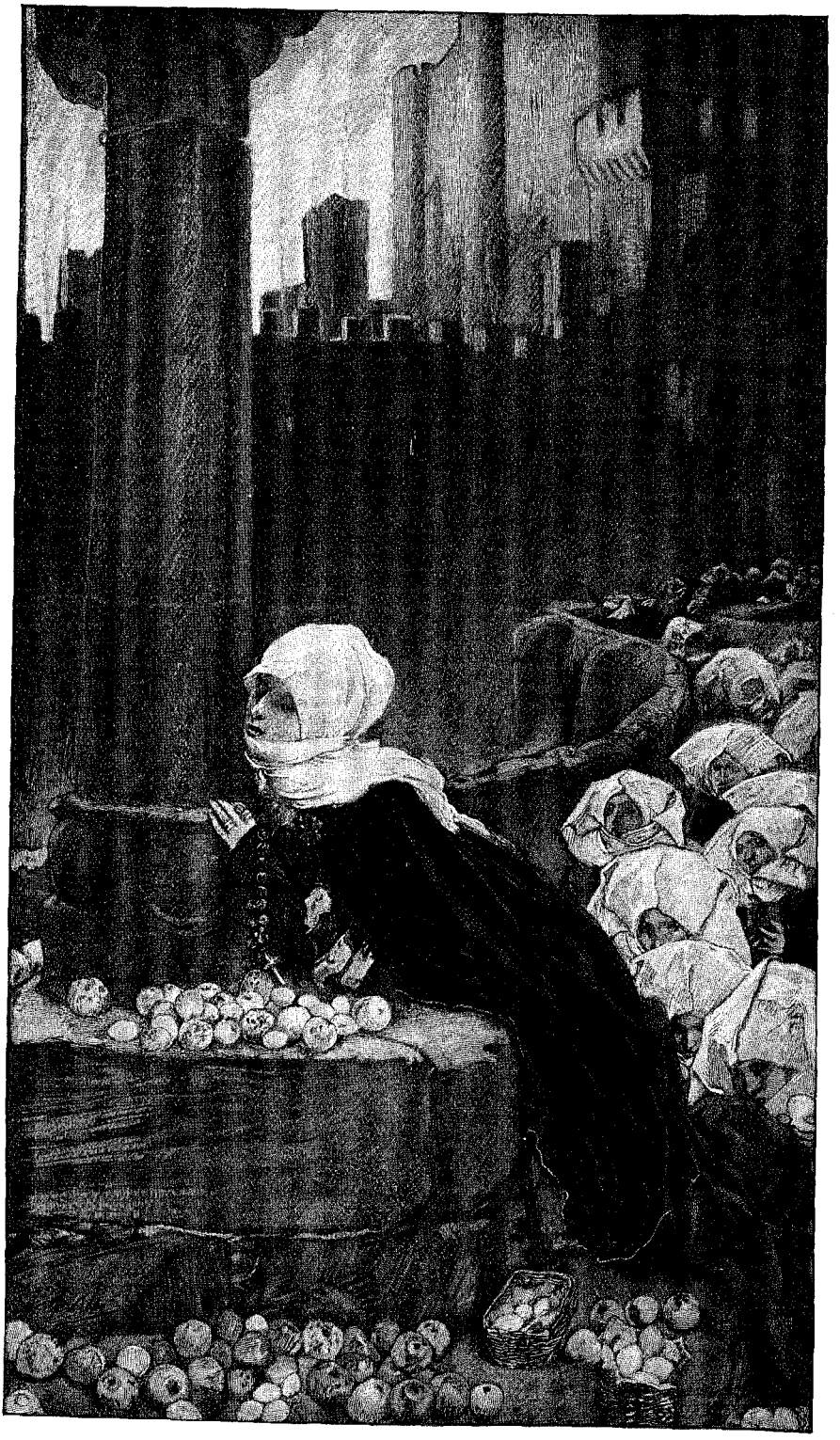

*E. A. Abbey, fecit.*

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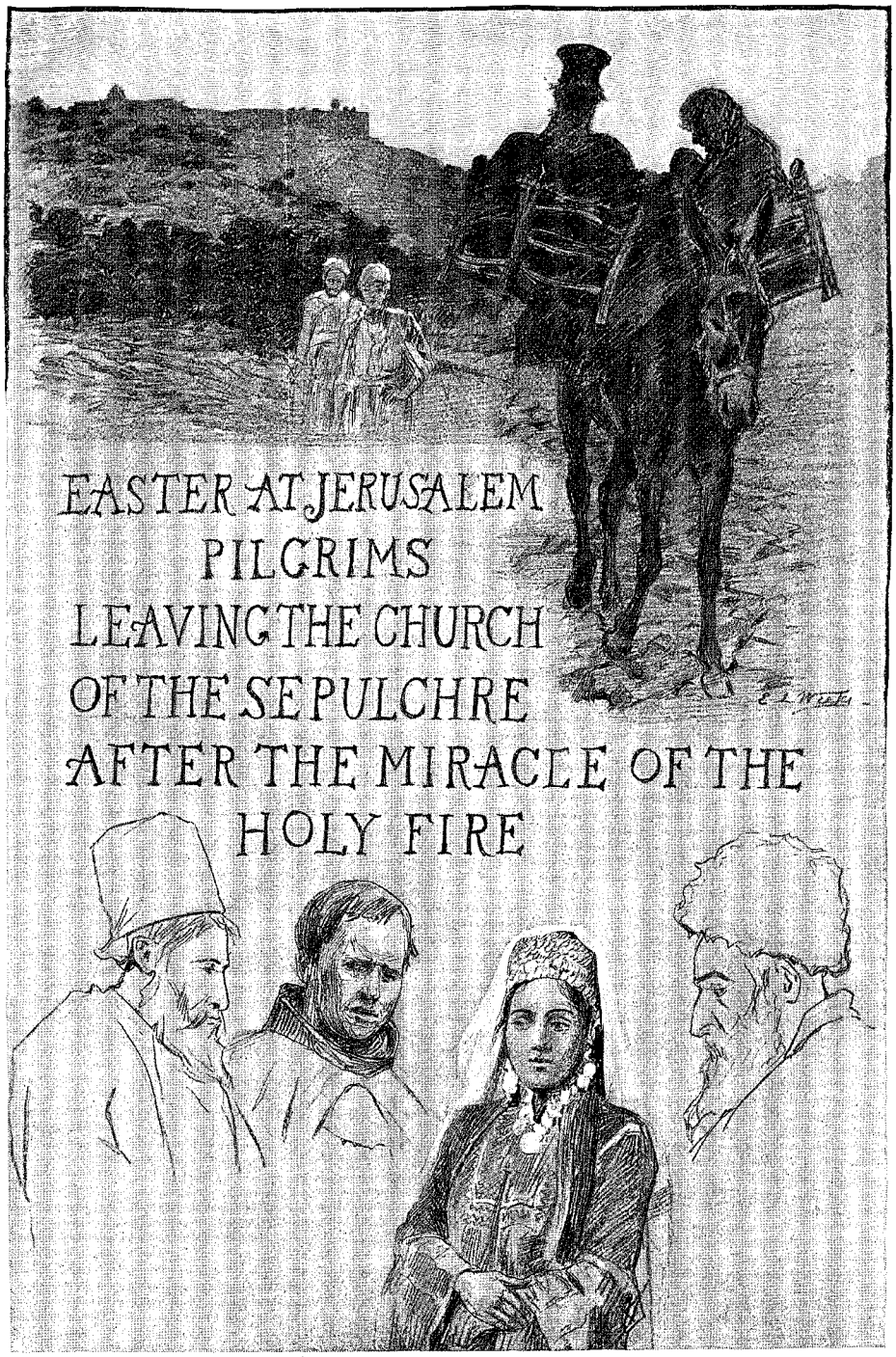

EASTER AT JERUSALEM
PILGRIMS
LEAVING THE CHURCH
OF THE SEPULCHRE
AFTER THE MIRACLE OF THE
HOLY FIRE

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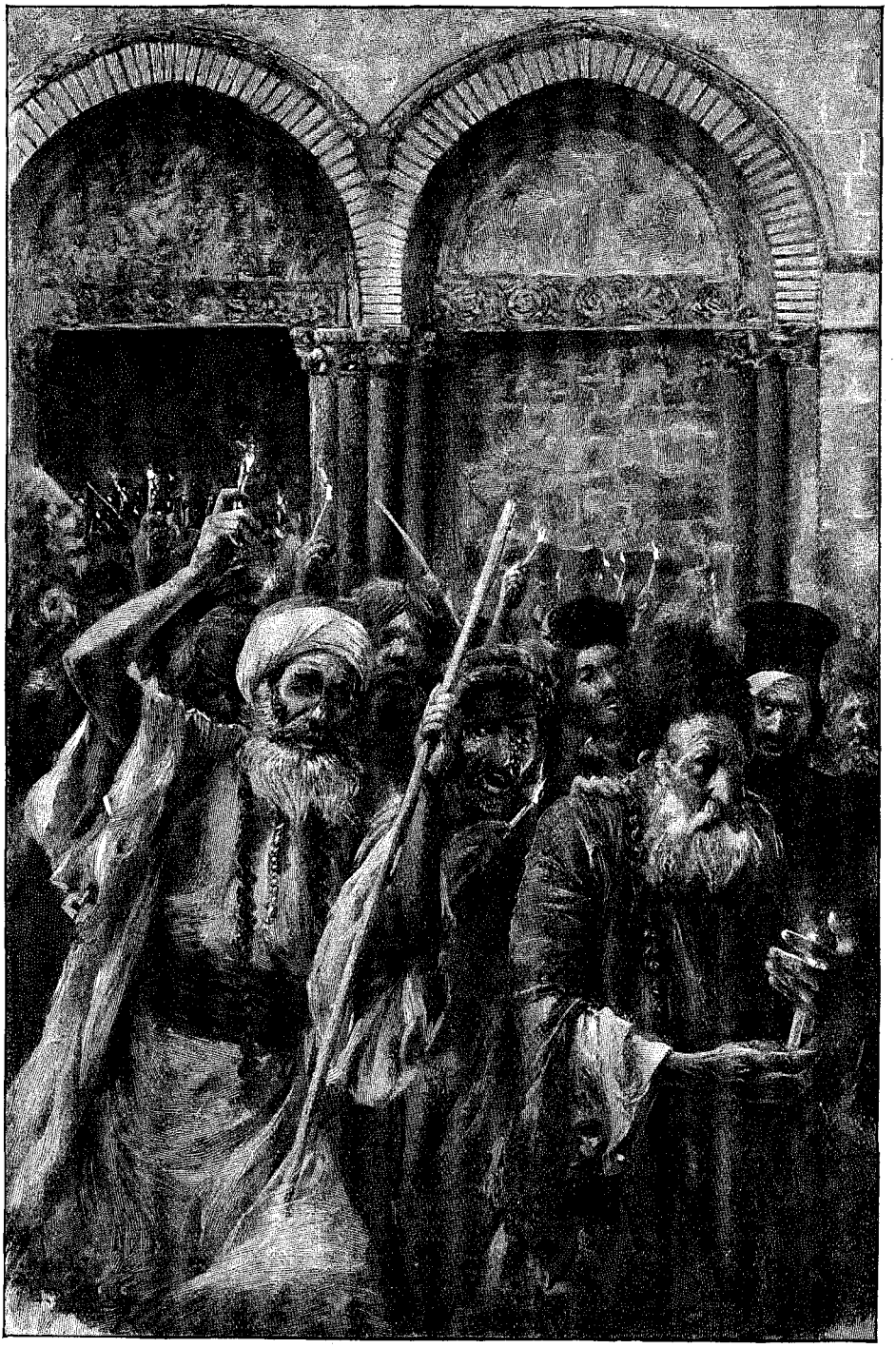

*E. L. Weeks, fecit.*

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# PRINCE CHARLES STUART

*By Andrew Lang*

"The most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince."

THE history of Prince Charles, in whom the romance and the sorrows of the Stuarts came to a close, has often been written, but never completely elucidated. Of the necessary documents many are lost, many lie unpublished among the Stuart papers at Windsor. Several years of the Prince's life, after Culloden, are a blank. He was only too successful in concealing his tracks and obliterating the traces of his designs. Let us try to tell again the old story, and try, especially, to get a clear view of a much-debated character.

Charles was the son of a romantic marriage. His mother, Clementina Sobieski, of the great Polish house, had to flee from the Emperor's dominion, and make her escape from durance before she could join her bridegroom in Rome. Her eldest son, the Prince, was born at Rome, December 31, 1720.

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The event caused great festivities, and the Pope made more than royal presents to the Pretender. In the following year the Marquis of Blandford was received by the exiled Prince in Rome; he was treated with great distinction. James, he found, was not austere. "He made his dinner of roast beef, he also prefers our March beer to the best port wines. He drinks his glass of champagne very heartily." Elsewhere, in MSS. catalogued by the Historical Commission, we find a jovial letter in which James speaks of laying his sorrows in a bottle of Burgundy. History does not accuse the Old Pretender of the vice which consummated the ruin of Charles, but it is plain, at least, that he set his son no example of ascetic sobriety.

According to Lord Blandford, the persons about the infant Prince were chiefly English and Protestants, whom Clementina declared that she approved of at that time. But later, as Mr. Ewald remarks, in his "Life of Prince Charles," she changed her mind. The Irish Catholics who governed him were the Prince's bane. He was, moreover, so tossed from Catholic to Protestant in his education, that he became very indifferent to distinctions of creed; hence one of his least creditable acts.

There was a project in James's little court, as full of cabals as a large one, for sending Charles, as a child, to Scotland. The priests preferred to send another child, and produce Charles when the insurrection was ripe. The priests seem to have read too many bad novels, and this promising intrigue was allowed to drop. The Princess's second child, Henry, was born on March 6, 1725. Very soon after this the sorrows of Clementina began in earnest. It was the old story. As Queen Caroline had her rival, Lady Suffolk, Clementina had her Mrs. Hay, wife of Colonel Hay, called Lord Inverness, of the Kinnoul family, a favorite counsellor of James. But Clementina, less worldly wise than Caroline, could not endure Mrs. Hay, still less make a tool of a rival. Nor could she endure James Murray, Lord Dunbar, the Prince's Protestant governor, or tutor. Clementina fled to a convent; the Pope took her side vigorously.

James was just as moral or as immoral as George I., but nobody meddled with George's domestic affairs. The Pope sent a messenger to James, who spoke of throwing him out of the window. However, the Pope could starve James by refusing subsidies; the Queen of Spain and the Jacobites at home put pressure on him, and, in 1727, Clementina rejoined her husband. All these disturbances were the worst training for a boy.

Charles fell under the domination of his Irish governor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, who, with O'Sullivan, may be said to have ruined the attempt of 1745. Of his education we know little. As his letters show, he could spell no better than Claverhouse. James he spells "Gems;" but few people of rank could spell in those days. He makes a few classical allusions, and he was fond of music, performing, in his last unhappy years, on the violin and the bagpipes. He was devoted to manly exercises. During his wanderings in the heather, with a price on his head, he never flinched.

The Prince asked Captain MacLeod if he was a stout walker, and if he could walk barefoot? By "barefoot" he meant to ask if he could walk in his shoes without stockings, for, said he, "that is the way I used to walk at my diversions in Italy." He introduced golf into Italy, where his links were in the grounds of the Villa Borghese. It is probable that he was never a great student, but he did not positively "hate boetry and bainting," like George II. But, like the same prince, he was fond of warfare. In 1734 the forces of the Emperor, the ally of England, were besieged in Gaëta. Charles's cousin, the Duke of Liria, afterward Duke of Berwick, son of a natural son of the sainted James II., took Charles into the trenches. "With an ardor worthy of his ancestor, the victor of Bannockburn, Charles threw himself into his new duties."* He was but a lad of thirteen, but, as the Duke of Liria testifies, "he showed not the least concern even when the balls were hissing about his ears." The Duke had to leave his quarters, as a battery was directed against them, but Charles, coming up as Liria left, "stayed in the

* Ewald, i., 46.



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house a very considerable time, with an undisturbed countenance, though the walls had been pierced through with cannon-balls." Other eye-witnesses are in the same tale. Even Walton, the English spy in Rome, admitted his qualities and his courage. As to his courage, like that even of Marlborough, even of Montrose, it has been denied by clergymen, and by one or two soured adherents, such as the Chevalier Johnstone; but his bravery was really impeccable. "I never knew a man not a coward so prudent, nor a man not rash so brave," said one who had known him well in Scotland. (In Bishop Forbes's contemporary collection, "The Lyon in Mourning," partly published by Mr. Robert Chambers, in "Jacobite Memoirs," 1834. Edinburgh and London.) Of his courage, however, the time to speak will come later.

Here, then, was a young Prince Charming, beautiful, brave, capable of enduring hardships, and, till his misfortunes soured him, not only kind, but of an uncommon and almost impolitic humanity. Well might Walton, the spy, pronounce him, with the blood of John Sobieski in his veins, "a far more dangerous enemy to the present establishment of the government in England than ever his father was." In those days, when a king of some sort was a necessity, England seemed to have in Charles a king born to be adored. But the tendency of things was invincibly against him. His enterprise was fated to split on his religion (which the dying Clementina implored him to abandon for no earthly crown); on France, then a broken reed, like Egypt of old, whereon if a man lean it shall pierce his hand; on the cowardice or caution of the English Jacobites, and on the folly of his Irish governors. Had Charles been a Hannibal, he could scarcely have triumphed, with these things against him.

James Stuart.

This and the picture opposite from miniatures, now at Strathtyrum, near St. Andrews—made about 1740.

Clementina died in 1735. The next two years were occupied in studies, which cannot have been severe. In 1737 Charles, under the name of Count of Albany, made a tour among the Italian cities. Everywhere he was kindly received—at Venice with royal honors. This was resented by England, and the English Minister at Venice was withdrawn at short notice. Charles's tour gave him, as it were, a taste of royalty, and he longed, not perhaps ingloriously or selfishly, for a full draught. The President Desbrosses (author of "Les

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Dieux Fétiches," an extremely brilliant work on the origin of religion) often met Charles in Italy, and declared that, in the opinion of his friends, if he failed in his great adventure, it would not be for lack of enterprise. ("Lettres d'Italie," ii., 361. Paris, An. vii.)

Clementina Sobieski, Wife of James Stuart and Mother of Charles.

During Charles's youth, as may be supposed, the Jacobites had not been idle. Plot after plot had burst like a bubble; hope after hope had been deferred. Mr. Ewald traces the beginning of the attempt of '45 to Charles Murray, of Broughton, who was to be the Ganelon of the cause. In 1742 Murray was a young man, making the grand tour. In Rome he met Charles, and for his *beaux yeux*, "his eyes the finest I ever saw, . . . the most surprisingly handsome person of his age," he adopted the forlorn cause. Charles assuredly had given Murray medicines to make him love him. Murray credits Charles with much Latin, a good deal of Greek, and a little Hebrew. He thought Henry the more military of the pair. When Charles went to the siege of Gaëta, Henry was but nine, but he cried to be allowed to fight, and would not wear his ribbon of the Garter, as he might not wear his *sord* — so Charles spelled it; his spelling was like Prince Giglio's. A miniature, in possession of the family of Cheape, of Strathtyrum, shows Henry as a very pretty lad in armor. Desbrosses admired his handsome face and kindly way.

Lord Elcho, eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss, was also in Rome at this time. Of his manuscript memoirs copies exist at Abbotsford, in Lord Wemyss's papers, in the collection of Mr. David Douglas, the well-known Edinburgh publisher, and at Wemyss Castle. The last alone seems to be complete; the others do not contain the passage which, misapprehended by Sir Walter Scott, has been used as a charge against the personal courage of Charles. Lord Elcho, though he now came into the cause, never speaks kindly of Charles. The truth is that he lent £1,500 during 1745, and never was repaid. Hence this not unnatural anger.

The Jacobite Highland lairds had for some time been caballing; the English partisans were ready, they said, to rise as soon as France sent over troops. France, on her side, was ready to send troops as soon as the English Jacobites rose. Neither party could be brought to the point. James himself, as his letters prove, never had any real hope except in French aid. Charles,

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on the other hand, was too much of an Englishman to like French assistance, if it could possibly be dispensed with. To what extent the English Jacobites had committed themselves is uncertain. With or without definite English promises, the French Government made up its mind, in 1743, to back James. "The King of France is resolved to undertake in my favor," says James, writing from Rome to the Duke of Ormond, December 23, 1743. Charles went to Roman balls in a kilt, which showed whither his thoughts were tending. On January 9, 1744, he had arranged a hunting party, but started in the middle of the night, threw his servants off the scent, and, under a disguise, reached Savona. Here he embarked, escaped the English fleet, and landed, nearly where Napoleon landed when he left Elba, at Antibes. After a fortnight in Paris, where the king did not receive him, he went incognito to Gravelines, where he lay concealed. The French fleet actually started, the transports with 7,000 men were despatched, Charles was on board, but, *afflavit Deus*, a storm wrecked or discouraged the expedition, and all was over. Charles himself proposed to start for Scotland in a fishing-boat, with Lord Marischal. But Lord Marischal would not accompany him, to the Prince's great indignation. In later years Lord Marischal defamed his character. Charles now discovered that Semple and Drummond, two of his father's counsellors, were quite untrustworthy. There began to be a Prince's party and a King's party, to the chagrin of James. Murray of Broughton came to Paris, and returned to Scotland with news that Charles was ready to come to the Highlands alone. The chiefs opposed the idea. Murray wrote to Charles, but the letter never reached him. Encouraged by his Irish officers, he raised money on his jewels, got a frigate, La Doutelle, and a man-of-war, a privateer, from Walsh, a merchant; purchased some fifteen hundred swords; and eighteen hundred muskets, and embarked from Belleisle on July 13, 1745. With him were The Seven Men of Moidart, of whom Sheridan and O'Sullivan would have been better left at home; they only irritated the Scotch, and interfered with the Scotch generals. Neither James nor the French Court knew what was happening.

Henry, Duke of York, Brother of Charles.

On June 12th Charles wrote to his father. He was weary of waiting, weary of broken promises from France. He must show his mettle. "If a horse

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which is to be sold, if spurred, does not skip, nobody would care to have him, even for nothing; just so my friends would care little to have me, if, after such usage as all the world is sensible of, I should not show I have life in me." He insists that he has been "invited by his friends;" he had either been imposed on, or the "invitations" have disappeared. This letter was written from the house of the young Duc de Bouillon, who had conceived a romantic and enduring friendship for the Prince. Probably much of the mysterious lost years of Charles (1749–55) was spent at a lonely country place of de Bouillon's.

The Doutelle made her way safely to the Western Islands, her consort, the Elizabeth, fought a drawn battle with the British man-of-war the Lion, Captain Brett. Between Barra and South Uist, among the Hebrid Isles, an eagle floated over the Doutelle, and was welcomed as a happy omen.* Duncan Cameron was landed near the Long Isle, to look for a pilot. He found Barra's piper, who steered them into the little islet of Erisca. They landed, lodged very uncomfortably, the Prince assuring himself that Sheridan's bed was dry and clean. They sent for Macdonald of Boisdale, who discouraged them. Sir Alexander Macdonald sent back no answer. MacLeod held aloof, but Kinlochmoidart was hospitable and joined them, thanks to young Ronald Macdonald, who cried, "Though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you." On the 25th of July, 1745, a young lady, Miss Nelly McWilliams, a remote aunt of the writer, was amusing herself with her friend, in Perthshire. They were startled by the sound of a single gun. That gun was heard mysteriously all over Scotland, and that day Prince Charles was landing at Lochnahuagh.† The enterprise still hung in the balance. Kinlochmoidart had risked his neck for those blue eyes in which the official description of Charles by the English Government saw "no sparkle." But it was the coming in of young Lochiel that proved the fatal cast of the die. He is said to have been won against his common sense by the charm of the Prince; like Cluny, he felt that "an angel could not resist those soothing, close applications." Yet, in 1752, young Glengarry told Bishop Forbes that Lochiel, like Cluny, "got security for the full value of his estate" from Charles before they ventured. Consequently, Cluny, in later years, would not part with the hoard of some 20,000 louis in gold, buried after the defeat of Culloden. But what became of that romantic hoard, hidden in the bed of the burn—the gold that lured Archibald Cameron to his death—I have never been able with certainty to discover.‡ On August 19th the standard of red silk was unfurled by the Marquis of Tullibardine in Glenfinnan, while bonnets flew up into the air like a cloud. Hither came Miss Jeanie or Jenny Cameron, for whom Sophia Western was mistaken in "Tom Jones." But, alas for romance, the famed "mistress" of Charles was a buxom widow of some forty-five; she was never, it appears, dearer than she should have been to the Prince; she never followed the camp at all.

The military history of the campaign is too well known to need repetition. The celebrated Johnny Cope, with his army from Edinburgh, did not fancy the idea of meeting the Highlanders below the slopes of Corry Arrack, for "even the haggis, Cot bless her, could charge down a hill." He withdrew to Inverness, hoping that Charles would follow him, but the Prince marched straight for Perth and thence the Fords of Frew, where Forth is too shallow to "bridle the wild Highlandman," and so to Edinburgh. He was joined by the Duke of Perth, Lord Elcho, Lord George Murray, and, to his sorrow, by the Chevalier Johnstone, of the "Memoirs." The Lowlanders were backward in joining. The nobles could only bring in their grooms and butlers; the farmers had already a will of their own. A small band of the Prince's horse clattered through St. Andrews, on a Sunday, and met the people coming out of the town kirk, that hid-

* Narrative of Æneas Macdonald and Duncan Cameron, in Bishop Forbes's MSS., Jacobite Memoirs, p. 9.
† Family tradition.
‡ In recent years a shepherd found a rouleau of French gold in the heather.



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eously deformed relic of twelfth century architecture which rings to the eloquence of A. K. H. B. Only three men joined; one of these, Charlie Sibbald, after Culloden, lay in hiding among the ruins of the Priory. In later years, when the minister prayed for King George, Charlie stuck his bonnet on his head and stalked proudly out of church.* Of the recruits, Lord George Murray was infinitely the most valuable. He was a thorough soldier, without pedantry; he permitted the Highlanders to fight in their own fashion; he was long-enduring, brave as Skobeleff, and strictly loyal. The Irish officers, and a confusion natural with starved troops on a night march, turned Charles against Lord George, just before Culloden; but it is certain enough that, except for insisting on the retreat from Derby, Lord George served Charles better than any other man in his party.

At Perth Charles was induced, much against his will, to retaliate in kind on King George's offer of £30,000 for his head. The practice, as he says, "was unusual in Christian princes." In a later conspiracy he is said to have made it an indispensable condition that none of the reigning family should be harmed. His lenity, indeed, was almost too great. In Glasgow he would not permit the punishment of a man who snapped a pistol in his face, nor was this the only occasion when he showed the same forgiving disposition.

To Charles, advancing rapidly, the unfortified and distracted city of Edinburgh fell an easy prize. The dragoons fled before a few gentlemen skirmishers, and only stopped at Dunbar. Lochiel's Camerons simply walked into the Netherbow Port and relieved the regular guard. Then Charles rode to Holyrood with the White Rose on his breast, and was proclaimed at the Cross, while the beautiful wife of the traitor Murray, mounted, and with a drawn sword in her hand, distributed ribbons for cockades. Meanwhile Cope had sailed from Aberdeen, and had landed with some three thousand men at Dunbar. The Prince marched against him;—we have all made that march with Fergus McIvor and Waverley. The battle lasted but five minutes; the Prince with the second line, fifty yards behind, did not come up before Cope's men had fled. The writer well knows the park wall of Pinkey where the English soldiers, trying to climb over, were ingloriously sliced from behind by the broadswords. The affair was, in brief, an Isandlana. Stout soldiers were amazed by a sudden, savage rush, and the claymore played the part of the stabbing assegai.

> "What arm has this deliverance wrought?
> 'Tis he, the gallant youth appears;
> O warm in field, and cool in thought,
> Beyond the slow advance of years!"

So speaks the Genius of Scotland, in Hamilton of Bangour's "Ode on the Battle of Gladsmuir," as the Highlanders called Preston Pans. As for the gallant youth, he had slept on pease straw with his men, he had been as near as a general should be to the first line, and, after the fight his care of the English wounded was a noble contrast to the unforgiven brutalities of the butcher Cumberland. "As my victory is over Englishmen," the Prince wrote to his father, "it has thrown a damp upon me that I little imagined." He had great difficulty about hospitals, "but I am resolved I won't suffer the poor wounded men to lie in the streets, and if I can do no better I will make a hospital of the palace (Holyrood) and leave it to them."

Horace Walpole, on the news of Gladsmuir, consoled himself by reflecting that the Castle of the Maidens—Edinburgh Castle—was "impregnable." So it proved. The Prince blockaded it, but Lord George Murray knew this, he says, to be futile. He wrote to the Duke of Athole, "the desertion is very frequent among all the army" (September 29, 1745); indeed the Highlanders were going home with their plunder or to get in their oats. Two opinions prevailed among the Scotch Jacobites. Some, as we learn very distinctly from the Chevalier Johnstone, were disinclined to invade England. Their national feeling made them still detest the Union: it would have suited them to make Scotland a separate kingdom with a Stuart king. They saw with resentment Charles's infatuation, as they

* Information from Mr. Hay Fleming, of St. Andrews.

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deemed it, for "the executioners of his house." They longed for the assembly of a Scotch Parliament.

These national ideas occupied the minds of Jacobites like Hepburn of Keith; soldiers like Murray saw the advantage of invading England before her troops could return from Flanders, with Dutch and Swiss allies. As Charles was wasting time before Edinburgh Castle, the English Whigs, shrieking "No Popery," were stirring up an unfavorable sentiment in the English populace. A force, relatively large, under Wade, was at Newcastle. Cumberland was advancing on the Midlands. An army of reserve met at Finchley Common, and was caricatured by Hogarth. Meanwhile the Jacobites expected men and supplies from France. At last the eagerness of Charles prevailed. If none would accompany him to England he would go alone, he said, and he was capable of keeping his word. By a brilliant piece of strategy, Lord George deceived Wade, took Carlisle, and, racing south, passed Preston and Manchester, gave Cumberland the slip, and reached, nay passed, Derby, where were the Prince's head-quarters. A member of an ennobled English family has told me that his great-grandfather was then a servant at an inn in Derby, and waited on the Prince.

Every one knows, every one, in his age of romance, has deplored the close of that gallant race for a crown. The chiefs declined to go forward; Charles prayed, even intrigued, they would not move. Had he mounted his horse and ridden on, the Highlanders would have followed him. They were eager for a battle, they lamented when they found themselves being marched home again. Historians usually allege that Charles would have found an open road. Fielding says, in "The True Patriot," that he had "struck a terror which can scarce be credited." The Bank of England was paying in sixpences. There was no fight in the army of Finchley. The Jacobites of the city were in readiness to rise.* Assistance would have come from France. The Duke of Richmond, in command of the English cavalry, did not expect to be able to stop the Prince.† All this sounds very well on paper. It is also apparent that the chiefs had no heart for a conquest of England; an independent Scotland, I think, was their desire. But on the purely military question it does not become civilians to dispute the ideas of Lord George Murray. There was no braver man, no more loyal leader. He expected that, by the evening of December 5th, Cumberland would be at Stafford, and so as near London as the Prince was at Derby. Wade was marching up on the East Coast road. Lord George had not seen Hogarth's picture of the boosy Finchley host. Now it is easy for us to say that Cumberland's men would have been easily outstripped in the race by the Highlanders; that the Finchley contingent would have fled without a blow; that Wade was old and dilatory. All this may be true, but what Lord George saw was an enemy numbering thirty thousand to his five thousand, an enemy who, if victorious, would not leave a man alive, least of all would they spare the Prince. "His Royal Highness had no regard to his own danger, but pressed with all the force of argument to go forward. However," as Lord George adds, "the arguments for retreat seemed to me unanswerable." They hastened homeward under a dispirited leader, who was now the last to leave his quarters in the morning, though he had been ever the first to rise while they advanced. At Clifton, where the enemy's dragoons were on their rear, the Highlanders stood at bay. Lord George, sword in hand, cried "Claymore!" and led the attack, routing cavalry with infantry. We need not follow the long retreat. At Falkirk what might have been a decisive victory was lost through *trop de zèle* in the pipers. When the charge began they threw their pipes to their boys, and went in with their claymores. Consequently the rallying music could not be sounded, and, in the darkness of a tempest, the scattered clans did not pursue their victory.

The siege of Stirling Castle renewed the blunder of Edinburgh. Bannockburn, near Stirling, according to one tradition, was fatal to Charles. Here,

* For this we have only Lord Semple's authority, a man whom Charles knew for a liar.

† Quoted by Lord Mahon, from the State papers.

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at Bannockburn House, according to tradition, he met Miss Clementina Walkinshaw. They really met at Shawfield, near Glasgow, the home of Mr. Campbell of Shawfield. Clementina Walkinshaw was "the toast of the district." She is the only woman whose name is permanently connected with that of Charles; she is his fatal Beatrix Esmond.*

Space does not permit us to follow the retreat from Stirling, nor the events of the winter. On April 15th, Charles's army was drawn up on Culloden Moor, opposite the house of the famous Duncan Forbes of Culloden. Food was very scarce, some of the clans had not joined. The Duke of Cumberland, with his forces, was at Nairn, twelve miles off. At a council Lord George proposed what Charles was longing for, a night surprise. It was a feat of which his men, had they but been well fed, were very capable. Lord George led the first rank, Charles the second. But the darkness was dense, the troops hungry and weak. When some four miles from the enemy Lord George, to the extreme disgust of Charles, declared that they were too late for an attack by night. Now Lord George had dragged Charles from Derby, he had made him retreat from Stirling, when the Prince, in despair, dashed his head against the wall of his room. Once more Lord George prevented an attack which had merit in its conception. All through the campaign his Irishry had been poisoning Charles's mind against Lord George. From this moment, in the sourness of disappointment, and influenced by his Irish, he distrusted his best general. We may regret this, but it was not precisely unnatural. It led to Charles's worst action and greatest blunder.†

The night attack abandoned, the draggled, starved, and out-worn army returned to Culloden. Some of the men scattered to seek for food, others fell so soundly asleep that they could scarce be wakened. The Prince breakfasted on a little bread and whiskey.

Culloden, like Falkirk, was fought in a tempest; but this time the Highlanders had the rain in their faces. The right wing broke the English, but were beaten back by artillery and the reserves. The left never struck a blow. Lord George had placed the Macdonalds, contrary to tradition as old as the battle of Harlaw, on the left. They would not charge.

Keppoch, their chief, deserted by his clan, rushed on alone, and fell nobly. The conduct of Charles has been disputed. Sir Walter Scott, unluckily, was told by Sir James Stewart Denham that Lord Elcho bade him lead the second line, and on his refusal called him "a damned cowardly Italian"—something improper—and would never see his face again. Sir James declared that this speech occurred in Lord Elcho's "MS. Memoirs." There neither the speech nor the anecdote occurs, as Mr. Ewald has ascertained. Scott, however, published the statement of Sir James in "Tales of a Grandfather" and the *Quarterly Review*. It is also in his "Journal" for February 10, 1826. Sir James had relied on his

* The history of this intrigue is obscure. Miss Walkinshaw had a sister, Catherine, a woman of the bed-chamber in the royal English family. In her later years she was known to Lady Louisa Stuart, the friend of Sir Walter Scott. In a letter to Scott, Lady Louisa says that the royal people spoke of her as "our faithful Walkie." Now, when Miss Walkinshaw, four or five years after Culloden, joined Charles in France, the Jacobites naturally believed that the young lady was in league with "the faithful Walkie," and a spy on Charles. He never expresses any violent passion for her; it is even uncertain whether she joined him by his wish or on her own motion. But Charles refused to give her up when remonstrated with by his friends, and he finally alienated his last supporters by his obstinate loyalty to a woman whom he did not profess to love. According to Mr. John Sobieski Stuart, Comte d'Albany, Miss Walkinshaw joined Charles at Ghent, in 1750. (Tales of the Century, p. 80. London, 1847.) For a letter of Charles to her, the Comte d'Albany quotes Pichot's Histoire de Charles Edward (1833), a work of no great authority, which the writer has been unable to procure. The evidence of Saint-Simon (vol. xii., p. 144) does not seem very trustworthy. Walton, the English spy, speaks of a "Dulcinea" who caused the Prince's wildness in Paris, and joined him at Avignon, in 1749, which contradicts Pichot's view, if this Dulcinea be Miss Walkinshaw. (Ewald, ii., 190.)

† This is the impression left on the mind of the writer. Mr. Ewald quotes Charles himself to show that he agreed with Murray's decision. "Lord George Murray convinced me of the necessity of retreating." It is Lord Elcho who says that from this hour Charles distrusted Lord George; but Lord Elcho is invariably spiteful. Lord Elcho, however, is not the only witness. In the MS. of Maxwell, of Kirkconnel, he states "the Prince was incensed beyond expression at a retreat begun in direct contradiction to his inclination and express orders. In the first moments he was convinced he was betrayed, . . . but when he knew that this step had been taken in concert with Lochiel and others, he knew not what to think or do." (Quoted in Browne's "History of the Highlands," iii., 238. See also letter from Mr. George Innes in "Jacobite Memoirs," p. 290.) The Prince's own account, alleging that he accepted Lord George's view is in Home's Works, vol. iii., p. 357. On the whole, judging from the Prince's refusal to join the men at Ruthven after the battle, and from his persistent bitterness against Lord George (see Lord George's letters in 1747), the opinion in the text seems correct.

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memory of Lord Elcho's "Memoirs," and his memory was inaccurate. On the other hand, Sir Stuart Threipland of Fingask, a companion of Charles in his wanderings, declares that the Prince rode up to the second line, and offered to dismount and lead them, but his officers told him that it was vain—repulsed Highlanders would not charge again. A copy of Sir Stuart's statement, made by Mr. Robert Chambers, is at Abbotsford. Charles, though on an eminence in the moor, was throughout under fire. One of his servants was killed by his side.* The Prince, with a few mounted men, fled to Gortully, the seat of the double-dyed traitor, Lord Lovat. A little girl, reading in a window-seat, saw a cloud of horsemen ride up at desperate speed. She believed they were fairies, and tried to gaze without blinking, for the belief was, that on a movement of the eyelids the fairies will disappear. Alas! they were not fairies, but "Charlie and his men." Old Lovat is said to have denounced Charles to his face for his intention of returning to France.

This was the one almost unpardonable act of Charles. It was for this, not for refusing to head the very charge which he was eager to lead, that Lord Elcho really reproached him, as his "Memoirs" declare. The Highlanders rallied at Ruthven. The Dukes of Athole and Perth met there, "and I expected others," says Lord George, sadly. He means that he expected the Prince.† Lord George had courage and conduct, but not tact. From Ruthven he wrote a scolding letter to Charles, particularly blaming his Irishman, O'Sullivan, "who your Royal Highness entrusted with the most essential things, and who committed gross blunders on every occasion." He offered his own "demission." He later sent to Charles proposing a guerilla campaign, and maintaining that provisions could be found. But elsewhere he himself says, "*There was neither money nor provisions to give; so no hopes were left.*"‡

Now it was not very probable that Charles, already irritated by Lord George, and in the company of the Irish friends whom Lord George attacks, would come back to his Mentor and make submission. Even if he had come, whence was the army to be fed? Charles believed that his best hope was in an instant appeal to France. He said so when he declined to join the men at Ruthven, and his conduct, when he reached France, proves that he was sincere.

But he should have gone to Ruthven; honor called him to keep with the remnant of his men. We have tried to show that for his refusal, so bitterly blamed by Lord Elcho and the Chevalier Johnstone, he had motives other than cowardice.

To follow the intricacies of the Prince's wanderings is impossible without a map, and our space forbids the attempt. The reward of £30,000 was still offered for his person, and would have been paid for his head. "Take no prisoners, you understand me," was said to have been Cumberland's advice to his soldiers. The western coast was watched by English vessels of war; everywhere the militia was out, and to harbor Charles was a dangerous, if not a capital, offence. Captain O'Neil, O'Sullivan, whom Lord George detested; Donald McLeod, the pilot, and Allan Macdonald, were his first companions. O'Neil's narrative appears to be inaccurate. Ned Burke, who ended his life as a chairman in Edinburgh, is a better authority. He it was who caught two salmon in a net, and so provided a meal for the starving Prince at Invergary. Later, on the little desert isle of Klaback, they found some dried fish, left by fishermen, which the Prince cooked, as he had previously cooked a cake of cow's brains. Being becalmed between two isles, and very hungry, they mixed salt water with oatmeal, which the Prince called "no bad food." Indeed, no man ever rose more superior to every hardship of hunger, cold, thirst, filthy, and loathsome quarters than the Prince. He always kept up his own heart and the hearts of his followers. When they had any liquor, he drank "to the dark eyes" of the second French princess, as was supposed. One may suspect, however, that he had Miss Walkinshaw in his mind, a dark beauty. Once the

* Colonel Ker of Gradyn, in Jacobite Memoirs.
† Jacobite Memoirs, p. 124.
‡ In Jacobite Memoirs. The MS. belongs to the Hamiltons of Bangour.

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Prince shot a stag. As they were cooking collops a hungry boy put his hand in the dish. Burke pushed him away. "Oh, man," said the Prince, "you don't remember the Scripture, which commands to feed the hungry. I cannot see a Christian perish for want of food and raiment, had I the power to supply them." Some clothes were got for the boy, who tried to betray Charles, but was disregarded as a liar.* Charles suffered much from dysentery, but doctored himself and Ned Burke "with drops out of a little bottle." As long as an earthen pitcher, which they found, lasted intact, they could brew warm punch, but it was presently broken. The Prince was "the best cook of them all," according to Donald McLeod, but the boatmen were too respectful to dine with him. "We keepit twa tables, one for the Prince and the shentlemen, the other for the boatmen," says Donald McLeod. Occasionally they caught crabs on the rocks, which were very welcome. "Never meat nor drink came wrang to him; for he could take a share of everything, be it good, bad, or indifferent, and was always cheerful and contented in every condition." Charles smoked a good deal, using quills from birds' wings when the stems of his pipes broke. Donald McLeod "never knew, in all his life, any one better at finding out a shift than the Prince was, when he happened to be at a pinch, and he would sometimes sing them a song to keep up their hearts." Donald was caught, later, and Barrisdale threatened to put him in a torture "machine," which he used on thieves, to make them confess. But by this time Charles had escaped, and no harm came of Donald's narrative. The Prince was considerate as well as hardy; he would not allow Captain McLeod to carry his heavy great-coat for him, "alleging he was as able to carry it as the captain was." When disguised as McLeod's servant, an Homeric incident occurred. A Highland lass was washing the captain's feet, but declined, like the maids of Penelope in the case of Odysseus, to attend to Charles. "What's *he*, but a low-country woman's son? I will not wash his feet, indeed."

When pursued by militia, in a boat, the Prince was anxious that his men should not fire on the enemy. "He earnestly entreated John Mackinnon not to take life without absolute necessity." His later time in the Highlands was passed among The Seven Men of Glenmoriston, Jacobite brigands, and in Cluny's "Cage," described by Mr. Stevenson in "Kidnapped." Of Flora Macdonald's heroism any account is superfluous. Boswell has immortalized her courage in Dr. Johnson's "Tour in the Hebrides." Charles escaped on board a French vessel, on September 19th. His wanderings are the most romantic part of a career full of romance. Here he certainly displayed every good and appropriate quality — daring, prudence, consideration for others, and the merry heart which goes all the day, while a sad one tires in a mile. He was a Sobieski as well as a Stuart. His mother's blood declared itself in his earlier life, his Stuart ancestors seem to have inspired most of his later career.

Charles on his arrival in France was welcomed by his brother, "poor Harry," of whom he had often been speaking among his perils. Accompanied by Lord Elcho (who had promised to have "no more to do with him"), Lochiel, and others, he visited the French king. Louis received him kindly. The Prince's desires were to have his followers provided for, and to receive military aid against England. Twenty thousand men would suffice, but Louis was deaf on that ear.† The old Chevalier knew that Charles's importunities would "disgust quite" the French Court, and he also discouraged some project of marriage which Charles seems to have entertained.‡ Now began ill-feeling between Charles and his father, who little believed in his incessant plans. "You are misled, my dearest Carluccio," he says, "and deluded by the craft of ill-bred, designing men." He complains that Charles has refused a pension from France, in his anger and disappointment. "*Enfin*, my dear child, I must tell you plainly that if you don't alter your ways, I see you lost in all respects." The long letter in which these reproaches are con-

* Ned Burke's statement, made to Bishop Forbes. Jacobite Memoirs, p. 369.

† Memoir of Charles to Louis XV., Stuart Papers.

‡ Letter, dated Rome, December 16, 1746.

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veyed is of February 3, 1747. The chief difficulty seems to have been James's opposition to a fruitless journey of Charles into Spain. "You mention," says James, "your going soon out of Paris, but you don't say where. Really, it is time that all these mysteries should end." They were only beginning. In Spain, Charles was requested to be gone as soon as possible. "I thought there were no such fools as the French Court, but I find here far beyond it."

On April 25, 1747, James dissuades Charles from "a simple and a blunt proposal of marriage to the Czarina." Meanwhile Henry, to Charles's disgust, went to Rome, and, on June 27, 1747, James is congratulating the Pope on making Henry a cardinal. In the play of "Charles Edouard," written by M. d'Argenson about 1750, Cardinal Tencin announces to the royal council that Henry will be "*un soldat vierge de l'armée de Jesus-Christ.*" (*Le conseil éclate en rire.*) James apologizes to Charles for keeping him in the dark about this extraordinary step, which was the last straw that broke the back of Charles's temper, and drove him into utter distrust of his family. When the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle insisted on his removal from France, he braved the French Government, was arrested on his way to the opera, was ignobly bound with silk cords, was carried to a cell in Vincennes, and was finally hurried to Avignon. His contempt and hatred for France were undisguised; he compelled that government to drink its degradation to the dregs, and his behavior only made him more popular in France. The ex-foreign minister, M. d'Argenson, wrote a play in Shakespeare's manner (as well as he could imitate it), introducing his successors in the ministry, and Charles, to whom, and of course, he gave the *beau rôle.* The Dauphin boldly took Charles's side, but Louis was weary of war, and mortally afraid of England. The ladies were also on Charles's side. According to M. d'Argenson, the Princesse de Tallemont and the Duchesse d'Aiguillon actually came to cap-pulling in their rivalry for his affections. The Princesse is mentioned in "The Young Chevalier" (1749), as a guest at a magnificent banquet given by Charles, for which he had ordered a new service of gold plate. Charles had a low opinion of women. "As for men," he writes, "I have studied them closely, and, were I to live to fourscore, could scarcely know them better than I do now; but as for women, I have thought it useless, they being so much more wicked and impenetrable." * At Avignon it seems that Miss Walkinshaw joined Charles, who, nevertheless, at once set off on matrimonial adventures. The English Government compelled the Pope to turn him out of Avignon. He departed on February 28, 1749, and is lost in the darkness.

In 1750 a pamphlet, purporting to be by his equerry, Colonel Goring, was published, and is as romantic as a novel by Marmontel. How far the story is authentic, how much is pure fable, we can hardly determine. Charles, we read, was visited by a mysterious Chevalier de la Luze, who is asserted to have been the Earl Marischal, then resident with Frederick the Great at Berlin. The theory is that Frederick was backing Charles in a claim on the crown of Poland. The Duke of Newcastle had spoken of Frederick as "the chief if not only supporter of the House of Stuart in Europe." To follow the letter of Henry Goring, Charles set out, in Goring's company, secretly, from Avignon, travelled to Strasburg, and there had a remarkable adventure. He rescued a beautiful girl from a fire, and, of course, the beautiful girl lost her heart to the mysterious traveller. "She blushed, she trembled, and gave all the symptoms of a passion too powerful to be controlled." His followers discreetly left him, but Charles instantly rejoined them. "Suppose she were inclined to carry her gratitude to the pitch you hint at, would it not have been ungenerous of me to have accepted the reward?".

After leaving Strasburg, the party, in their carriage, were attacked by armed men under a Scotch fanatic, named Blairthwaite, who had been hanging about Avignon for some time. Charles shot one man, and wounded another. The last man proved to be Mr. Blairthwaite! The letter now becomes very obscure, but appears to hint that Charles

* Stuart Papers.

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passed ten days in Berlin, that he set sail from Hamburg or Dantzig, was driven by tempests to England, remained concealed there, and finally escaped to Stockholm, where he met MacDonald of Loch Garrie. But Russia, not England, may be the country hinted at, and Riga the port where Charles lay *incognito*. He was well received in Sweden, whence he went to Lithuania, and flirted with the Princess of Radzivil. So legend runs, and it is always plain that Miss Walkinshaw did not exclusively dominate his affections. But the Polish scheme ended, like all the schemes, in smoke. Charles disappeared from view; for four or five years we know no more of him than was known to his family or his creditors, that is, nothing. A letter of the Lord Marischal, in the "Stuart Papers" proves that his debts, quite as much as his schemes, caused Charles to avoid public recognition. He was unable to support his dependents, and actual poverty, not ingratitude, may account for the stinginess of which he is accused by Dr. King. In 1750 he visited London, and actually went to a reception at Lady Primrose's. Tradition declares that he inhabited a house at Godalming, where his ghost is said to walk! He is said, by Hume, to have visited England in 1753, and renounced the Catholic creed, "in the New Church in the Strand," but a document in the "Stuart Papers" makes Charles himself aver that he did this in 1750.*

In Macallester's "State Letters," p. 128, Lord Clancarthy says the Prince "left his recantation in the hands of Dr. King, of Oxford, but would not gain much by that, as people would not be gulled by the artifice." Dr. King says nothing about this in his "Anecdotes."

"The Prince has no more religion than one of my coach-horses, and the cardinal is as bad," said this injured nobleman. In some pencilled notes of Archibald Cameron, he states that Charles confessed himself to be a Protestant. These notes were written on the eve of Cameron's execution.

In 1753 he was in Paris, where Lord Elcho says that he and Miss Walkinshaw used to quarrel in restaurants. But Lord Elcho's evidence is not of the best. In a curious book, the "State Letters" of Oliver Macallester (1767), we hear much of the crapulous abuse which disappointed intriguers like Lord Clancarthy poured on Charles, Henry, James, and every one. "My God, my dear man, I'll tell you a secret you don't know; there is not a greater scoundrel on the earth than that Prince; he is in his heart a coward and poltroon," and so forth. "He is so great a scoundrel and a rascal that he will lie, even when he is drunk. Do you know what he lately told me: that his friends on the other side solicit him to turn away Miss Walkinshaw? The Prince, swearing, said: 'I would not turn away a cat to please the scoundrels,' and damned himself but he would be master of the English dogs." This was so far true that Charles, as in "Redgauntlet," made it a point of honor to refuse to dismiss the lady with whom he lived privately in Basel, on the Rhine. His friends, even Goring and the Earl Marischal, now left him. Even Miss Walkinshaw retired, with her daughter, from the society of one who had become little better than an arrogant and brutal dipsomaniac (1760). In 1766 James died, and with him the royal honors which Rome had paid to the Stuarts. Charles claimed them in vain; he drank, he sulked, he became so bloated and brutal that his portrait, done in chalk at Rome, might be taken for one of the royal house in England. The glory had departed. The happy, bright-eyed boy, the gallant adventurer, were lost in the sullen, arrogant, moody, and solitary debauchee. The tale of his marriage to the Princess Louisa of Stolberg (1772) is better left untold. They were wedded on a Good Friday, and nothing came of it but disgrace. His wife went, as his mistress had gone, but not alone. She became the mistress of Alfieri, and Charles must have been bad indeed if Alfieri proved a happy exchange. In 1784 he sent for his daughter by Miss Walkinshaw, legitimated her, and regarded her as the *spes extrema et exigua*, the last frail hope of his line. He forswore sack and lived cleanly, some say. He died in Rome on January 30, 1788, a day fatal to his family. The

* Ewald, ii., 203.

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Duchess of Albany, his daughter, did not long survive him, dying in the following year after a fall from her horse, and there was the end of an old song.

Miss Walkinshaw.
From a miniature now first reproduced.

Charles appears, I own, to myself, to have had better qualities than any man of his line since the Fourth James fell at Flodden. There was nothing in his Scotch expedition, till the fatal morrow of Culloden, that did not become a gentleman and a king. The Cameronians, a feeble but virulent remnant of the auld leaven of the Covenant, publicly blamed his "foolish lenity and pity" to the "red-coats whom Providence put into his hands." *

If his courage is accused, so has that of Marlborough been, and the evidence of Malcolm McLeod, already quoted, "never was a man not a coward so prudent, nor a man not rash so brave," may be taken as disposing of a childishly malevolent accusation. He was gentle and considerate till misfortune taught him suspicion, and hope deferred made the heart sick. The exposure which he bore so gallantly in the Highlands, and the habits of that country, taught him his fatal vice, which corrupted and debased a character naturally noble and generous. In peace may he rest — he that once was brave, beautiful, and kind; courteous, compassionate, and much-enduring; the last Prince of Romance; the last who woke the ancient loyalty of the Highlands.

* Active Testimonies of Presbyterians. Edinburgh, 1741–49.



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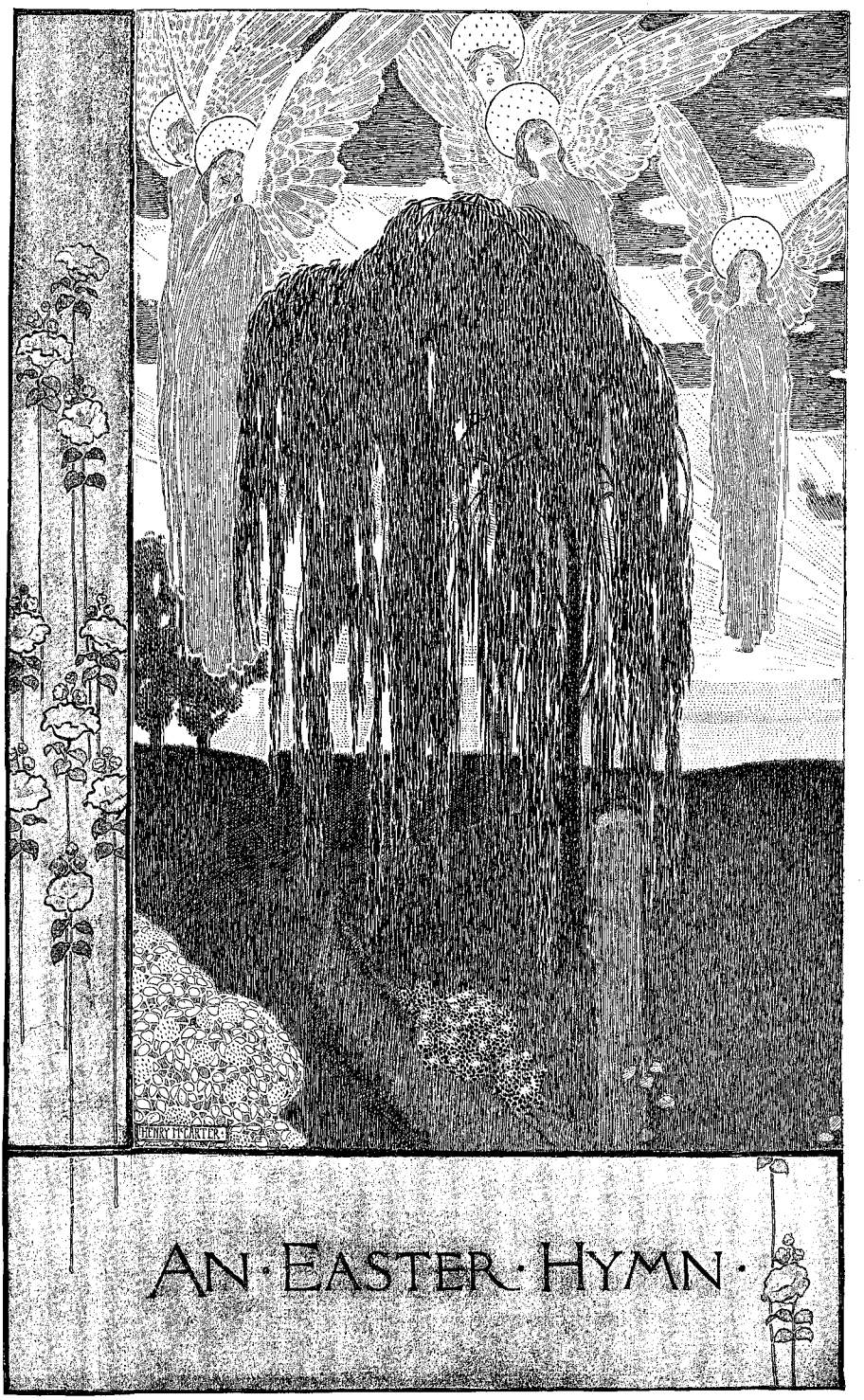


# AN·EASTER·HYMN·

WORDS BY THOMAS BLACKBURN.

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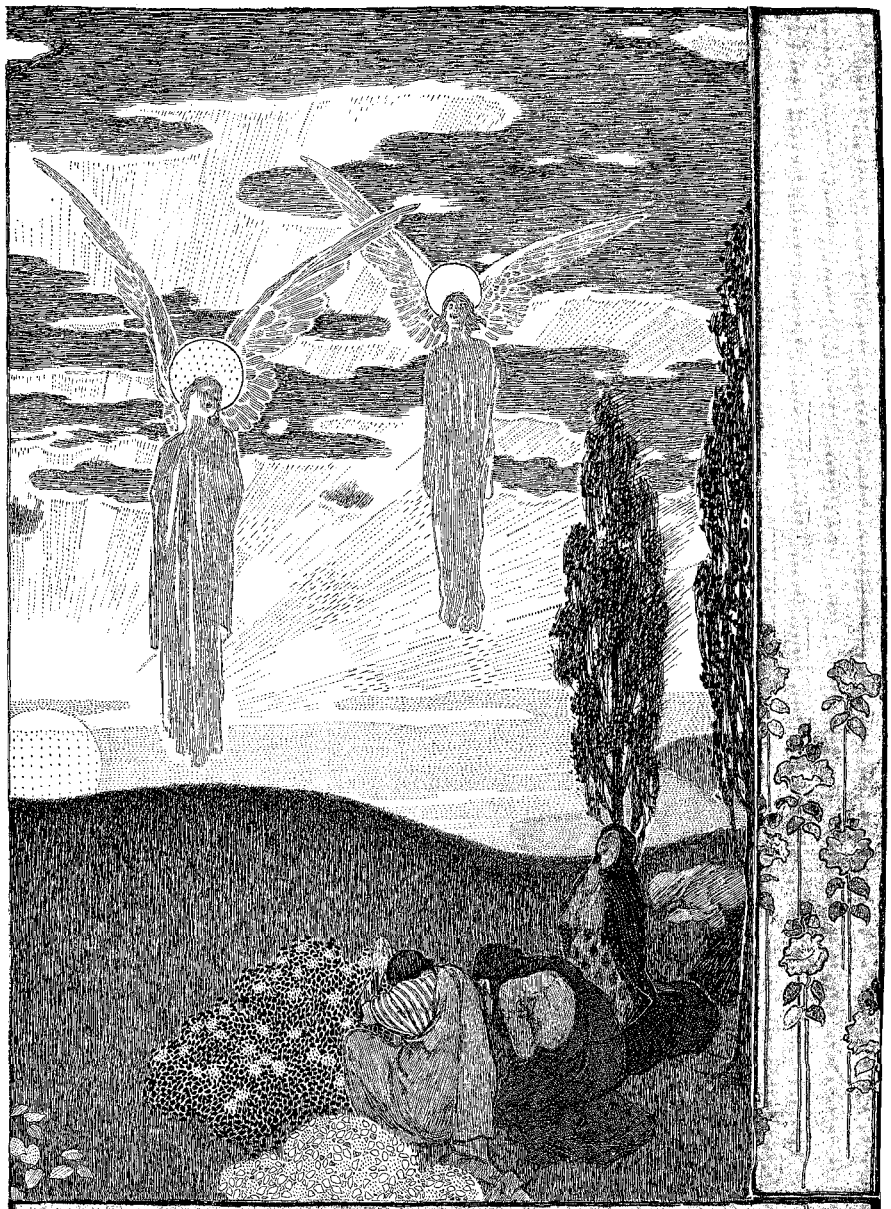

AWAKE, THOV·WINTRY·EARTH—
FLING·OFF·THY·SADNESS!
FAIR·VERNAL·FLOWERS, LAVGH·FORTH
YOVR·ANCIENT·GLADNESS!
CHRIST·IS·RISEN!

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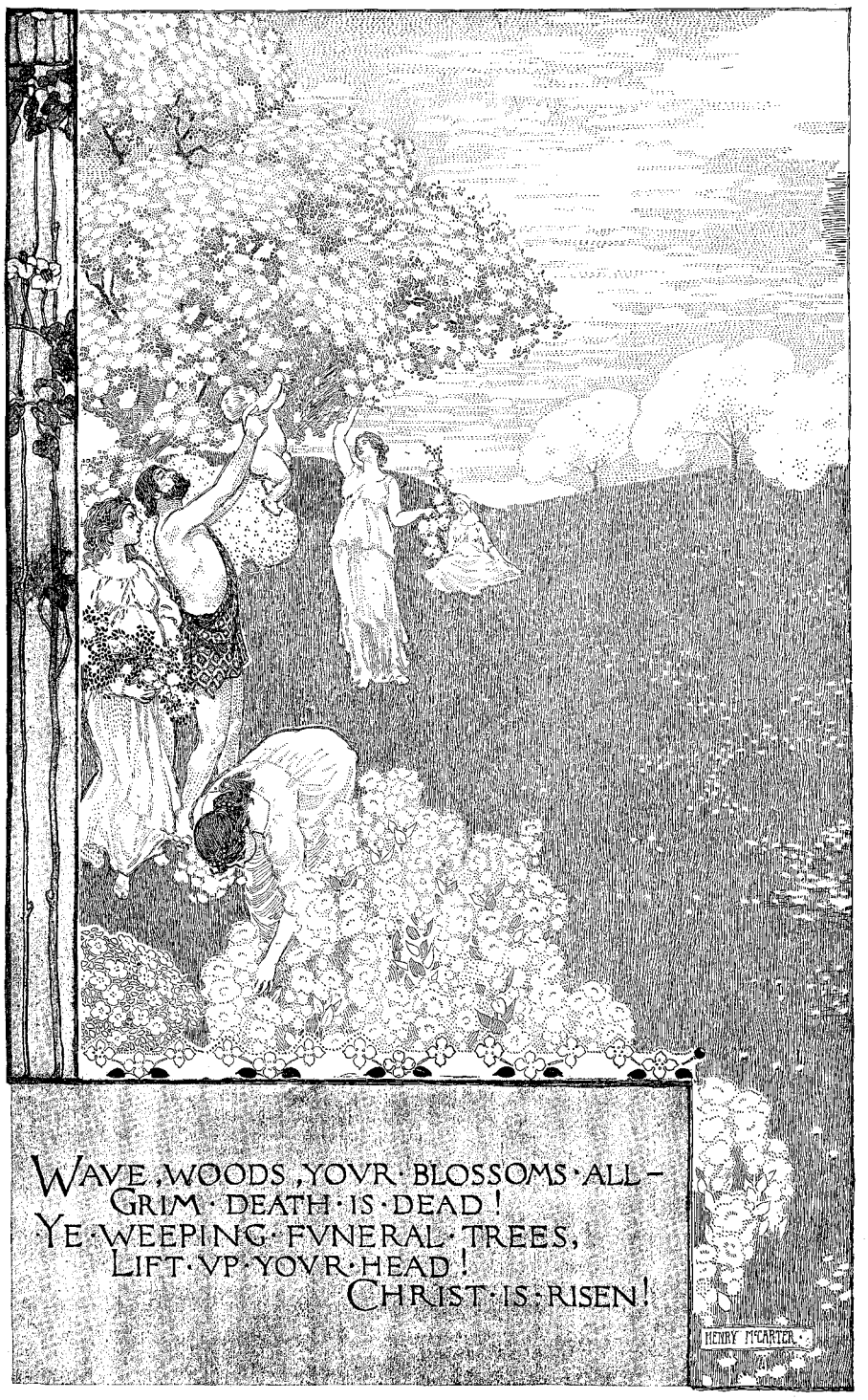
WAVE ,WOODS ,YOVR· BLOSSOMS· ALL –
GRIM· DEATH· IS· DEAD !
YE· WEEPING· FVNERAL· TREES,
LIFT· VP· YOVR· HEAD !
CHRIST· IS· RISEN!
HENRY McCARTER·

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COME, SEE! THE GRAVES ARE GREEN;
IT IS LIGHT; LET'S GO
WHERE OVR LOVED ONES REST
IN HOPE BELOW!
CHRIST IS RISEN!

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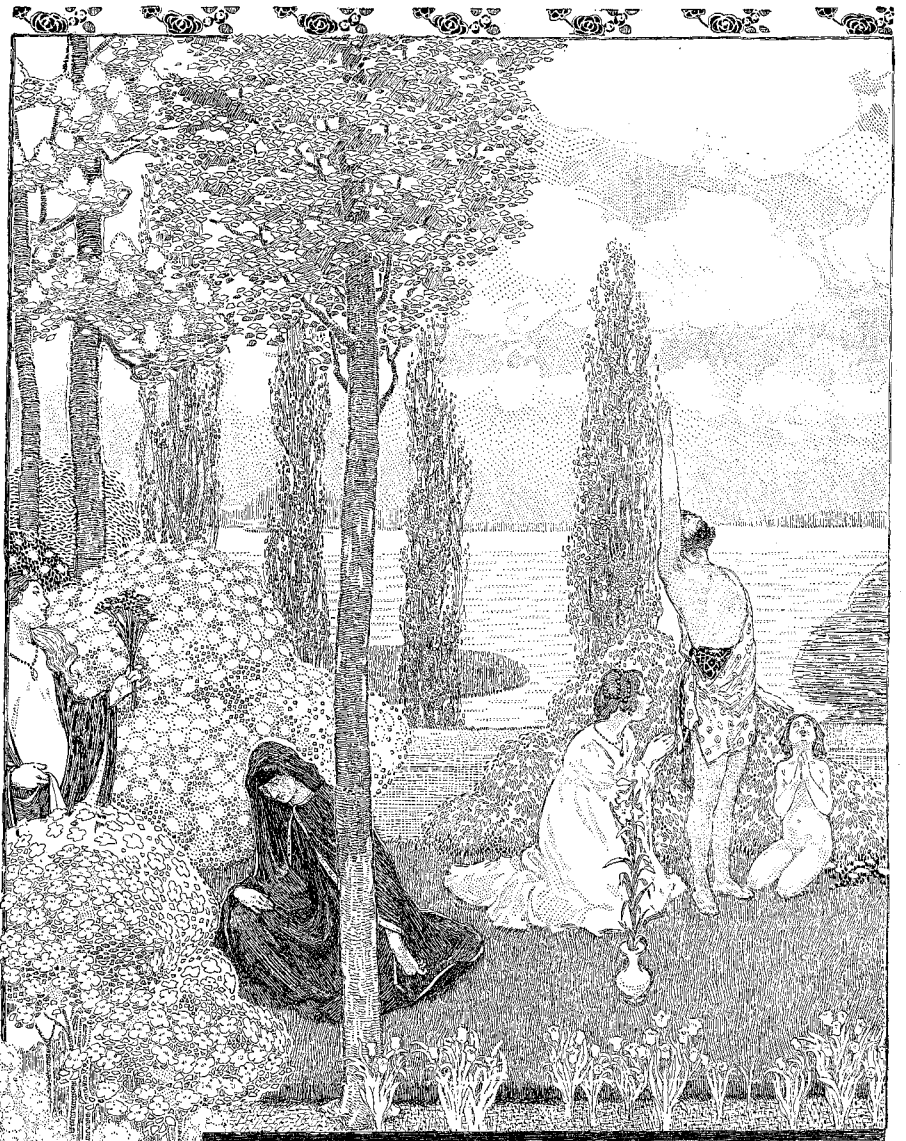

ALL·IS·FRESH·AND·NEW,
FULL·OF·SPRING·AND·LIGHT;
WINTRY·HEART,·WHY·WEAR'ST·THE·HVE
OF·SLEEP·AND·NIGHT!
CHRIST·IS·RISEN!

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THE PICTURES BY HENRY McCARTER.

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# A CIRCLE IN THE WATER

*By W. D. Howells*

## V

THE Hasketh lived in a house that withdrew itself behind tall garden trees in a large lot sloping down the hillside, in one of the quieter old streets of their suburb. The trees were belted in by a board fence, painted a wornout white, as far as it was solid, which was to the height of one's shoulder; there it opened into a panel work of sticks crossed X-wise, which wore a coat of aged green; the strip above them was set with a bristling row of rusty nails, which were supposed to keep out people who could perfectly well have gone in at the gate as we did. There was a brick walk from the gate to the door, which was not so far back as I remembered it (perhaps because the leaves were now off the trees), and there was a border of box on either side of the walk. Altogether there was an old-fashioned keeping in the place which I should have rather enjoyed, if I had been coming on any other errand; but now it imparted to me a notion of people set in their ways, of something severe, something hopelessly forbidding.

I do not think there had ever been much intimacy between the Tedhams and the Hasketh, before Tedham's calamity came upon him. But Mrs. Hasketh did not refuse her share of it. She came forward, and probably made her husband come forward, in Tedham's behalf, and do what hopelessly could be done to defend him where there was really no defence, and the only thing to be attempted was to show circumstances that might perhaps tend to the mitigation of his sentence. I do not think they did. Tedham had confessed himself and had been proven such a thorough rogue, and the company had lately suffered so much through operations like his, that, even if it could have had mercy, as an individual may, mercy was felt to be bad morals, and the case was unrelentingly pushed. His sentence was of those sentences which an eminent jurist once characterized as rather dramatic; it was pronounced not so much in relation to his particular offence, as with the purpose of striking terror into all offenders like him, who were becoming altogether too common. He was made to suffer for many other peculators, who had been, or were about to be, and was given the full penalty. I was in court, when it was pronounced with great solemnity by the judge, who read him a lecture in doing so; I could have read the judge another, for I could not help feeling that it was, more than all the sentences I had ever heard pronounced, wholly out of keeping with the offence. I met Hasketh coming out of the court-room, and I said that I thought it was terribly severe. He agreed with me, and as I knew that he and Tedham had never liked each other, I inferred a kindliness in him which made me his friend, in the way one is the friend of a man one never meets. He was a man of few words, and he now simply said, "It was unjust," and we parted.

For several months after Tedham's conviction, I did not think we ought to intrude upon the Hasketh; but then my wife and I both felt that we ought, in decency, to make some effort to see them. They seemed pleased, but they made us no formal invitation to come again, and we never did. That day, however, I caught a glimpse of Tedham's little girl, as she flitted through the hall, after we were seated in the parlor; she was in black, a forlorn little shadow in the shadow; and I recalled now, as we stood once more on the threshold of the rather dreary house, a certain gentleness of bearing in the child, which I found infinitely pathetic, at that early moment of her desolation. She had something of poor Tedham's own style and grace, too, which had served him so ill, and this heightened

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the pathos for me. In that figure I had thought of his daughter ever since, as often as I had thought of her at all; which was not very often, to tell the truth, after the first painful impression of Tedham's affair began to die away in me, or to be effaced by the accumulating cares and concerns of my own life. But now that we had returned into the presence of that bitter sorrow, as it were, the little thing reappeared vividly to me in just the way I had seen her so long ago. My sense of her forlornness, of her most hapless orphanhood, was intensified by the implacable hate with which Mrs. Hasketh had then spoken of her father, in telling us that the child was henceforth to bear her husband's name, and had resentfully scorned the merit Tedham tried to make of giving her up to them. "And if I can help it," she had ended, with a fierceness I had never forgotten, "she shall not hear him mentioned again, or see him as long as I live."

My wife and I now involuntarily dropped our voices, or rather they sank into our throats, as we sat waiting in the dim parlor, after the maid took our cards to Mr. and Mrs. Hasketh. We tried to make talk, but we could not, and we were funereally quiet, when Hasketh came pottering and peering in, and shook hands with both of us. He threw open half a blind at one of the windows, and employed himself in trying to put up the shade, to gain time, as I thought, before he should be obliged to tell us that his wife could not see us. Then he came to me, and asked, "Won't you let me take your hat?" as such people do, in expression of a vague hospitality; and I let him take it, and put it mouth down on the marble centre table, beside the large, gilt-edged, black-bound family bible. He drew a chair near me, in a row with my wife and myself, and said, "It is quite a number of years since we met, Mrs. March," and he looked across me at her.

"Yes, I am almost afraid to think how many," she answered.

"Family well?"

"Yes, our children are both very well, Mr. Hasketh. You seem to be looking very well, too."

"Thank you, I have nothing to complain of. I am not so young as I was. But that is about all."

"I hope Mrs. Hasketh is well?"

"Yes, thank you, she is quite well, for her. She is never very strong. She will be down in a moment."

"Oh, I shall be so glad to see her."

The conversation, which might be said to have flagged from the beginning, stopped altogether at this point, and though I was prompted by several looks from my wife to urge it forward, I could think of nothing to do so with, and we sat without speaking till we heard the stir of skirts on the stairs in the hall outside, and then my wife said, "Ah, that is Mrs. Hasketh."

I should have known it was Mrs. Hasketh without this sort of anticipation, I think, even if I had never seen her before, she was so like my expectation of what that sort of woman would be in the lapse of time, with her experience of life. The severity that I had seen come and go in her countenance in former days, was now so seated that she had no other expression, and I may say without caricature that she gave us a frown of welcome. That is, she made us feel, in spite of a darkened countenance, that she was really willing to see us in her house, and that she took our coming as a sign of amity. I suppose that the induration of her spirit was the condition of her being able to bear at all what had been laid on her to bear, and her burden had certainly not been light.

At her appearance her husband, without really stirring at all, had the effect of withdrawing into the background, where, indeed, I tacitly joined him; and the two ladies remained in charge of the drama, while he and I conversed, as it were, in dumb show. Apart from my sympathy with her in the matter, I was very curious to see how my wife would play her part, which seemed to me far the more difficult of the two, since she must make all the positive movements.

After the exchange of some civilities so obviously perfunctory that I admired the force of mind in both the women who uttered them, my wife said, "Mrs. Hasketh, we have come on an errand that I know will cause you pain, and I



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needn't say that we haven't come willingly."

"Is it about Mr. Tedham?" asked Mrs. Hasketh, and I remembered now that she had always used as much ceremony in speaking of him; it seemed rather droll now, but still it would not have been in character with her to call him simply Tedham, as we did, in speaking of him.

"Yes," said my wife. "I don't know whether you had kept exact account of the time. It was a surprise to us, for we hadn't. He is out, you know."

"Yes—at noon, yesterday. I wasn't likely to forget the day, or the hour, or the minute." Mrs. Hasketh said this without relaxing the severity of her face at all, and I confess my heart went down.

But my wife seemed not to have lost such courage as she had come with, at least. "He has been to see us——"

"I presumed so," said Mrs. Hasketh, and as she said nothing more, Mrs. March took the word again.

"I shall have to tell you why he came —why *we* came. It was something that we did not wish to enter into, and at first my husband refused outright. But when I saw him, and thought it over, I did not see how we could refuse. After all, it is something you must have expected, and that you must have been expecting at once, if you say——"

"I presume," Mrs. Hasketh said, "that he wished you to ask after his daughter. I can understand why he did not come to us." She let one of those dreadful silences follow, and again my wife was forced to speak.

"It is something that we didn't mean to press at all, Mrs. Hasketh, and I won't say anything more. Only, if you care to send any word to him he will be at our house this evening again, and I will give him your message." She rose, not in resentment, as I could see (and I knew that she had not come upon this errand without making herself Tedham's partisan in some measure), but with sincere good feeling and appreciation of Mrs. Hasketh's position. I rose with her, and Hasketh rose too.

"Oh, don't go!" Mrs. Hasketh broke out, as if surprised. "You couldn't help coming, and I don't blame you at all. I don't blame Mr. Tedham even. I didn't suppose I should ever forgive him. But there! that's all long ago, and the years do change us. They change us all, Mrs. March, and I don't feel as if I had the right to judge anybody the way I used to judge *him*. Sometimes it surprises me. I did hate him, and I don't presume I've got very much love for him now, but I don't want to punish him any more. That's gone out of me. I don't know how it came to go, but it went. I wish he hadn't ever got anything more to do with us, but I'm afraid we haven't had all *our* punishment yet, whatever *he* has. It seems to me as if the sight of Mr. Tedham would make me sick."

I found such an insufficiency in this statement of feeling that I wanted to laugh, but I perceived that it did not appeal to my wife's sense of humor. She said, "I can understand how you feel about it, Mrs. Hasketh."

Mrs. Hasketh seemed grateful for the sympathy. "I presume," she went on, and I noted how often she used the quaint old-fashioned Yankee word, "that you feel as if you had almost as much right to hate him as I had, and that if you could overlook what he tried to do to you, I might overlook what he did do to his own family. But as I see it, the case is different. He failed when he tried to put the blame on Mr. March, and he succeeded only too well in putting the shame on his own family. You could forgive it, and it would be all the more to your credit because you forgave it, but his family might have forgiven it ten times over, and still they would be in disgrace through him. That is the way I looked at it."

"And I assure you, Mrs. Hasketh, that is the way I looked at it, too," said my wife.

"So, when it seems hard that I should have taken his child from him," the woman continued, as if still arguing her case, and she probably was arguing it with herself, "and did what I could to make her forget him, I think it had better be considered whose sake I was doing it for, and whether I had any right to do different. I did not think I had at the time, or when I had to begin to act. I knew how I felt toward

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Mr. Tedham; I never liked him; I never wanted my sister to marry him; and when his trouble came, I told Mr. Hasketh that it was no more than I had expected all along. He was that kind of a man, and he was sure to show it, one way or other, sooner or later; and I was not disappointed when he did what he did. I had to guard against my own feeling, and to put myself out of the question, and that was what I tried to do when I got him to give up the child to us and let her take our name. It was the same as a legal adoption, and he freely consented to it, or as freely as he could, considering where he was. But he knew it was for her good, as well as we did. There was nobody for her to look to but us, and he knew that; his own family had no means, and, in fact, he *had* no family but his father and mother, and when they died, that same first year, there was no one left to suffer from him but his child. The question was how much she ought to be allowed to suffer, and whether she should be allowed to suffer at all, if it could be helped. If it was to be prevented, it was to be by deadening her to him, by killing out her affection for him, and much as I hated Mr. Tedham, I could not bring myself to do that, though I used to think I would do it. He was very fond of her, I don't deny that; I don't think it was any merit in him to love such a child, but it was the best thing about him, and I was willing it should count. But then there was another thing that I couldn't bring myself to, and that was to tell the child, up and down, all about it; and I presume that there I was weak. Well, you may say I *was* weak! But I couldn't, I simply couldn't. She was only between seven and eight when it happened——"

"I thought she was older," I ventured to put in, remembering my impressions as to her age the last time I saw her with her father.

"No," said Mrs. Hasketh, "she always appeared rather old for her age, and that made me all the more anxious to know just how much of the trouble she had taken in. I suppose it was all a kind of awful mystery to her, as most of our trials are to children; but when her father was taken from her, she seemed to think it was something she mustn't ask about; there are a good many things in the world that children feel that way about—how they come into it, for one thing, and how they go out of it; and by and by she didn't speak of it. She had some of his lightness, and I presume that helped her through; I was afraid it did sometimes. Then, at other times, I thought she had got the notion he was in for life, and that was the reason she didn't speak of him; she had given him up. Then I used to wonder whether it wasn't my duty to take her to see him—where he was. But when I came to find out that you had to see them through the bars, and with the kind of clothes they wear, I felt that I might as well kill the child at once; it was for her sake I didn't take her. You may be sure I wasn't anxious for the responsibility of *not* doing it either, the way I knew I felt toward Mr. Tedham."

I did not like her protesting so much as this; but I saw that it was a condition of her being able to deal with herself in the matter, and I had no doubt she was telling the truth.

"You never can know just how much of a thing children have taken in, or how much they have understood," she continued, repeating herself, as she did throughout, "and I had to keep this in mind when I had my talks with Fay about her father. She wanted to write to him at first, and of course I let her——"

My wife and I could not forbear exchanging a glance of intelligence, which Mrs. Hasketh intercepted.

"I presume he told you?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "he showed us the letter."

"Well, it was something that had to be done. As long as she questioned me about him, I put her off the best way I could, and after a while she seemed to give up questioning me of her own accord. Perhaps she really began to understand it, or some of the cruel little things she played with said something. I was always afraid of the other children throwing it up to her, and that was one reason we went away for three or four years and let our place here."

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"*I* didn't know you were gone," I said toward Hasketh, who cleared his throat to explain:

"I had some interests at that time in Canada. We were at Quebec."

"It shows what a rush our life is," I philosophized, with the implication that Hasketh and I had been old friends, and I ought to have noticed that I had not met him during the time of his absence. The fact was we had never come so near intimacy as when we exchanged confidences concerning the severity of Tedham's sentence in coming out of the court-room together.

"*I* hadn't any interest in Canada, except to get the child away," said Mrs. Hasketh. "Sometimes it seemed strange *we* should be in Canada, and not Mr. Tedham! She got acquainted with some little girls who were going to a convent school there as externes—outside pupils, you know," Mrs. Hasketh explained to my wife. "She got very fond of one of them—she is a child of very warm affections. I never denied that Mr. Tedham had warm *affections*—and when her little girl friend went into the convent to go on with her education there, Fay wanted to go too, and—we let her. That was when she was twelve, and Mr. Hasketh felt that he ought to come back and look after his business here; and we left her in the convent. Just as soon as she was out of the way, and out of the question, it seemed as if I got to feeling differently toward Mr. Tedham. I don't mean to say I ever got to like him, or that I do to this day; but I saw that he had some rights, too, and for years and years I wanted to take the child and tell her when he was coming out. I used to ask myself what right I even had to keep the child from the suffering. The suffering was hers by rights, and she ought to go through it. I got almost crazy thinking it over. I got to thinking that her share of her father's shame might be the very thing, of all things, that was to discipline her and make her a good and useful woman; and that's much more than being a happy one, Mrs. March; we can't any of us be truly happy, no matter what's done for us. I tried to make believe that I was sparing her alone, but I knew I was sparing myself, too, and that made it harder to decide." She suddenly addressed herself to us both: "What would *you* have done?"

My wife and I looked at each other in a dismay in which a glance from old Hasketh assured us that we had his sympathy. It would have been far simpler if Mrs. Hasketh had been up and down with us as Tedham's emissaries, and refused to tell us anything of his daughter, and left us to report to him that he must find her for himself, if he found her at all. This was what we had both expected, and we had come prepared to take back that answer to Tedham, and discharge ourselves of our whole duty toward him in its delivery. This change in the woman who had hated him so fiercely, but whose passion had worn itself down to the underlying conscience with the lapse of time, certainly complicated the case for us. I was silent; my wife said: "I don't know *what* I should have done, Mrs. Hasketh;" and Mrs. Hasketh resumed:

"If I did wrong in trying to separate her life from her father's, I was punished for it, because when I wanted to undo my work, I didn't know how to begin; I presume that's the worst of a wrong thing. Well, I never did begin; but now I've got to. The time's come, and I presume it's as easy now as it ever could be; easier. He's out and it's over, as far as the law is concerned; and if she chooses she can see him. I'll prepare her for it as well as I can, and he can come, if she wishes it."

"Do you mean that he can see her *here?*" my wife asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hasketh, with a sort of strong submission.

"At once? To-day?"

"No," Mrs. Hasketh faltered. "I didn't want him to see her just the first day, or before I saw him; and I thought he might try to. She's visiting at some friends in Providence; but she'll be back to-morrow. He can come to-morrow night, if she says so. He can come and find out. But if he was anything of a man he wouldn't want to."

"I'm afraid," I ventured, "he isn't anything of *that* kind of man."

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## VI

"Now, how unhandsome life is!" I broke out, at one point on our way home, after we had turned the affair over in every light, and then dropped it, and then taken it up again. "It's so graceless, so tasteless! Why didn't Tedham die before the expiration of his term and solve all this knotty problem with dignity? Why should he have lived on in this shabby way and come out and wished to see his daughter? If there had been anything dramatic, anything artistic in the man's nature, he would have renounced the claim his mere paternity gives him on her love, and left word with me that he had gone away and would never be heard of any more. That was the least he could have done. If he had wanted to do the thing heroically—and I wouldn't have denied him that satisfaction—he would have walked into that pool in the old cockpit and lain down among the autumn leaves on its surface, and made an end of the whole trouble with his own burdensome and worthless existence. That would truly have put an end to the evil he began."

"I wouldn't be—impious, Basil," said my wife, with a moment's hesitation for the word. Then she sighed and added, "Yes, it seems as if that would be the only thing that could end it. There doesn't really seem to be any provision in life for ending such things. He will have to go on and make more and more trouble. Poor man! I feel almost as sorry for him as I do for her. I guess he hasn't expiated his sin yet, as fully as he thinks he has."

"And then," I went on, with a strange pleasure I always get out of the poignancy of a despair not my own, "suppose that this isn't all. Suppose that the girl has met someone who has become interested in her, and whom she will have to tell of this stain upon her name?"

"Basil!" cried my wife, "that is cruel of you! You *knew* I was keeping away from that point, and it seems as if you tried to make it as afflicting as you could—the whole affair."

"Well, I don't believe it's as bad as that. Probably she hasn't met anyone in that way; at any rate it's pure conjecture on my part, and my conjecturing doesn't make it so."

"It doesn't unmake it, either, for you to say that now," my wife lamented.

"Well, well! Don't let's think about it, then. The case is bad enough as it stands, heaven knows, and we've got to grapple with it as soon as we get home. We shall find Tedham waiting for us, I dare say, unless something has happened to him. I wonder if anything can have been good enough to happen to Tedham, overnight."

I got a little miserable fun out of this, but my wife would not laugh; she would not be placated in any way; she held me in a sort responsible for the dilemma I had conjectured, and inculpated me in some measure for that which had really presented itself.

When we reached home she went directly to her room and had a cup of tea sent to her there, and the children and I had rather a solemn time at the table together. A Sunday evening tea-table is solemn enough at the best, with its ghastly substitution of cold dishes or thin sliced things, for the warm abundance of the week-day dinner; and with the gloom of Mrs. March's absence added, this was a very funereal feast indeed.

We went on quite silently for a while, for the children saw I was preoccupied; but at last I asked, "Has anybody called this afternoon?"

"I don't know exactly whether it was a call or not," said my daughter, with a nice feeling for the social proprieties which would have amused me at another time. "But that strange person who was here last night, was here again."

"Oh!"

"He said he would come in the evening. I forgot to tell you. Papa, what kind of person is he?"

"I don't know. What makes you ask?"

"Why, we think he wasn't always a workingman. Tom says he looks as if he had been in some kind of business, and then failed."

"What makes you think that, Tom?" I asked the boy.

"Oh, I don't know. He speaks so well."

"He always spoke well, poor fellow,"

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I said, with a vague amusement. "And you're quite right, Tom. He was in business once and he failed—badly."

I went up to my wife's room and told her what the children had said of Tedham's call, and that he was coming back again.

"Well, then, I think I shall let you see him alone, Basil. I'm completely worn out, and besides there's no reason why I should see him. I hope you'll get through with him quickly. There isn't really anything for you to say, except that we have seen the Hasketh, and that if he is still bent upon it he can find his daughter there to-morrow evening. I want you to promise me that you will confine yourself to that, Basil, and not say a single word more. There is no sense in our involving ourselves in the affair. We have done all we could, and more than he had any right to ask of us, and now I am determined that he shall not get anything more out of you. Will you promise?"

"You may be sure, my dear, that I don't wish to get any more involved in this coil of sin and misery than you do," I began.

"That isn't promising," she interrupted. "I want you to promise you'll say just that and no more."

"Oh, I'll promise fast enough, if that's all you want," I said.

"I don't trust you a bit, Basil," she lamented. "Now, I will explain to you all about it. I've thought the whole thing over."

She did explain, at much greater length than she needed, and she was still giving me some very solemn charges, when the bell rang, and I knew that Tedham had come. "Now, remember what I've told you," she called after me, as I went to the door, "and be sure to tell me when you come back, just how he takes it, and every word he says. Oh, dear, I know you'll make the most dreadful mess of it!"

By this time I expected to do no less, but I was so curious to see Tedham again that I should have been willing to do much worse, rather than forego my meeting with him. I hope that there was some better feeling than curiosity in my heart, but I will, for the present, call it curiosity.

I met him in the hall at the foot of the stairs, and put a witless cheeriness into the voice I bade him good-evening with, while I gave him my hand and led the way into the parlor.

The twenty-four hours that had elapsed since I saw him there before had estranged him in a way that I find it rather hard to describe. He had shrunk from the approach to equality in which we had parted, and there was a sort of consciousness of disgrace in his look, such as might have shown itself if he had passed the time in a low debauch. But undoubtedly he had done nothing of the kind, and this effect in him was from a purely moral cause. He sat down on the edge of a chair, instead of leaning back, as he had done the night before.

"Well, Tedham," I began, "we have seen your sister-in-law, and I may as well tell you at once that, so far as she is concerned, there will be nothing in the way of your meeting your daughter. The Hasketh are living at their old place in Somerville, and your daughter will be with them there to-morrow night—just at this moment she is away—and you can find her there, then, if you wish."

Tedham kept those deep eye-hollows of his bent upon me, and listened with a passivity which did not end when I ceased to speak. I had said all that my wife had permitted me to say in her charge to me, and the incident ought to have been closed, as far as we were concerned. But Tedham's not speaking threw me off my guard. I could not let the matter end so bluntly, and I added, in the same spirit one makes a scrawl at the bottom of a page, "Of course, it's for you to decide whether you will or not."

"What do you mean?" asked Tedham, feebly, but as if he were physically laying hold of me for help.

"Why, I mean—I mean—my dear fellow, you know what I mean! Whether you had better do it." I did not intend to add this; it was the very thing I had not intended to do, for I saw how wise my wife's plan was, and how we really had nothing more to do with the matter, after having satisfied the utmost demands of humanity.

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"You think I had better not," said Tedham.

"No," I said, but I felt that I was saying it too late, "I don't think anything about it."

"I have been thinking about it, too," said Tedham, as if I had confessed and not denied having an opinion in the matter. "I have been thinking about it ever since I saw you last night, and I don't believe I have slept, for thinking of it. I know how you and Mrs. March feel about it, and I have tried to see it from your point of view, and now I believe I do. I have decided. I am not going to see my daughter; I am going away."

He stood up, in token of his purpose, and at the same moment my wife entered the room. She must have been hurrying to do so from the moment I left her, for she had on a fresh dress, and her hair had the effect of being suddenly, if very effectively, massed for the interview from the dispersion in which I had lately seen it. She swept me with a glance of reproach, as she went up to Tedham, in the pretence that he had risen to meet her, and gave him her hand. I knew that she divined all that had passed between us, but she said:

"Mr. March has told you that we have seen Mrs. Hasketh, and that you can find your daughter at her house tomorrow evening?"

"Yes, and I have just been telling him that I am not going to see her."

"That is very foolish—very wrong!" my wife began.

"I know you must say so," Tedham replied, with more dignity and force than I could have expected, "and I know how kind you and Mr. March have been. But you must see that I am right—that she is the only one to be considered at all."

"Right! How are you right? Have *you* been suggesting that, my dear?" demanded my wife, with a gentle despair of me in her voice.

It almost seemed to me that I had, but Tedham came to my rescue, most unexpectedly.

"No, Mrs. March, he hasn't said anything of the kind to me; or, if he has, I haven't heard it. But you intimated, yourself, last night, that she might be so situated——"

"I was a wicked simpleton," cried my wife, and I forebore to triumph, even by a glance at her; "to put my doubts between you and your daughter in any way. It was romantic, and—and—disgusting. It's not only your right to see her, it's your *duty*. At least it's your duty to let her decide whether she will let you see her. What nonsense! Of course she will! She must bear her part in it. She ought not to escape it, even if she could. Now you must just drop all idea of going away, and you must stay, and you must go to see your daughter. There is no other way to do."

Tedham shook his head stubbornly. "She has borne her share, already, and I won't inflict my penalty on her innocence——"

"Innocence! It's *because* she is innocent that it must be inflicted upon her! That is what innocence is in the world for!"

Tedham looked back at her in a dull bewilderment. "I can't get back to that. It seemed so once; but now it looks selfish, and I'm afraid of it. I am not the one to take that ground. It might do for you——"

"Well, then, let it do for me!" I confess that I was astonished at this turn, or should have been, if I could be astonished at any turn a woman takes. "I will see her for you, if you wish, and I will tell her just how it is with you, and then she can decide for herself. You have certainly no right to decide for her, whether she will see you or not, have you?"

"No," Tedham admitted.

"Well, then, sit down and listen."

He sat down, and my wife reasoned it all out with him. She convinced me, perfectly, so that what Tedham proposed to do seemed not only sentimental and foolish, but unnatural and even impious. I confess that I admired her casuistry, and gave it my full support. She was a woman who, in the small affairs of the tastes and the nerves and the prejudices could be as illogical as the best of her sex, but with a question large enough to engage the hereditary powers of her New England nature she

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showed herself a dialectician worthy of her Puritan ancestry.

Tedham rose when she had made an end, and when we both expected him to agree with her and obey her, he said, "Very likely you are right. I once saw it all that way myself, but I don't see it so now, and I can't do it. Perhaps we shouldn't care for each other; at any rate it's too much to risk, and I can't do it. Good-by." He began sidling toward the door.

I would have detained him, but my wife made me a sign not to interfere. "But surely, Mr. Tedham," she pleaded, "you are going to leave some word for her—or for Mrs. Hasketh to give her?"

"No," he answered, "I don't think I will. If I don't appear, then she won't see me, and that will be all there is of it."

"Yes, but Mrs. Hasketh will probably tell her that you have asked about her, and will prepare her for your coming, and then if you don't come——"

"What time is it, March?" Tedham asked.

I took out my watch. "It's nine o'clock." I was surprised to find it no later.

"I can get over to Somerville before ten, can't I? I'll go and tell Mrs. Hasketh I am not coming."

We could not prevent his getting away, by force, and we had used all the arguments we could have hoped to detain him with. As he opened the door to go out into the night, "But, Tedham!" I called to him, "if anything happens, where are we to find you, hear of you?"

He hesitated. "I will let you know. Well, good-night."

"I suppose this isn't the end, Isabel," I said, after we had turned from looking blankly at the closed door, and listening to Tedham's steps, fainter and fainter on the board-walk to the gate.

"There never is an end to a thing like this!" she returned, with a passionate sigh of pity. "Oh, what a terrible thing an evil deed is! It *can't* end. It has to go on and on forever. Poor wretch! He thought he had got to the end of his misdeed, when he had suffered the punishment for it, but it was only just beginning then! Now, you see, it has a perfectly new lease of life. It's as if it had just happened, as far as the worst consequences are concerned."

"Yes," I assented. "By the way, that was a great idea of yours about the office of innocence in the world, Isabel!"

"Why, Basil!" she cried, "you don't suppose I believed in such a monstrous thing as that, do you?"

"You made me believe in it."

"Well, then, I can tell you that I merely said it so as to convince him that he ought to let his daughter decide whether she would see him or not, and it had nothing whatever to do with the matter. Do you think you could find me anything to eat, dear? I'm perfectly famishing, and it doesn't seem as if I could stir a step till I've had a bite of something."

She sank down on the sofa in the hall in proof of her statement, and I went out into the culinary regions (deserted of their dwellers after our early tea) and made her up a sandwich along with the one I had the Sunday-night habit of myself. I found some half-bottles of ale on the ice, and I brought one of them, too. Before we had emptied it we resigned ourselves to what we could not help in Tedham's case; perhaps we even saw it in a more hopeful light. We are not wholly spirit.

## VII

The next day was one of those lax Mondays, which come before the Tuesdays and Wednesdays when business has girded itself up for the week, and I got home from the office rather earlier than usual. My wife met me with "Why, what has happened?"

"Nothing," I said; "I had a sort of presentiment that something had happened here."

"Well, nothing at all has happened, and you have had your presentiment for your pains, if that's what you hurried home for."

I justified myself as well as I could, and I added, "That wretched Tedham has been in my mind all day. I think he has made a ridiculous mistake. As if he could stop the harm by taking himself off! The harm goes on in-

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dependently of him; it's hardly *his* harm any more."

"That is the way it has seemed to me, too, all day," said my wife. "You don't suppose he's been out of my mind either? I wish we had never had anything to do with him."

A husband likes to abuse his victory, when he has his wife quite at his mercy, but the case was so entirely in my favor that for once I forbore. I could see that she was suffering for having put into Tedham's head the notion which had resulted in this error, and I considered that she was probably suffering enough. Besides, I was afraid that if I said anything it would bring out the fact that I had myself intimated the question again which his course had answered so mistakenly. I could well imagine that she was grateful for my forbearance, and I left her to this admirable state of mind while I went off to put myself a little in shape after my day's work and my journey out of town. I kept thinking how perfectly right in the affair Tedham's simple, selfish instinct had been, and how our several consciences had darkened counsel; that quaint Tuscan proverb came into my mind: *Lascia fare Iddio, ch' è un buon vecchio.* We had not been willing to let God alone, or to trust his leading; we had thought to improve on his management of the case, and to invent a principle for poor old Tedham that should be better for him to act upon than the love of his child, which God had put into the man's heart, and which was probably the best thing that had ever been there. Well, we had got our come-uppings, as the country people say, and however we might reason it away we had made ourselves responsible for the event.

There came a ring at the door that made my own heart jump into my mouth. I knew it was Tedham come back again, and I was still in the throes of buttoning on my collar when my wife burst into my room. I smiled round at her as gayly as I could with the collar-buttoning grimace on my face. "All right, I'll be down in a minute. You just go and talk to him till——"

"*Him?*" she gasped back; and I have never been quite sure of her syntax to this day. "*Them!* It's Mr. and Mrs. Hasketh, and some young lady! I saw them through the window coming up the walk."

"Good Lord! You don't suppose it's Tedham's daughter?"

"How do I know? Oh, how *could* you be dressing at a time like this!"

It did seem to me rather heinous, and I did not try to defend myself, even when she added, from her access of nervousness, in something like a whimper, "It seems to me you're *always* dressing, Basil!"

"I'll be right with you, my dear," I answered, penitently; and, in fact, by the time the maid brought up the Hasketh' cards I was ready to go down. We certainly needed each other's support, and I do not know but we descended the stairs hand in hand, and entered the parlor leaning upon each other's shoulders. The Hasketh, who were much more deeply concerned, were not apparently so much moved. We shook hands with them, and then Mrs. Hasketh said to us in succession, "My niece, Mrs. March; Mr. March, my niece."

The young girl had risen, and stood veiled before us, and a sort of heart-breaking appeal expressed itself in the gentle droop of her figure, which did the whole office of her hidden face. The Hasketh were dressed, as became their years, in a composite fashion of no particular period, but I noticed at once, with the fondness I have for what is pretty in the modes, that Miss Tedham wore one of the latest costumes, and that she was not only a young girl, but a young lady, with all that belongs to the outward seeming of one of the gentlest of the kind. It struck me as the more monstrous, therefore, that she should be involved in the coil of her father's inexpiable offence, which entangled her whether he stayed or whether he went. It was well enough that the Hasketh should still be made miserable through him; it belonged to their years and experience; they would soon end, at any rate, and it did not matter whether their remnant of life was dark or bright. But this child had a right to a long stretch of unbroken sunshine. As I

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stood and looked at her I felt the heart-burning, the indefinable indignation that we feel in the presence of death when it is the young and fair who have died. Here is a miscalculation, a mistake. It ought not to have been.

I thought that my wife, in the effusion of sympathy, would have perhaps taken the girl in her arms; but probably she knew that the dropped veil was a sign that there was to be no embracing. She put out her hand, and the girl took it with her gloved hand; but though the outward forms of their greeting were so cold, I fancied an instant understanding and kindness between them.

"My niece," Mrs. Hasketh explained, when we were all seated, "came home this afternoon, instead of this morning, when we expected her."

My wife said, "Oh, yes," and after a moment, a very painful moment, in which I think we all tried to imagine something that would delay the real business, Mrs. Hasketh began again.

"Mrs. March," she said in a low voice, and with a curious, apologetic kind of embarrassment, "we have come —Fay wanted we should come and ask if you knew about her father——"

"Why, didn't he come to you last night?" my wife began.

"Yes, he did," said Mrs. Hasketh, in a crestfallen sort. "But we thought— we thought—you might know where he was. And Fay— Did he tell you what he was going to do?"

"Yes," my wife gasped back.

The young girl put aside her veil in turning to my wife, and showed a face which had all the ill-starred beauty of poor Tedham, with something more in it that she never got from that handsome reprobate — conscience, soul — whatever we choose to call a certain effluence of heaven which blesses us with rest and faith whenever we behold it in any human countenance. She was very young-looking, and her voice had a wistful innocence.

"Do you think my father will be here again to-night? Oh, I must see him!"

I perceived that my wife could not speak, and I said, to gain time, "Why, I've rather been expecting him to come in at any moment;" and this was true enough.

"I guess he's not very far off," said old Hasketh.

"I don't believe but what he'll turn up." Within the comfort these words were outwardly intended to convey to the anxious child, I felt an inner contempt of Tedham, a tacit doubt of the man's nature, which was more to me than the explicit faith in his return. For some reason Hasketh had not trusted Tedham's decision, and he might very well have done this without impugning anything but the weakness of his will.

My wife now joined our side, apparently because it was the only theory of the case that could be openly urged. "Oh, yes, I am sure. In fact he promised my husband to let him know later where he was. Didn't you understand him so, my dear?"

I had not understood him precisely to this effect, but I answered, "Yes, certainly," and we began to reassure one another more and more. We talked on and on to one another, but all the time we talked at the young girl, or for her encouragement; but I suppose the rest felt as I did, that we were talking provisionally, or without any stable ground of conviction. For my part, though I indulged that contempt of Tedham, I still had a lurking fear that the wretch had finally and forever disappeared, and I had a vision, very disagreeable and definite, of Tedham lying face downward in the pool of the old cockpit and shone on by the stars in the hushed circle of the woods. Simultaneously I heard his daughter saying, "I can't understand why he shouldn't have come to us, or should have put it off. He couldn't think I didn't wish to see him," and now I looked at my wife aghast, for I perceived that the Hasketh must have lacked the courage to tell her that her father had decided himself not to see her again, and that they had brought her to us that we might stay her with some hopes, false or true, of meeting him soon. "I don't know what they mean," she went on, appealing from them to us, "by saying that it might be better if I never saw him again!"

"I don't say that any more, child," said Mrs. Hasketh, with affecting hu-

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mility. "I'm sure there isn't anyone in the whole world that I would bless the sight of half as much."

"I could have come before, if I'd known where he was; or, if I had only known, I might have been here Saturday!" She broke into a piteous lamentation, with tears and sobs that wrung my heart and made me feel like one of a conspiracy of monsters. "But he couldn't — he couldn't—have thought I didn't *want* to see him!"

It was a very trying moment for us all, and I think that if we had, any of us, had our choice we should have preferred to be in her place rather than our own. We miserably did what we could to comfort her, and we at last silenced her with I do not know what pretences. The affair was quite too much for me, and I made a feint of having heard the children calling me, and I went out into the hall. I felt that there was a sort of indecency in my witnessing that poor young thing's emotion; women might see it, but a man ought not. Perhaps old Hasketh felt the same; he followed me out, and when we were beyond hearing, even if he had spoken aloud, he dropped his voice to a thick murmur and said, "This has all been a mistake. We have had to get out of it with the girl the best we could; and we don't dare to let her know that Tedham isn't coming back any more. You noticed from what she said that my wife tried to make believe it might be well if he didn't; but she had to drop *that;* it set the girl wild. She hasn't got anything but the one idea: that she and her father belong to each other, and that they must be together for the rest of their lives. A curious thing about it is," and Hasketh sank his voice still lower to say this, "that she thinks that if he's taken the punishment that was put upon him he has atoned for what he did; and if anyone tries to make him suffer more he does worse than Tedham did, and he's flying in the face of Providence. Perhaps it's so. I'm afraid," Hasketh continued, with the satisfaction men take in blaming their wives under the cover of sympathy, "that Mrs. Hasketh is going to feel it more and more, as time goes on, unless Tedham turns up. I was never in favor of trying to have the child forget him, or be separated from him in any way. That kind of thing can't be made to work, and I don't suppose, when you come to boil it down, that it's essentially right. This universe, I take it, isn't an accident in any particular, and if she's his daughter it's because she was meant to be so and to bear and share with him. You see it was a great mistake not to prepare the child for it sooner, and tell her just when Tedham would be out, so that if she wanted to see him she could. She thinks she ought to have been there at the prison waiting to speak to him the first one. I thought it was a mistake to have her away, and I guess that's the way Mrs. Hasketh looks at herself, now."

A stir of garments made itself heard from the parlor at last, and we knew the ladies had risen. In a loud voice Hasketh began to say that they had a carriage down at the gate, and I said they had better let me show them the way down; and as my wife followed the others into the hall, I pulled open the outer door for them. On the threshold stood a man about to ring, who let his hand drop from the bell-pull. "Why, Tedham!" I shouted, joyfully.

The light from the hall-lamp struck full on his face; we all involuntarily shrank back, except the girl, who looked, not at the man before her, but first at her aunt and then at her uncle, timorously, and murmured some inaudible question. They did not answer, and now Tedham and his daughter looked at each other, with what feeling no one can ever fully say.

## VIII

It always seemed to me as if we had witnessed something like the return of one from the dead, in this meeting. We were talking it over one evening some weeks later, and "It would be all very well," I philosophized, "if the dead came back at once, but if one came back after ten years, it would be difficult."

"It was worse than coming back from the dead," said my wife. "But I hope that is the end of it so far as we are concerned. I am sure I am glad to be out of it, and I don't wish to see any of them ever again."

"Why, I don't know about that," I

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returned, and I began to laugh. "You know Hubbell, our inspector of agencies?"

"What has he got to do with it?"

"Hubbell has had a romantic moment. He thinks that in view of the restitution Tedham made as far as he could, and his excellent record—elsewhere—it would be a fine thing for the Reciprocity to employ him again in our office, and he wanted to suggest it to the actuary."

"Basil! You didn't allow him to do such a cruel thing as that?"

"No, my dear, I am happy to say that I sat upon that dramatic climax."

This measurably consoled my wife, but she did not cease to denounce the idea for some moments. When she ended, I asked her if she would allow the company to employ Tedham in a subordinate place in another city, and when she signified that this might be suffered, I said that this was what would probably be done. Then I added, seriously, that I thoroughly liked the notion of it, and that I took it for a testimony that poor old Tedham was right, and that he had at last fully expiated his offence against society.

His daughter continued to live with her aunt and uncle, but Tedham used to come and spend his holidays with them, and however incongruously, they got on together very well, I believe. The girl kept the name of Hasketh, and I do not suppose that many people knew her relation to Tedham. It appeared that our little romantic supposition of a love affair, which the reunion of father and child must shatter, was for the present quite gratuitous. But if it ever should come to that, my wife and I had made up our minds to let God manage. We said that we had already had one narrow escape in proposing to better the divine way of doing, and we should not interfere again. Still I cannot truly say that we gave Providence our entire confidence as long as there remained the chance of further evil through the sort of romance we had dreaded for the girl. Till she was married there was an incompleteness, a potentiality of trouble in the incident apparently closed, that haunted us with a distrustful anxiety. We had to wait several years for the end, but it came eventually, and she was married to a young Englishman whom she had met in Canada, and whom she told all about her unhappy family history before she permitted herself to accept him.

During the one brief interview I had with him, for the purpose of further blackening her father's character (for so I understood her insistance that I should see the young man), he seemed not only wholly unmoved by the facts, but was apparently sorry that poor Tedham had not done much worse things, and many more of them, that he might forgive him for her sake.

They went to live abroad after they were married; and by and by Tedham joined them. So far now as human vision can perceive, the trouble he made, the evil he did, is really at an end. Love, which can alone arrest the consequences of wrong, had ended it, and in certain luminous moments it seemed to us that we had glimpsed, in our witness of this experience, an infinite compassion encompassing our whole being like a sea, where every trouble of our sins and sorrows must cease at last like a circle in the water.

THE END.

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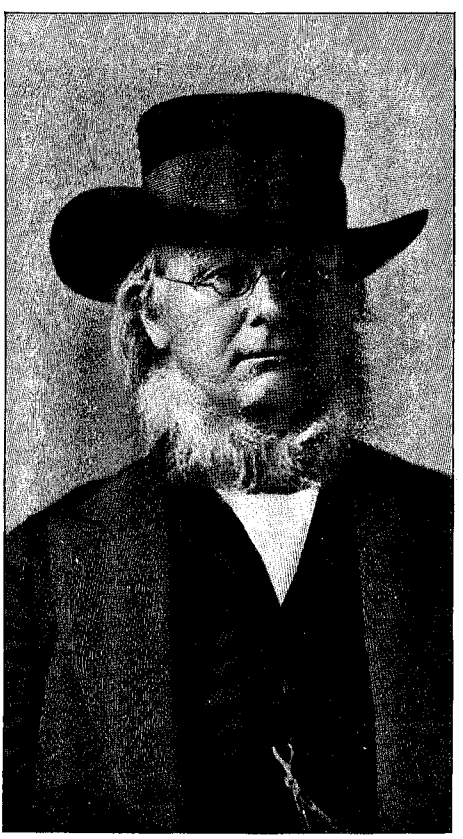
# A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

## THE GREELEY CAMPAIGN

THE RISE OF GREELEY.
NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT.
SCHURZ AND CURTIS.
HOSTILITY TO GRANT.
GRATZ BROWN IGNORED.
THE GENEVA AWARD.
CREDIT MOBILIER SCANDAL.
OAKES AMES'S DEFENCE.
DEATH OF GREELEY.
ANARCHY IN LOUISIANA.



Horace Greeley.

ONE hot day in August, 1831, an ungainly journeyman printer from Erie, Pa., was among the "arrivals" in New York City. It was Horace Greeley, born twenty years before, on a farm in Amherst, N. H. From childhood an insatiable reader, at ten he had become the prodigy of his native town. His stump-grubbing on a farm in Vermont, whither poverty drove his father's family, his service as printer's devil there, and later as job and newspaper printer at Erie, paid little. The young man reached the metropolis with only ten dollars in his pocket, while the rest of his earthly goods formed a bundle which he swung in his hand. After long and vain search for work he at last secured a situation so hard that no other printer would take it. In it he wrought twelve or fourteen hours a day at a rate never exceeding six dollars a week.

After various vicissitudes in job-printing and desultory editorial work, where he evinced genius and zeal but no special aptitude for business, Mr. Greeley, in 1841, started the *Tribune*. For this venture he had borrowed $1,000. The first week's losses engulfed nearly half this sum, but at the end of a year the paper was an assured success. It soon became the mouth-piece of all the more



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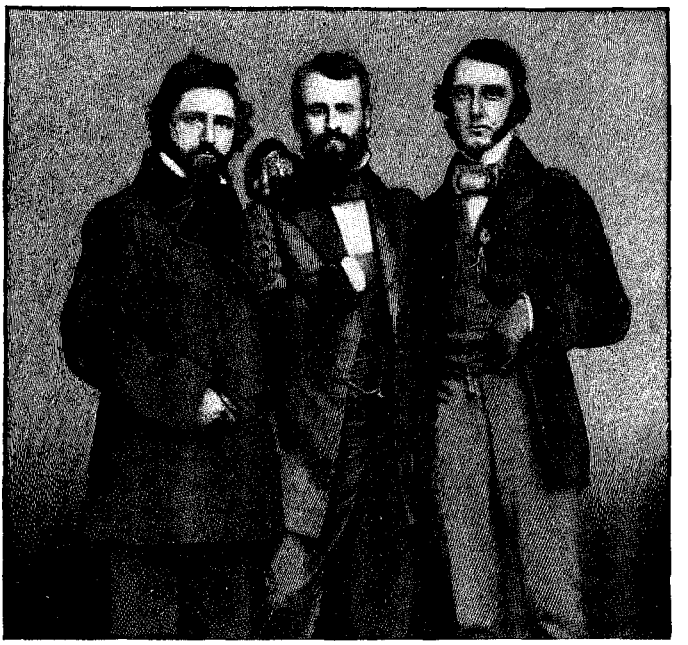
sober anti-slavery sentiment of the time, whether within or without the Whig Party, and rose to power with the mighty tide of free-soil enthusiasm that swept over the land after 1850. Greeley and his organ were the chief founders of the Republican party, and the most effective moulders of its policy. The influence of the paper before and during the war was incalculable, far exceeding that of any other sheet in America. Hardly a Whig or a Republican voter in all the North that did not take or read it. It gave tone to the minor organs of the party, and no politician on either side acted upon slavery without considering what the *Tribune* would say.



Thomas Hicks. Charles A. Dana. George William Curtis.
After a daguerreotype by Brady, about 1852, in the possession of Charles A. Dana.

While hating slavery and treason, and hence not averse to the war, Greeley was anxious for peace at the earliest moment when it could be safely had; and forthwith upon the collapse of the Confederacy he dismissed all rancor toward the South. At Jefferson Davis's trial he conspicuously stepped forward as Davis's bondsman; and in the long friction which followed he persistently opposed all harshness in dealing with the conquered. He disliked Grant as the exponent of severe methods in reconstruction, and, like Sumner, peculiarly abominated his policy of annexing San Domingo.

At length Grant and Greeley became, in effect, foes. They had many par-

George Ripley.
After a daguerreotype in the possession of Charles A. Dana.

Margaret Fuller.
After a daguerreotype in the historical collection of H. W. Fay.

Bayard Taylor.
After a photograph by Sarony.

Some Noted Contributors to the *Tribune* in its Early Days.

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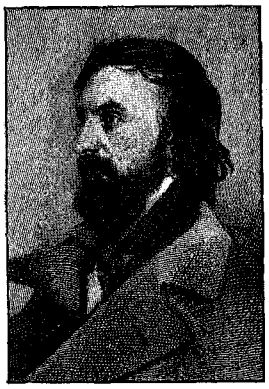
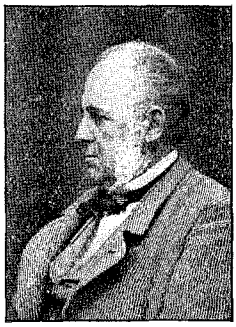


William Henry Fry.
After a daguerreotype in the possession of Horace B. Fry.



Count Adam Gurowski.
After a daguerreotype in the possession of Charles A. Dana.

ty friends in common, who sought by every means to reconcile them, but in vain. Greeley was once induced to call at the White House. Grant invited him to a drive, and he accepted. The horses went, the President smoked, and Greeley kept silence —all with a vengeance. Only monosyllables were uttered as the two stiff men rode side by side, and each was glad when they could alight and separate.

When, in January, 1872, the Liberal Republicans of Missouri issued a call for a national convention at Cincinnati, Greeley and his *Tribune* took sides with the revolt. Soon they were the life of it. Henceforth the opposition to the Administration increased in strength day by day. The Cincinnati *Commercial* and the Springfield [Mass.] *Republican* sided with the *Tribune*, while the New York *Times* and *Harper's Weekly* earnestly advocated Grant's re-election. Many prominent Republicans in Congress and outside lost confidence in the Administration, then became hostile thereto. General Banks was one of these, Stanley Matthews was another. Senator Schurz openly stated that if Grant should be nominated for a second term he would bolt the ticket. Early in the second session of the Forty-second Congress there was question of appointing a committee on Investigation and Retrenchment. Debating this, Senator Trumbull vigorously denounced the prevalent abuses in the civil service. Shortly after, Senator Sumner introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution limiting the President to one term of office. Resolutions were passed inquiring into Grant's acts in the South under the Force Law, and this offered his critics new occasion to inveigh against his policy. So evidently did the rank and file of the party wish Grant to continue in the White House, that his adversaries saw no hope of capturing the Republican convention. Most of them, therefore, allied themselves with the Liberals. The Democrats maintained a policy of "passivity," but long before their convention there were hints that they would accept the bolting Republican candidates as their own, should these not be too radically opposed to democratic ideas. With such aid the separatists expected to carry the country.

### NOMINATION OF GREELEY.

The convention of Come-outers assembled at Cincinnati on May 1st, and effected a permanent organization with Carl Schurz as chairman. Touching the South, the platform declared for general amnesty, local self-government, and the abolition of all military authority as superseding civil law. The suspension of *habeas corpus* it especially condemned. It denounced corruption in the civil service and declared against a second term in the presidency. It demanded a tariff which should not unnecessarily interfere with industry, advocated a speedy return to specie payments, and ended with a eulogy on the Union soldiers. Mr. Greeley was nominated for the presidency on the sixth ballot. B. Gratz Brown, Governor of Missouri, received the nomination for Vice-President.

Grant's friends were not frightened. They pretended, rather, to regard the nomination as a huge joke. All conceded that Greeley was an honest man, yet he did not inspire confidence. He had a reputation for doing strange, compromising things. John Sherman thought him "probably the most unfit man for President, except Train, that

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has ever been mentioned." Many of the Liberals themselves did not fancy him. He was an ultra protectionist, while Schurz and other prominent anti-administration Republicans leaned toward a revenue tariff. Sumner was for radical measures in the South, which Greeley and most of the Liberals deprecated. It was Sumner who, in the Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses, so earnestly sought to pass the Supplementary Civil Rights Bill, with the aim of securing for the Southern negro social as well as political equality with the white man. This bill readily passed the Senate whenever moved, but always failed in the House until 1875, when, a year after Sumner's death, it became law. The President himself objected to it, denying in his Second Inaugural that social equality is a fit subject for legislation. However, wishing "anybody to beat Grant," the majority of the seceders accepted Greeley with much heartiness.

The Republican Convention met at Philadelphia on June 5th. The platform declared for civil service reform and complete equality in the enjoyment of all civil, political, and public rights throughout the Union, and uttered a somewhat ambiguous statement in regard to the relations of capital and labor. It upheld the President in his Southern policy, though maintaining that State governments should be permitted to act as far as practicable. The latest amnesty bill of Congress it approved, and it eulogized the President in the highest terms. The Convention developed no opposition to Grant, and he was renominated by acclamation. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, was given the second place on the ticket, defeating Colfax, who had incurred the enmity of several men influential in the party.

Between the nomination of Grant and the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, over a month later, public attention was centred upon the attitude of the democratic leaders to the candidacy of Greeley and Brown. That these nominees were not wholly acceptable to the Democracy there could be no doubt. Many of the party chiefs spoke of Greeley with open derision. Yet, as it was evident that if the Liberal candidates did not receive democratic endorsement all efforts against Grant would prove unavailing, the majority of the party was for Greeley at all hazards. Said ex-Governor Vance, of North Carolina: "If 'Old Grimes' is in the democratic hymn-book, we'll sing him through if it kills us." Accordingly, the convention, which assembled at Baltimore July 9th, notwithstanding considerable opposition, accepted the Cincinnati candidates and platform, adjourning in some hope of victory. A few dissatisfied Democrats met at Louisville on September 3d and nominated Charles O'Conor for President and John Quincy Adams for Vice-President. Both gentlemen declined, but the nominations were left unchanged.

Greeley accepted the Baltimore nomination in a letter dated July 18th. In this he insisted on the "full enfranchisement" of all the white population of the South, and declared that henceforth Democracy and Republicanism would stand for one and the same idea, "equal rights, regardless of creed or clime or color."

General W. T. Sherman wrote from Paris to his brother, the Senator: "Of course I have watched the progress of political events from this standpoint, and feel amazed to see the turn things have taken. Grant, who never was a Republican, is your candidate; and Greeley, who never was a Democrat, but quite the reverse, is the Democratic candidate." The Senator replied: "As you say, the Republicans are running a Democrat, and the Democrats a Republican. And there is not an essential difference in the platform of principle. The chief interest I feel in the canvass is the preservation of the Republican party, which I think essential to secure the fair enforcement of the results of the war. General Grant has so managed things as to gain the very bitter and active hostility of

George Bancroft.
After a photograph in the historical collection of H. W. Fay.

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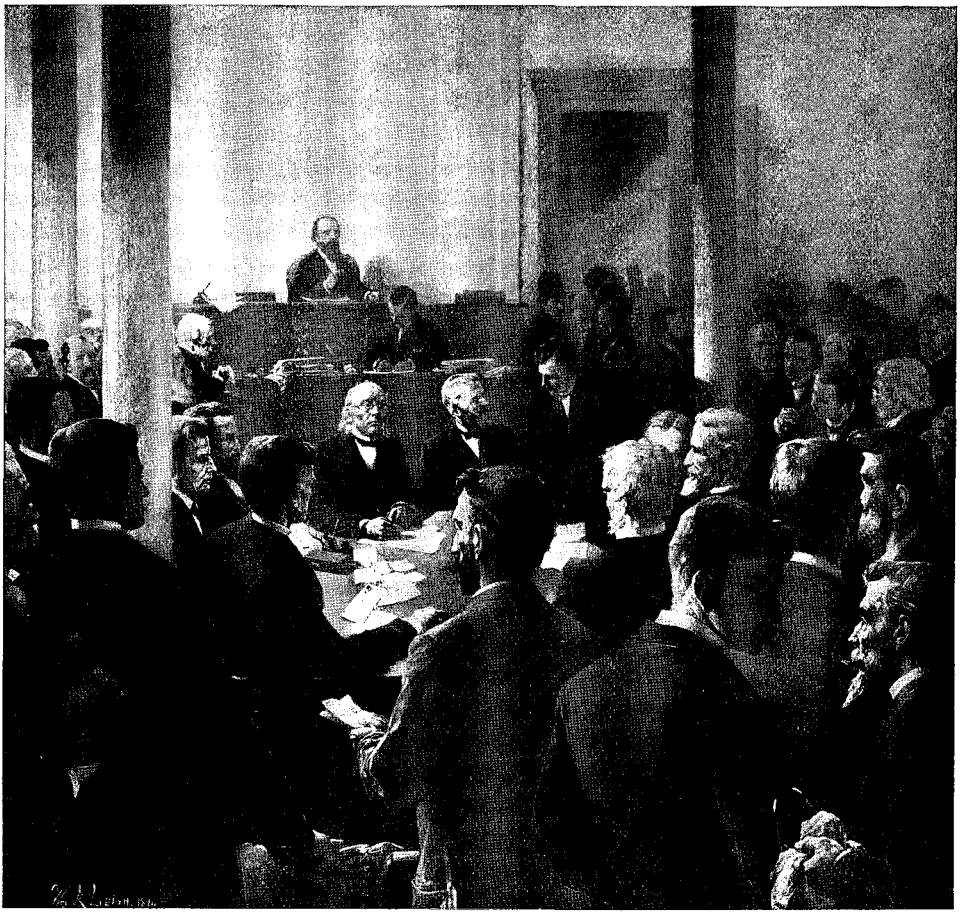

Horace Greeley Signing the Bail-bond of Jefferson Davis at the Richmond, Va., Court House, May 13, 1867.
Painting by William R. Leigh from photographs, and sketches made at the time by W. L. Sheppard.

many of the leading Republicans, and the personal indifference of most of the residue. He will, however, be fairly supported by the great mass of the Republicans, and I still hope and believe will be elected. The defections among Republicans will be made up by Democrats who will not vote for Greeley."

On June 30th George William Curtis wrote: "The best sentiment of the opposition is that both parties must be destroyed and Greeley's election is the way to destroy them. This is Schurz's ground, who likes Greeley as little as any of us. The argument seems to be first chaos then cosmos. The *Nation* and the *Evening Post* in this dilemma take Grant as the least of evils. He has been foully slandered, and Sumner's speech [of May 31st—see page 447] was unpardonable. He was bitterly indignant at me—said that my course was unspeakable and inconsistent, and that I was bringing unspeakable woe upon my country. I could only reply, 'Sumner, you must learn that other men are as honest as you.'"

### CRITICISM ON GRANT'S MOTIVES.

THE cooler among Grant's critics argued about as follows: The war issues, they said, should be treated as settled; in its prosperity the party had become careless; the President was surrounded by unwise counsellors and influenced



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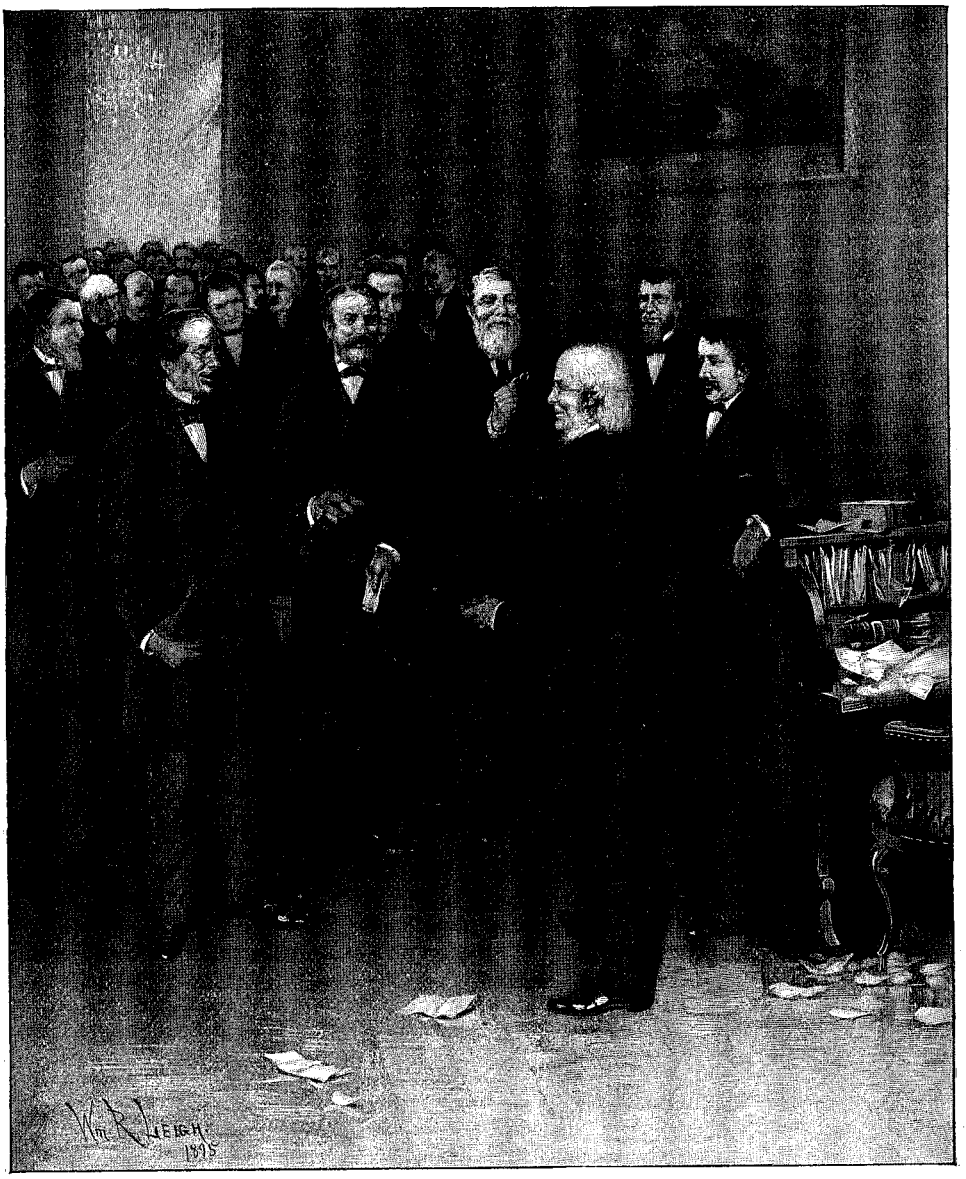
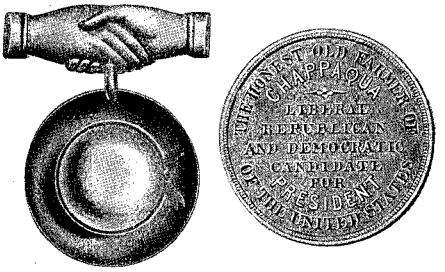


Mr. Greeley receiving the Democratic Committee, who Notified Him of His Nomination, at the Lincoln Club House.*

* Mr. J. Lee Carroll, of Maryland, relates that when the formal speeches on both sides were ended, and Mr. Greeley had invited all present to visit him at Chappaqua, some one in the group asked if there "were any snakes out there." Quick as a flash Mr. Greeley replied: "Oh, yes, a few copperheads—but they are quite harmless."

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by unscrupulous men; under him the civil service had been debauched as never before, even in Jackson's time; if he should be re-elected things could not but go from bad to worse. Putting the very best possible construction upon his motives, they declared, it was obvious that Grant was dividing the party, and therefore should no longer continue its official head. Some of the President's antagonists did not hesitate even to impugn his honesty. His advocacy of reform in the civil service they denominated "thin twaddle." He was charged with incorrigible nepotism. The fact that he had been given a house was deemed suspicious. The utmost was made of his incessant smoking and of his love for fast horses.

B. Gratz Brown.

Charles O'Conor.

The President's supporters, on the other hand, asserted that under his administration the public debt had been decreased, taxes lowered, the utmost honesty and economy introduced in public affairs, industry revived, and confidence restored. They alleged that the cause of the Cincinnati Convention was nothing but selfish discontent. The meeting, they said, had been controlled by scheming politicians and place-hunters, who knew that under Greeley they could have what they wished. If Grant was incompetent, it was asked, what would be the state of affairs should Greeley, who had hardly ever in his life held an office, and never an administrative office, be elected!

Charles Sumner.

As the conflict deepened feeling waxed painfully bitter, and the meanest personal allusions were common. Greeley's supporters dubbed their candidate "Honest Old Horace;" the opposition, remembering his bail to Jefferson Davis, whom most abolitionists wished hung, called him "Old Bail-Bonds." "Grant beat Davis," they said, "Greeley bailed him." He was named "Horrors Greeley," and his homely manners were made the subject of innumerable jests. Cartoons, which played a great figure in this campaign, ridiculously exaggerated his corpulency. On the unfortunate B. Gratz Brown the stalwarts heaped the worst disgrace which a political candidate can receive, that of being ignored. His views and his record were never mentioned; only his bare name came before the public. In every cartoon by Nast where Greeley was represented, a tag bearing the legend "and Gratz Brown" hung from his coat-tail. Carl Schurz and Whitelaw Reid, both fighting Greeleyites, were pictured with classical and pedantic features, eye-glasses big as tea-cups, and legs ten feet long.

John Quincy Adams in 1870.

Such coarseness was not confined to the supporters of the Administration. The Greeley press made Grant call to his intimates to bid him good-by, as he sang:

"My friends are gone to Chappaqua,
Oh, put me in my little bed."

Chappaqua was Greeley's country residence.

On May 31st Sumner delivered a speech in which he applied to the President the following extract from a letter of Lord Durham to Henry Brougham: "Among the foremost purposes ought to be the downfall of this odious, insulting, degrading, aide-de-campish, inca-

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pable dictatorship. At such a crisis, is this country to be left at the mercy of barrack councils and mess-room politics?"

Zebulon B. Vance.

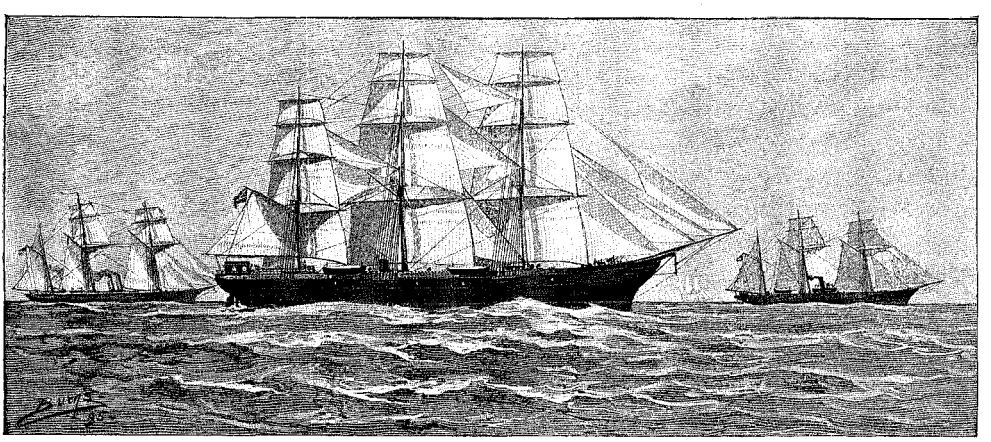
Lyman Trumbull.

THE GENEVA AWARD.

NOTHING aided the President and his party in their campaign more than the honorable outcome which the Treaty of Washington had in the Geneva Award and the northwestern boundary settlement, both seasonably made known to the world in 1872. The Award related to the famous Alabama Claims, and meant that these, or the most important of them, must be paid us by Great Britain. Chief credit for such happy result was due to Hon. Hamilton Fish, Grant's Secretary of State, yet naturally and justly, the Administration as a whole profited by his triumphant diplomacy.

The claims usually denominated "Alabama" claims were partly national or, less accurately, "indirect," and partly individual or direct. The national claims were for destruction of United States commerce or its transfer to other flags occasioned by confederate privateers fitted out wholly or partly in Great Britain, and for enhanced marine insurance and increased cost of the war in life and treasure due to the same cause. The individual or direct claims were for damages through certain specific acts of depredation by confederate war-vessels, notably the Alabama, the Florida, and the Shenandoah.

In spite of repeated warnings from Hon. Charles Francis Adams, then United States minister to Great Britain, the Queen's Government had suffered the Florida, originally called "The Oreto" and ostensibly destined for Palermo, Sicily, to be built at Liverpool in 1862, and at Green Bay, near Nassau, to receive arms and munitions from another vessel. The Florida was indeed seized, but soon released. Adams's suspicions were shortly directed against another vessel, building at Liverpool, called "the 290," from the number of merchants who contributed to her construction, but later and better known as the "Alabama." His suspicions were confirmed by evidence which distinguished



The Florida. The Shenandoah. The Alabama, or 290.

The Three Famous Confederate Cruisers.

The Shenandoah is from a photograph of a drawing in the possession of John T. Mason, Esq. The other two are from photographs in the possession of John M. Kell, Esq.

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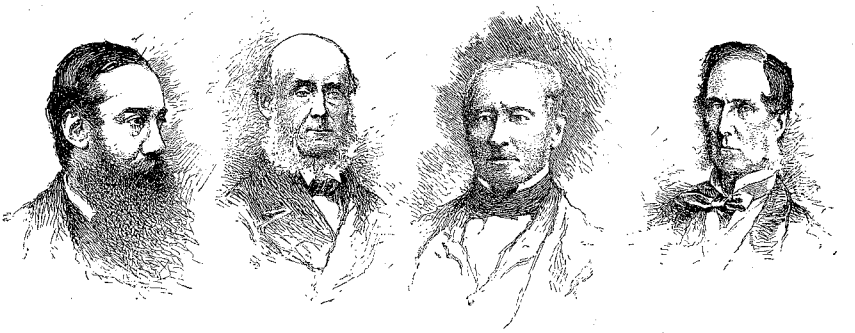


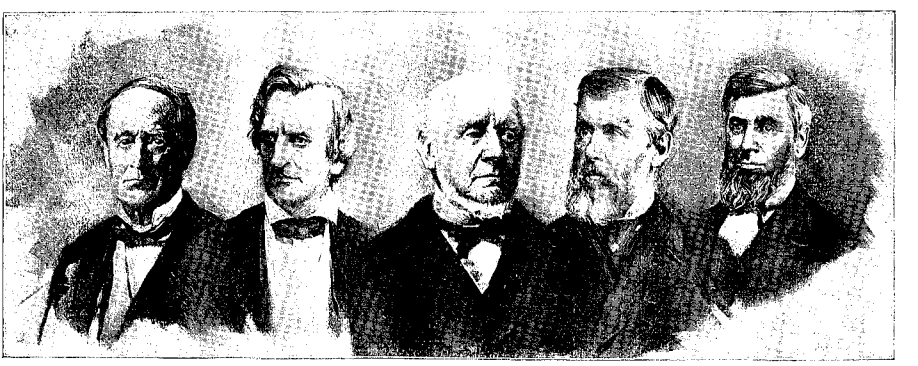
Lord Tenterden. Mountague Bernard. Sir Alexander Cockburn. Sir Roundell Palmer.

The English Representatives at Geneva.

British counsel declared "almost conclusive," sufficient to impose a "heavy responsibility" upon the collector of customs "if he failed to detain her." Easily dodging the half-hearted reach that was made for her, "the 290" went forth upon her career of devastation, continuing it until she was sunk by the Kearsarge. The Shenandoah cleared from Liverpool as a merchant vessel, the Sea King, and when, in November, 1865, she took in supplies and enlisted men at Melbourne, English liability for her acts became definitely fixed. Claims of a less conclusive nature were made on account of the acts of ten other confederate privateers.

Mr. Adams left England in 1868 without having obtained any satisfaction for these claims. His successor, Reverdy Johnson, was upon his arrival in London much dined and wined. He made effusive speeches, judging from which one would think that in his view Great Britain could do no wrong. Secretary Seward, too, had a warm regard for England, and was moreover anxious to settle the difficulty before leaving office. But the Johnson-Clarendon Treaty, the offspring of this cordial policy, was, in the spring of 1869, unceremoniously drummed out of the Senate to the music of Charles Sumner's famous speech, which, as one paper put it, "set almost all Americans to swinging their hats for eight or nine days, and made every Englishman double up his fists and curse every time he thought of it for several weeks."

That treaty contained not a word of regret for England's unfriendly posture during the war, or the slightest confession of fault. It ignored the national claims of the United States, while its language with regard to British citizens' claims against the United States, what-



Caleb Cushing. William M. Evarts. Charles Francis Adams. J. C. Bancroft Davis. Morrison R. Waite.

The American Representatives at Geneva.



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ever was intended by it, was so catholic that when the text of the treaty became known confederate bonds in England rose from their tomb with ten per cent. of their original vitality about them.

On becoming President, Grant recalled Johnson and sent to succeed him John Lothrop Motley, a firm friend of Sumner's, sharing Sumner's extreme views upon the British question. But the policy of the new Administration was not so radical as Sumner's. It laid little stress upon the recognition of belligerency as a ground for damage, and left Great Britain to take the initiative in coming to an understanding. Like Sumner, Mr. Motley wished to insist upon damages for England's premature recognition of the confederates as belligerents. He, too, was therefore soon removed.

At the instance of England, a joint high commission was speedily appointed to sit in Washington. The Treaty of Washington, drawn up by this commission and proclaimed on July 4, 1871, provided for an adjustment of all outstanding differences between the countries. The Alabama claims it referred to a Tribunal of Arbitration, consisting of one arbitrator from each of the high contracting parties and one each appointed by the executives of Italy, Switzerland, and Brazil. Count Sclopis was the Italian arbitrator, Mr. Jacques Staempfli the Swiss, and Baron Itajuba the Brazilian. The tribunal met at Geneva, December 15, 1871, but, as we have observed, did not render its decision until the succeeding year.

The Treaty of Washington had laid down for the guidance of the tribunal three rules, which form such an important contribution to international law that they deserve quotation in full:

"A neutral government is bound,

"First: To use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a power with which it is at peace; and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted, in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction, to warlike use.

"Secondly: Not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms or the recruitment of men.

"Thirdly: To exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and, as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties."

Question being raised as to the interpretation of certain terms and the scope of certain provisions in the three rules, the tribunal made the following preliminary decisions:

Henry Wilson.

1. The meaning of "due diligence." The tribunal took the ground that what constitutes "due diligence" varies with the circumstances of the case. The greater the probable damage to either belligerent, the greater must be the care taken by the neutral government to prevent the escape of cruisers from its ports.

2. Should a neutral detain an escaped cruiser when it re-enters the neutral's

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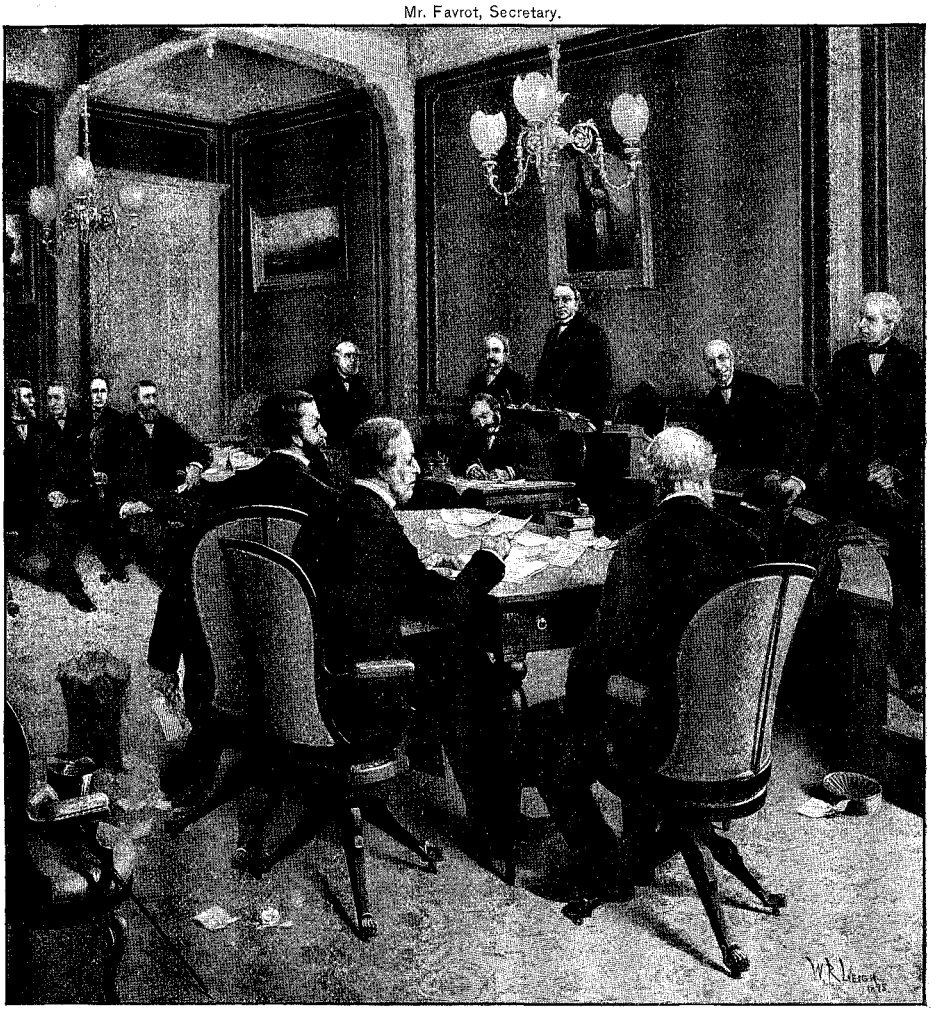
Charles Francis Adams. Jacques Staempfli. Count Sclopis. Baron Itajuba. Sir Alexander Cockburn.

Mr. Favrot, Secretary.



Count Sclopis Announcing the Decision of the Geneva Tribunal.
["Sir Alexander Cockburn . . . left the room without so much as an adieu."]

jurisdiction, the cruiser having in the meantime been regularly commissioned by its government? The arbitrators decided that the neutral had a right to detain such a cruiser, in spite of its commission, but was under no positive obligation to do so.

3. Does a neutral's responsibility end with the enforcement of its local laws to prevent the escape of cruisers, even if those laws are inadequate? Decision was given that the case must be determined by international law and not by national legislation. If a country's regulations for carrying out its acknowledged international duties are ineffective, they ought to be changed.

Though these decisions touching the law of nations were of world-wide significance, the verdict on the facts in the case had a more immediate interest for the American people. Indirect claims the tribunal dismissed, and it made no award for the expense of pursuing confederate cruisers, or for any prospective earnings which ships lost through them. But, for Great Britain's negligence in failing to prevent the equipment, arming, and provisioning of the confederate privateers, the gross sum



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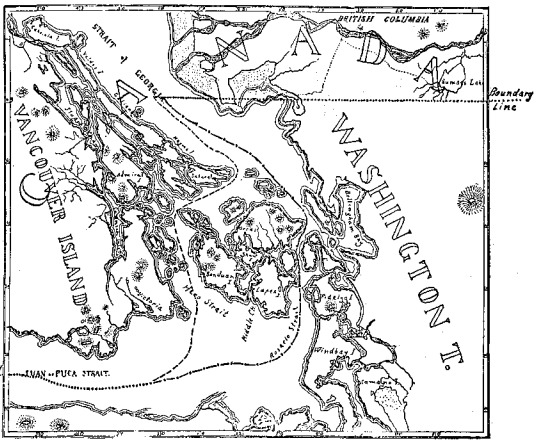
of $15,500,000 was awarded the United States. Sir Alexander Cockburn, the English "arbitrator," was the only one to take this decree with ill grace. On the announcement of it he seized his hat and left the room without so much as an adieu, getting "leave to print" with the record of the proceedings a choleric document known as his "Opinions."

The dispute as to our northwestern boundary was also decided in our favor during 1872. By a treaty of 1846 the boundary line between the United States and British America was run westward along the 49th parallel "to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, thence southerly through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca's Strait, to the Pacific Ocean." Should "the middle" referred to be interpreted as passing through the Strait of Rosario, on the side next Washington Territory, or through the Canal de Haro, on the Vancouver side of the archipelago there? Should those islands be looped into the territory of Uncle Sam, or given to John Bull? This question the Treaty of Washington referred to Emperor William I., of Germany.



The Northwest Water Boundary.

The historian Bancroft, the only surviving statesman save one concerned in negotiating the 1846 treaty, argued our claims in this matter, and on October 21, 1872, had the satisfaction of seeing his plea crowned by a favorable decision. "The award," said President Grant, "leaves us for the first time in the history of the United States as a nation, without a question of disputed boundary between our territory and the possessions of Great Britain." It was a proud result for the President, and assisted not a little in his re-election.

### CREDIT MOBILIER SCANDAL.

While the consequences of the memorable Treaty of Washington were favorable to the party in power, another revelation of the campaign had much influence in the opposite direction. In August, 1872, when the excitement of the presidential strife was already high, the New York *Sun* published a story which added fresh fuel to the political fires already raging, and promised to generate much steam to propel the Greeley movement. It related to the Credit Mobilier operations in constructing the Union Pacific Railway. If true, the facts said to exist involved in corruption the Speaker of the House, the Vice-President, the Republican nominee for the vice-presidency, the Secretary of the Treasury, and others high in political life.

In July, 1862, Congress created the Union Pacific Railway Company to build a railroad from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, fixing at $1,000,000,000 the amount of its stock, loaning it a vast sum in government bonds, endowing it with an enormous amount of land along the route, and allowing it till 1876 to complete the enterprise. The shares sold slowly, and it was soon clear that unless Congress gave better terms the undertaking would fail. Accordingly a more liberal act was passed. Even this did not put the road in a way to completion. Contractors, several of whom were besought to do so, hesitated to undertake the building of such a line or any part of it, and but eleven miles of the construction were accomplished up to September, 1865. Most believed either that the road could not be built, or that it would never pay.

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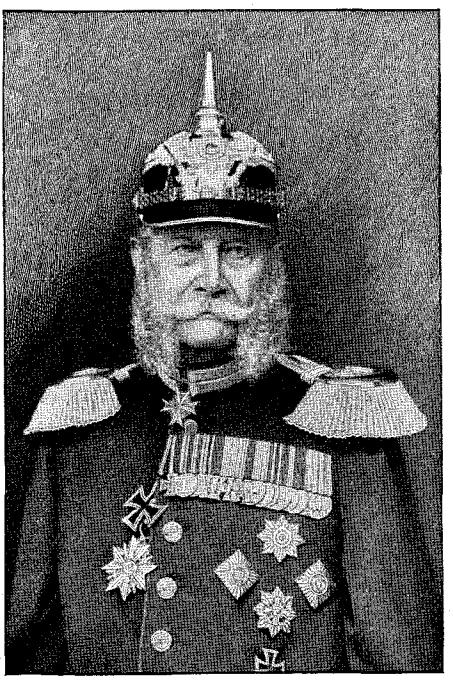
In March, 1865, the Credit Mobilier of America, a company organized by the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1859 as the "Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency," and in



Emperor William I. of Germany.

its new form soon amply equipped with capital, contracted with the Union Pacific to go forward with the construction. Two hundred and forty-seven miles of road were thus built, carrying the line to the one-hundredth meridian. Then arose trouble within the Credit Mobilier Company. T. C. Durant, President of this and Vice-President of the Union Pacific, wished the Mobilier to realize at once all possible profits out of the construction, while his opponents, New England parties, believing that the road would pay, were inclined to deal honestly with it, expecting their profits as corporators in the Mobilier to come from the appreciation of the Union Pacific stock, in which, to a great extent, the Mobilier was paid for its work. This party sought to eject Durant from the Mobilier management, and at length did so; but his power in the railway corporation was sufficient to prevent the Mobilier as such from getting a further contract. After much contention, during which the Mobilier was on the verge of failing, Durant consented that Oakes Ames might take a contract to push the construction of the road. Mr. Ames was at the time a Mobilier stockholder and a representative in Congress from Massachusetts.

Ames's contract was dated August 16, 1867, but on the 15th of the next October he made it over to seven trustees, who took Ames's place as contractor. They did all the things which he had agreed to do, and were remunerated just as he was to be. The trustees bound themselves to pay over all the profits of their contract to the Mobilier stockholders in the proportions in which these severally held stock at the date of their contract. This arrangement was fully carried out and the road finished under it. It was an adroit way of circumventing Durant and enabling the Mobilier to build the road in spite of him.

During 1867 and 1868 Ames sold shares of Credit Mobilier stock to many members of Congress. He gave away none, but in a number of cases payment was considerably subsequent to sale. Though worth much more, every share was sold for par and interest, just what it cost Ames himself.

Colonel H. S. McComb, of Delaware, in virtue of a subscription that he said he had made for a friend, claimed of Ames $25,000 in Mobilier stock which he alleged had never been received. Letters passed back and forth between McComb and Ames, in one of which Ames, a blunt, outspoken man, declared that he had placed the stock with influential gentlemen (naming several Congressmen) "where it would do the most good." Press and public eagerly took up this phrase. Soon it was in every mouth, all placing upon it the worst construction which the words could bear. McComb pressed his suit and at last the letters were published. The New York *Sun* of September 4, 1872, in the very heat of the Greeley campaign, came out with the heading: "The King of Frauds; How the Credit Mobilier bought its Way through Congress;" stating that Ames had distributed in bribes thirty thousand shares of the

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stock, worth nine millions of dollars. The scandal ran through the country like wild-fire, the allegations being very generally believed, as they probably are still.

But we now know that they comprised partly gross fabrications and partly gross exaggerations. Mr. Ames's motive was laudable—the completion of a great national work, which has long since paid the country many times its cost. He knew that the Pacific Railway had bitter enemies in Congress and outside, most of them not public-spirited but the blackmailer servants of Durant, who stood ready, should opportunity offer, to work its ruin. He wished to be fortified. His method certainly carried him to the verge of propriety, and perhaps beyond; but, everything considered, the evidence shows little ground for the peculiar execration visited upon him. The Poland Committee of the House, reporting on February 18, 1873, declared that Ames had acted with "intent to influence the votes of members." In the sense that he sought to interest men in the enterprise and to prevent them from sacrificing it through apathy or spite, this was probably true. That it was true in any other sense is at least not proved.

### OAKES AMES'S DEFENCE.

"THESE, then, are my offences," said Ames, in his defence; "that I have risked reputation, fortune, everything, in an enterprise of incalculable moment to the Government, from which the capital of the world shrank; that I have sought to strengthen the work thus rashly undertaken by invoking the charitable judgment of the public upon its obstacles and embarrassments; that I have had friends, some of them in official life, with whom I have been willing to share advantageous opportunities for investments; that I have kept to the truth through good and evil report, denying nothing, concealing nothing, reserving nothing. Who will say that I alone am to be offered up a sacrifice to appease a public clamor or expiate the sins of others! Not until such an offering is made will I believe it possible. But if this body shall so order that it can best be purified by the choice of a single victim, I shall accept its mandate, appealing with unfaltering confidence to the impartial verdict of history for that vindication which it is proposed to deny me here."

Oakes Ames.

The committee recommended his expulsion. "It was useless to point out that no act was before Congress at the time of the alleged bribery, or before or after it, for which Ames was seeking votes. No person whom he had bribed or sought to bribe was produced. Nor was any object he had attempted to accomplish suggested." Hon. B. F. Boyer, one of those who received stock, testified:

"I had no idea of wrong in the matter. Nor do I now see how it concerns the public. No one connected with either the Credit Mobilier or the Union Pacific Railroad ever directly or indirectly expressed, or in any way hinted, that my services as a member of Congress were expected in behalf of either corporation in consideration of the stock I obtained, and certainly no such services were ever rendered. I was much less embarrassed as a member of Congress by the ownership of Credit Mobilier stock than I should have been had I owned stock in a national bank, or in an iron-furnace, or a woollen-mill, or even been a holder of government bonds; for there was important legislation while I was in Congress affecting all these interests, but no legislation whatever concerning the Credit Mobilier. I can therefore find nothing in my conduct in that regard to regret. It was, in my judgment, both honest and honorable, and consistent with my position as a member of Congress. And as the investment turned out to be profitable, my only regret is that it was no larger in amount."

The House proceeded to censure

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Ames, and it would probably have expelled him, had not the alleged offence been committed under a previous Congress. Soon after this censure, which aggravated a disease already upon him, Mr. Ames went home to die. The Wilson Committee reported that the Mobilier had "wronged" the Government, and drafted a bill, which was passed, ordering the Attorney-General to bring suit against its stockholders. He did so, and pushed it to the Supreme Court, but it lamentably failed at every step.

These congressional charges against Oakes Ames have in no wise the weight which has been attached to them. In making them, the House was actuated by a popular clamor against the Credit Mobilier, sedulously worked up by the democratic press and by Durant. Many members who voted for the censure at once apologized to Ames, saying that they had done so purely for fear of their constituents. That "credit mobilier" was a foreign name rendered men suspicious of the thing named. The French *Crédit Mobilier*, from which the American concern took its title, had got into trouble in 1868 and been wound up. Such as knew of this thought that fraud must of course taint the Credit Mobilier of America as well. Some of those charged with having received Ames's alleged bribes cleared themselves at his expense, falsely denying all knowledge of the Mobilier and declaring that they had never directly or indirectly held any of the stock. Such eagerness to disavow connection with it deepened people's suspicion of it. Pressure was used to force Ames, who himself courted investigation, to support these denials. It availed so far as to make him hesitate, telling his story reluctantly and by piecemeal, as if he dreaded the truth. This of course had a further bad effect. In these ways an almost universal impression came to prevail that a fearful crime had been committed, involving most and perhaps all the leaders of the Republican party. Here was rich chance for partisan capital. Democrats and Liberals presented the scandal in the worst possible light and with telling effect. Could anything have defeated Grant, this would assuredly have done so.

If the disclosures and falsehoods about the Credit Mobilier hurt the party in power, the revelations already made and still coming out concerning the Tweed Ring told against Greeley's cause. Tweed was of Tammany, and Tammany, now in the worst repute it had ever borne, threw to the breeze the Greeley flag.

The question of Female Suffrage also plagued Mr. Greeley. The National Women's Suffrage Association met in convention at New York, May 9, 1872, and adopted resolutions strongly condemning him for his position in regard to their movement, asseverating the right of women to vote under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution. Nor was this all. As an uncompromising opponent of the Democracy, Greeley had during his editorial career wielded a terribly caustic pen. This fact much aggravated his new position. A cartoon in *Harper's Weekly* represented him in the act of eating uncomfortably hot soup from a dish bearing the inscription, "My own words and deeds." Greeley had said that the Democratic Party would be better off if there were not a schoolhouse in the country, and he had always represented that only people of the lowest sort naturally found their way to its ranks. Now, as "standard-bearer of the great liberal movement," he had accepted the nomination of that very party. Against Greeley, the arch-abolitionist, every fire-eater paper at the South had for twenty-five years been discharging its most venomous spleen. Once, before the war, a northern sheet characterized the representative plantation lord as sighing:

"Oh for a nigger and oh for a whip,
Oh for a cocktail and oh for a nip,
Oh for a shot at Old Greeley and Beecher,
Oh for a whack at a Yankee school-teacher;
And so he kept ohing for what he had not,
Not contented with owing for all he had got."

Now the quondam plantation lord was invited to the polls to vote for the "Old Greeley" aforesaid.

### DEFEAT OF GREELEY.

WHATEVER may have been Grant's faults and Greeley's virtues, events proved too strong for the bolting move-

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ment. Many for a time deluded themselves with the hope of its triumph, but as election day approached it became evident that Grant would receive an overwhelming majority in the electoral college. As State after State declared for Republicanism during the late summer and fall, the shadows of defeat lengthened across Greeley's path. Finally he undertook a personal canvass, stumping New Hampshire and Maine in August, Pennsylvania and Ohio in September. From this campaign work Greeley was called to the death-bed of his wife, over whose stricken form he watched with the tenderest love and care until she passed away, a week before the election. His defeat at the polls was overwhelming. He carried but six States, all of them Southern. Grant's popular majority approached three quarters of a million. Broken down in body and mind by the terrible bitterness of the canvass, by his deep bereavement, and by the magnitude of his defeat, Mr. Greeley did not long survive. His death occurred on November 29th, ere the shouts of the victors had fully died away. At once all laid aside thoughts of triumph, his bitterest enemies hastening to do honor to the memory of his noble character.

Henry Clay Warmoth.

P. B. S. Pinchback.

In the death of Horace Greeley the nation lost a citizen of sterling worth and deep patriotism. Opinionated, an idealist rather than a practitioner in his contention for right, he had been led into more than one quixotic error, laying himself open to attacks that left their sting. But now, even his foes forgot his blunders and remembered only the purity and benevolence of his spirit. No one had ever impeached the honesty of his motives. It was the universal verdict that he had been a man of great soul and lofty devotion, not unworthy the title bestowed upon him by Whittier, of "The Modern Franklin."

Grant was inaugurated March 4, 1873. In his inaugural address he declared strongly for the establishment of the negroes' civil rights. He maintained that no executive control was exercised in the Southern States which would not be had in others under similar circumstances. He favored the extension of the country's territorial domains, pledging himself to the restoration, so far as possible, of good feeling and to the establishment of the currency on a solid basis. He urged the construction of cheaper inland routes for travel and trade, and also the re-establishment of our foreign commerce.

The campaign of 1872 naturally sweetened Sumner's temper toward the southern people. In a letter to the colored voters of the United States, dated July 29, 1872, he said: "Pile up the ashes, extinguish the flame, abolish the hate—such is my desire." In accordance with this sentiment he introduced in the Senate a bill providing that the names of battles against citizens of the United States while in rebellion should not be continued in the army register, or placed on the colors of regiments. This failed to pass, but an act did pass which happily reduced to some extent the rancor felt by the South against the North. It removed political disabilities fron all citizens of the late Confederacy, except Senators and Representatives in the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congresses, officers in the judicial, military, and naval service, and heads of departments and foreign ministers of the United States. This act was approved May 22, 1872.

During the second session of the Forty-second Congress, there was more or less race trouble in the South, and the anti-administration forces took occasion to reflect anew on the President's policy under the Force Act. On January 25, 1873, the House passed a resolution requesting the President to in-

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The Dispersal of the McEnery Legislature at Odd Fellows' Hall, New Orleans.

On March 6, 1873, a body of Metropolitan Police, under orders from General Longstreet, the Commander of the Kellogg Militia, marched to Odd Fellows Hall, where the McEnery Legislature was in session, and arrested the only five members who refused to disperse or to leave the building.



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form Congress touching the condition of South Carolina, in which State, under the authority of the act of April 20, 1871, he had suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*. The citizens of the State also made a request for a statement of the Government's policy in prosecutions under that act. The reply stated that the Executive was disposed, except in grave cases, to show great clemency and to discontinue prosecutions against violators of the law. But these modifications of the old rigor did not imply that the Republican policy in the South had been essentially modified.

Congressional discussions over race difficulties were renewed with some bitterness when, in May, 1872, a bill was brought before Congress, extending to all election precincts the act of 1871, whereby Federal supervisors could be appointed in towns of over 20,000 inhabitants. It passed the Senate without great difficulty. In the House it was strenuously opposed, its enemies dubbing it "election by bayonet." It finally passed the House also, June 8th, as an amendment to an appropriation bill.

### ANARCHY IN LOUISIANA.

In Louisiana, the troubles between the whites and negroes occasioned a disruption in the Republican party there, which resulted in serious disturbances, plunging the whole State into utmost confusion and turmoil. The election of November, 1870, gave Louisiana to the Republicans by a substantial majority, but almost immediately the party began to break up into factions. Governor Warmoth was opposed by leading Federal officers, who succeeded in gaining control of the Republican State convention. With the assembling of the Legislature on January 1, 1872, the situation assumed a grave character. On the death of Lieutenant-Governor Dunn, in November of the previous year, P. B. S. Pinchback, a colored adherent of Warmoth, had been elected President of the Senate, but the Administration leaders declared his election illegal. In the House, Speaker Carter, an anti-Warmoth man, was antagonized by Warmoth's friends. After a bitter struggle, during which Warmoth and a number of his supporters were arrested by the Federal authorities, Carter was deposed. A congressional committee investigated the quarrel, but could not quiet it, and the politics of Louisiana continued in an inflamed condition.

Estrangement soon arose between Governor Warmoth and Pinchback, Warmoth heading the Liberal Republican movement in the State. After much manœuvring the Liberals united with the democratic and "reform" parties in a fusion ticket headed by John McEnery, with an electoral ticket supporting Greeley and Brown. The Pinchback faction united with the Grant party, nominating W. P. Kellogg for Governor and Pinchback for Congressman at large.

The result of the November election in 1872 was hotly disputed. Two returning boards existed, one of which favored the Warmoth and the other the Pinchback candidates. The Warmoth board declared McEnery elected by 7,000 majority, while the Pinchback board gave Kellogg nearly 19,000 majority. The warring boards also made up each its own list of members for the Legislature, lists which differed from one another to a considerable extent. On January 7, 1873, the day appointed for the assembling of the Legislature, both the opposing bodies began operations, United States soldiers being present to preserve order. A week later both Kellogg and McEnery took the oath of office. President Grant favored the Pinchback claimants and supported them with Federal troops. Congress finally instructed the Committee on Privileges and Elections to inquire into the dispute. A report was made February 20, 1873, which condemned Federal interference. The committee found that McEnery was the more entitled to the government *de jure*, but that Kellogg, supported by the army, was *de facto* governor. The committee recommended the passage of an act "to secure an honest re-election" in Louisiana. The recommendation was not adopted and practical anarchy followed.

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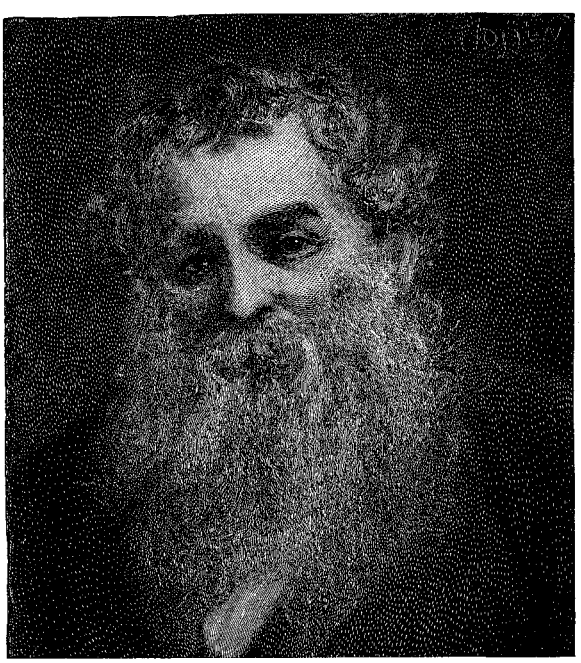
The Gloaming.
Engraved from Nature by Closson.

# AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS—WILLIAM B. CLOSSON

IN the Exhibition number of this Magazine, May, 1893, appeared a full-page engraving by Closson, "The Heart of the Woods," remarkable for its having been engraved direct from Nature. The late Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in an essay on "The Art of the American Wood-Engraver," published only a short time before his death, commented upon the entire absence of hardness in this block and the richness of color quite suggestive of mezzotint.

Art was not considered an altogether reputable occupation in the little Vermont town of Thetford, where Closson was born. His tastes in this direction met with no encouragement, and when a clerkship with a local railroad offered, he accepted it. He used to make a studio of a closet in the office where he often made sketches and painted pictures until his employer mildly remarked one day, "Well, I do bother you a good deal by interrupting this painting of yours."

It was while on a visit to a brother in Boston, where he first saw a set of engraver's tools and a piece of boxwood, that the idea came to him of taking up wood engraving as a means by which he might possibly be able to pursue the general study of art. Upon his return home he found time for practice by getting up at four o'clock in the morning. Examples of his work sent to Boston soon brought him the offer of an engagement with a well-known engraver there, with whom he remained for a number of years, working with the graver during the day and studying in various art-schools in the evening. An acquaintance with the distinguished artist, George Fuller, developed into a close friendship and resulted in Closson's engraving several of his paintings, one of which, "Winifred Dysart,"



George Fuller.
Engraved by Closson after his portrait from life.

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not only made his name at home but brought also a "mention honorable" at the Paris Salon of 1881. Closson believes that engraving in itself affords limitless opportunities and scope for artistic effort, and that no time given to it can be long enough to enable him to accomplish all that he would in the direction of perfected technical skill and breadth of treatment. Each new block makes him realize ideals yet to be attained, and enforces the difficulties to be overcome in translating from one medium into another. He says that the manner of treatment is his first and most perplexing consideration with each new subject, and that in just the right choice of technical handling, the use of line, etc., lies success or failure. In this all of his training, past experience, and appreciation of effects are brought to a focus, and here the value to the engraver of a broad general art culture is fully demonstrated. The engraver's art being a fixed one, he cannot go back and do over like the painter, but is compelled to know from the start what he intends to do; there must be no indecision, and he must maintain for a long period the strain of concentrated mental effort associated with fatiguing physical work. Another most trying element in the engraver's work is the fact that he cannot see the effect of each delicate cutting as he goes, but can only feel the result by a subtle prescience, born of long practice, and an intense consciousness of the result he is aiming for. Closson has always been a painter as well as an engraver, and it is to the combination of the temperaments and qualities of each that he owes his success in engraving.

He has been experimenting for several years with a new use of the wood-block, and has succeeded in producing some very beautiful prints possessing a peculiar richness of color and suggesting a breadth and facility of treatment approaching etching. It is, he says, however, distinctly wood-engraving, and in no sense a "process."

A fine poetic sensitiveness to Nature's moods, a strong decorative sense of color, sincerity and devotion to his ideals, are evident to all who know and appreciate Closson's beautiful work.

The Corn Gatherers.
A Painting by Closson.

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# THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

## CHAPTER XIII

AN IRRUPTION OF MISTRESS GOSSIP IN BREACH OF THE CONVENTION.

"IT is a dark land," Carinthia said, on seeing our island's lowered clouds in swift motion, without a break of their folds, above the sheer white cliffs.

She said it, we know. That poor child, Carinthia Jane, when first she beheld Old England's shores, tossing in the packet-boat on a wild Channel sea, did say it and think it, for it is in the family that she did; and no wonder that she should, the day being showery from the bed of the sun, after a frosty three days, at the close of autumn. We used to have an eye of our own for English weather before printed Meteorological Observations and Forecasts undertook to supplant the shepherd and the poacher and the pilot, with his worn, brown-leather telescope tucked beneath his arm. All three would have told you that the end of a three days' frost in the late season of the year and the early, is likely to draw the warm winds from the Atlantic over Cornish Land's End and Lizard.

Quite by the chance of things Carinthia Jane looked on the land of her father and mother for the first time under those conditions. There can be no harm in quoting her remark. Only —I have to say it—experience causes apprehension that we are again to be delayed by descriptions and an exposition of feelings; taken for granted, of course, in a serious narrative; which it really seems these moderns think designed for a frequent arrest of the actors in the story, and a searching of the internal state of this one or that one of them; who is laid out stark naked, and probed and expounded, like as in the celebrated picture by a great painter: and we, thirsting for events as we are, are to stop to enjoy a lecture on anatomy. And all the while the windows of the lecture-room are rattling, if not the whole fabric shaking, with exterior occurrences or impatience for them to come to pass. Every explanation is sure to be offered by the course events may take; so, do, in mercy, I say, let us bide for them.

She thought our island all the darker because Henrietta had induced her to talk on the boat of her mountain home, and her last morning there for the walk away with Chillon John. Soon it was to appear supernaturally bright, a very magician's cave for brilliancy.

Now this had happened—and comment on it to yourselves, remembering always that Chillon John was a lover, and a lover has his excuses, though they will not obviate the penalties he may incur; and dreadful they were. After reading Henrietta's letter to him, he rode out of his Canterbury quarters across the country to the borders of Sussex, where his uncle, Lord Levellier lived, on the ridge of ironstone, near the wild land of a forest, Croridge the name of the place. Now Chillon John knew his uncle was miserly and dreaded the prospect of having to support a niece in the wretched establishment at Lekkatts, or, as it was popularly called, Leancats; you can understand why. But he managed to assure himself he must in duty consult with the senior and chief member of his family on a subject of such importance as the proposal of marriage to his lordship's niece.

The consultation was short. "You will leave it to me," his uncle said; and we hear of business affairs between them, involving payment of moneys due to the young man; and how, whenever he touched on them, his uncle immediately fell back on the honor of the family and Carinthia Jane's reputation, her good name to be vindicated, and especially that there must be no delays, together with as close a reckon-



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ing as he could make of the value of Lord Fleetwood's estate in Kent and in Staffordshire and South Wales, and his house property in London.

"He will have means to support her," said the old Lord, shrugging as if at his own incapacity for that burden.

The two then went to the workshops beside a large pond, where there was an island bordered with birch-trees and workmen's cottages near the main building; and that was an arsenal containing every kind of sword and lance and musket and rifle and fowling-piece and pistol, and more gunpowder than was, I believe, allowed by law. For they were engaged in inventing a new powder, for howitzer shells, of tremendous explosive power.

Nothing further did either of them say concerning the marriage. Nor did Carinthia Jane hear any mention of Lord Fleetwood from her brother on the landing-place at Dover. She was taken to Admiral Baldwin Fakenham's house in Hampshire; and there she remained, the delight of his life, during two months, patiently expecting and rebuking the unmaidenliness of her expectations, as honest young women in her position used to do. So did they sometimes wait for years; they have waited until they have withered into their graves, like the vapors of a brief winter's day; a moving picture of a sex restrained by modesty in those purer times from the taking of one step forward unless inquired for.

Two months she waited in our "dark land." January arrived, and her brother. Henrietta communicated the news:

"My Janey, you are asked by Lord Fleetwood whether it is your wish that he should marry you."

Now, usually, a well-born young woman's answer, if a willing one, is an example of weak translation. Here it was the heart's native tongue, without any roundabout, simple but direct.

"Oh, I will; I am ready, tell him."

Remember she was not speaking publicly.

Henrietta knew the man enough to be glad he did not hear. She herself would have felt a little shock on his behalf; only that answer suited the scheme of the pair of lovers.

How far those two were innocent in not delivering the whole of Lord Fleetwood's message to Carinthia Jane, through Lord Levellier, we are unable to learn. We may suspect the miserly nobleman of curtailing it for his purposes, and such is my idea. But the answer would have been the same, I am sure.

In consequence, and straight away, Chillon John betakes him to Admiral Baldwin and informs him of Lord Fleetwood's proposal on the night at Baden, and renewal of it through the mouth of Lord Levellier, not communicating, however (he may really not have known), the story of how it had been wrung from the Earl by a surprise movement on the part of the one-armed old Lord, who burst out on him in the street from the ambush of a club-window, where he had been stationed every day for a fortnight, indefatigably to watch for the passing of the Earl, as there seemed no other way to find him. They say, indeed, there was a scene, and, judging by the result, it would have been an excellent scene for the stage; though the two noblemen were to all appearances politely exchanging their remarks. But the audience, hearing what passes, appreciates the courteous restraint of an attitude so contrasting with their tempers. Behind the ostentation of civility their words were daggers.

For it chanced that the young Earl, after a period of refuge at his Welsh castle, supposing, as he well might, that his latest mad freak of the proposal of his hand and title to the strange girl in a quadrille at a foreign castle had been forgotten by her, and the risks of annoyance on the subject had quite blown over, returned to town, happy in having done the penance for his impulsiveness and got clean again—that is to say, struck off his fetters and escaped from importunities—the very morning of the day when Lord Levellier sprang upon him! It shows the old campaigner's shrewdness in guessing where his prey would come, and not putting him on his guard by a call at his house. Out of the window he looked for all the hours of light during an entire fortnight. "In the service of my sister's child," he said. "To save him from the cost of

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maintaining her," say his enemies. At any rate he did it.

He was likely to have done the worse which I suspect.

Now, the imparting of the wonderful news to Admiral Baldwin Fakenham was, we read, the whiff of a tropical squall to lay him on his beam-ends. He could not but doubt; and his talk was like the sails of a big ship rattling to the first puff of wind. He had to believe: and then, we read, he was for hours like a vessel rolling in the trough of the sea. Of course he was a disappointed father. Naturally this glance at the loss to Henrietta of the greatest prize of the matrimonial market of all Europe and America was vexing and saddening. Then he woke up to think of the fortunes of his "other girl," as he named her, and cried: "Crinny catches him!"

He cried it in glee and rubbed his hands.

So thereupon, standing before him, Chillon John, from whom he had the news, bent to him slightly, as his elegant manner was, and lengthened the Admiral's chaps with another proposal; easy, deliberate, precise, quite the respectful bandit, if you please, determined on having his daughter by all means, only much preferring the legal, formal, and friendly. Upon that, in the moment of indecision, Henrietta enters, followed by Admiral Baldwin's heroine, his Crinny, whom he embraced and kissed, congratulated and kissed again. One sees the contrivance to soften him.

So it was done, down in that Hampshire household, on the heights near the downs, whence you might behold off a terra firma resembling a roll of billows England's big battle-ships in line fronting the island; when they were a spectacle of beauty as well as power; which now they are no more, but will have to be, if they are both to float and to fight. For I have had quoted to me by a great admirer of the Old Buccaneer, one of the dark sayings in his "Maxims for Men," where Captain John Peter Kirby commends his fellow-men to dissatisfaction with themselves *if they have not put an end to their enemy handsomely.* And he advises the copying of nature in this, whose elements have always, he says, *a pretty besides a thorough style of doing it,* when they get the better of us; and the one by reason of the other. He instances the horse, the yacht, and chiefly the sword, for proof, that the handsomest is the most effective. And he prints large: "UGLY IS ONLY HALF-WAY TO A THING." To an invention, I suppose he intends to say. But looking on our huge, foundering sea-monsters, and the disappearance of the unwieldy in nature, and the countenances of criminals, who are, he bids us observe, *always in the long run beaten,* I seem to see a meaning our country might meditate on.

So, as I said, it was done; for Admiral Baldwin could refuse his Crinny nothing; as little as he would deny anything to himself, the heartiest of kindly hosts, fathers, friends. Carinthia Jane's grand good fortune covered that pit, the question of money, somehow, and was, we may conceive, a champagne wine in their reasoning faculties. The Admiral was in debt, Henrietta had no heritage, Chillon John was the heir of a miserly uncle, owing him sums and evading every application for them, yet they behaved as people who had the cup of golden wishes. Perhaps it was because Henrietta and her lover were so handsome a match as to make it seem to them and others they must marry; and as to character, her father could trust her to the man of her choice more readily than to the wealthy young nobleman, of whose discreetness he had not the highest opinion. He reconciled this view with his warm feelings for the Countess of Fleetwood-to-be, by saying: "Crinny will tame him!" His faith was in her dauntless, bold spirit, not thinking of the animal she was to tame.

Countess Livia, after receiving Henrietta's letter of information, descended on them and thought them each and all a crazed set. Love, as a motive of action for a woman, she considered the female's lunacy and suicide. Men are born subject to it, happily, and thus the balance between the lordly half of creation and the frail is rectified. We women dress and smile, sigh, if you like, to excite malady. But if we are the fools to share it, we lose our chance; instead of the queens we are the slaves, and instead of a life of pleasure we pass from fever to fever at a tyrant's ca-

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price; he does rightly in despising us. Ay, and many a worthy woman thinks the same. Educated in dependency as they are, they come to the idea of love to snatch at it for their weapon of the man's weakness. For which my lord calls them heartless, and poets are angry with them, rightly or wrongly.

It must, I fear, be admitted for a truth that sorrow is the portion of young women who give the full measure of love to the engagement, marrying for love. At least Countess Livia could declare subsequently she had foretold it and warned her cousin. Not another reflection do you hear from me, if I must pay forfeit of my privilege to hurry you on past descriptions of places, anatomy of character, and impertinent talk about philosophy —in a story. When we are startled and offended by the insinuated tracing of principal incidents to a threadbare spot in the nether garments of a man of no significance I lose patience.

Henrietta's case was a secondary affair. What with her passion—it was nothing less—and her lover's cunning arts, and her father's consent given, and, in truth, the look of the two together, the dissuasion of them from union was as likely to keep them apart as an exhortation addressed to magnet and needle. Countess Livia attacked Carinthia, Jane, and the Admiral backing her. But the Admiral, having given his consent to his daughter's marriage, in consequence of the Earl's pledged word to "his other girl," had become a zealot for this marriage; and there was only not a grand altercation on the subject because Livia shunned annoyances. Alone with Carinthia Jane, as she reported to Henrietta, she spoke to a block that shook a head and wore a thin smile and nursed its own idea of the better knowledge of Edward Russett, Earl of Fleetwood, gained in the run of a silly quadrille at a ball.

What is a young man's word to his partner in a quadrille?

Livia put the question, she put it twice, rather sternly, and the girl came out with, "Oh! he meant it!"

The nature, the pride, the shifty and furious moods of Lord Fleetwood were painted frightful to her.

She had conceived her own image of him.

Whether to set her down as an enamoured idiot of a creature, not a whit less artful than her brother, was Countess Livia's debate. Her inclination was to misdoubt the daughter of the Old Buccaneer: she might be simple, at her age; and she certainly was ignorant; but she clung to her prize. Still the promise was extracted from her, that she would not worry the Earl to fulfil the word she supposed him to mean in its full meaning.

The promise was unreluctantly yielded. No, she would not write. Admiral Fakenham, too, engaged to leave the matter to a man of honor.

Meanwhile Chillon John had taken a journey to Lekkatts; following which, his uncle went to London. Lord Fleetwood heard that Miss Kirby kept him bound. He was again the fated prisoner of his word.

And following that, not so very long, there was the announcement of the marriage of Chillon John Kirby-Levellier, Lieutenant in the King's Own Hussars, and Henrietta, daughter of Admiral Baldwin Fakenham. A county newspaper paragraph was quoted for its eulogy of the Beauty of Hampshire—not too strong, those acquainted with her thought. Interest at court obtained an advancement for the bridegroom; he was gazetted captain during his honeymoon, and his prospects under his uncle's name were considered fair, though certain people said at the time it was likely to be all he would get while old Lord Levellier of Leancats remained in the flesh.

Now, as it is good for those to feel who intend preserving their taste for romance and hate anatomical lectures, we never can come to the exact motives of any extraordinary piece of conduct on the part of man or woman. Girls are to read, and the study of a boy starts from the monkey. But no literary surgeon or chemist shall explain positively the cause of the behavior of men and women in their relations together; and speaking to rescue my story, I say we must with due submission accept the facts. We are not a bit the worse for wondering at them. So it happened

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that Lord Fleetwood's reply to Lord Levellier's hammer—hammer by post and messenger at his door, one may call it—on the subject of the celebration of the marriage of the young Crœsus and Carinthia Jane, in which there was demand for the fixing of a date forthwith, was despatched on the day when London had tidings of Henrietta Fakenham's wedding.

The letter, lost for many years, turned up in the hands of a Kentish auctioneer, selling it on behalf of a farm-serving man, who had it from Lord Levellier's cook and housemaid, among the things she brought him as her wifely portion after her master's death, and this she had not found salable in her husband's village at her price; but she had got the habit of sticking to the scraps, being proud of hearing it said that she had skinned Leancats to some profit; and her expectation proved correct after her own demise, for her husband, putting it up at the auction, our relative on the mother's side, Dr. Glossop, interested in the documents and particulars of the story as he was, had it knocked down to him, in contest with an agent of a London gentleman, going as high as two pounds ten shillings, for the sum of two pounds fifteen shillings. Count the amount that makes for each word of a letter, a marvel of brevity, considering the purport; but Dr. Glossop was right in saying he had it cheap. The value of that letter may now be multiplied by ten: nor for that sum would he part with it.

Thus it ran: I need not refer to it in Bundle No. 3.

"My Lord: I drive to your church-door on the fourteenth of the month at ten A.M., to keep my appointment with Miss C. J. Kirby, if I do not blunder the initials.

"Your Lordship's obedient servant,

"Fleetwood."

That letter will ever be a treasured family possession with us.

That letter was dated from Lord Fleetwood's Kentish mansion, Esslemont, the tenth of the month. He must have quitted London for Esslemont, for change of scene, for air, the moment after the news of Henrietta's marriage. Carinthia Jane received the summons without transmission of the letter from her uncle on the morning of the twelfth. It was a peremptory summons.

Unfortunately, Admiral Fakenham, a real knight and chevalier of those past times, would not let her mount the downs to have her farewell view of the big ships unaccompanied by him, and partly and largely in pure chivalry no doubt; but her young idea of England's grandeur, as shown in her great vessels of war, thrilled him, too, and restored his youthful enthusiasm for his noble profession or made it effervesce. However it was, he rode beside her and rejoiced to hear the girl's talk of her father as a captain of one of England's thunderers and of the cruelty of that Admiralty to him; at which Admiral Baldwin laughed, but had not the heart to disagree with her, for he could belabor the Admiralty in season, cause or no cause. Altogether he much enjoyed the ride, notwithstanding intimations of the approach of "his visitor," as he called his attacks of gout.

Riding home, however, the couple passed through a heavy rainfall, and the next day, when he was to drive with the bride to Lekkatts, gout, the fieriest he had ever known, chained him fast to his bed. Such are the petty accidents affecting circumstances. They are the instruments of destiny.

There he lay, protesting that the ceremony could not possibly be for the fourteenth, because Countess Livia had, he now remembered, written of her engagement to meet Russett on the night of that day at a ball at Mrs. Cowper Quillett's place, Canleys, lying south of the Surrey hills; a house famed for its gatherings of beautiful women; whither Lord Fleetwood would be sure to engage to go, the Admiral now said; and it racked him like gout in his mind, and perhaps troubled his conscience about handing the girl to such a young man. But he was lying on his back, the posture for memory to play the fiend with us, as we read in the "Book of Maxims" of the Old Buccaneer. Admiral Baldwin wished heartily to be present at his Crinny's wedding "to see her launched,"

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if wedding it was to be, and he vowed the date of the fourteenth, in Lord Levellier's announcement of it, must be an error and might be a month in advance, and ought to be. But it was sheer talking and raving, for a solace to his disappointment or his anxiety. He had to let Carinthia Jane depart under the charge of his housekeeper, Mrs. Carthew, a staid, excellent lady, poorly gifted with observation.

Her report of the performance of the ceremony at Croridge village church, a half mile from Lekkatts, was highly reassuring to the anxious old Admiral, still lying on his back, with memory and gout at their fiend's play, and livid forecasts hovering. He had recollected that there had been no allusion in Lord Levellier's message to settlements or any lawyer's preliminaries, and he raged at himself for having to own it would have been the first of questions on behalf of his daughter.

"All passed off correctly," Mrs. Carthew said. "The responses of the bride and bridegroom were particularly articulate."

She was reserved upon the question of the hospitality of Lekkatts. The place had entertained her during her necessitated residence there, and honor forbade her to smile concordantly at the rosy Admiral's mention of Leancats. She took occasion, however, to praise the Earl of Fleetwood's eminently provident considerateness for his bride, inasmuch as he had packed a hamper in his vehicle, which was a four-in-hand driven by himself.

Admiral Baldwin inquired, "Bride inside?"

He was informed, "The Countess of Fleetwood sat on the box on the left of my Lord."

She had made no moan about the absence of bridemaids.

"She appeared too profoundly happy to meditate an instant upon deficiencies."

"How did the bridegroom behave?"

"Lord Fleetwood was very methodical. He is not, or was not, voluntarily a talker."

"Blue coat, brass buttons, hot-house flower? old style or new?"

"His Lordship wore a rather low beaver and a buttoned white overcoat, not out of harmony with the bride's plain travelling dress."

"Ah! he's a good whip, men say. Keeps first-rate stables, hacks, and bloods. Esslemont, hard by, will be the place for their honeymoon, I guess. And he's a lucky dog, if he knows his luck."

So said Admiral Baldwin. He was proceeding to say more, for he had a prodigious opinion of the young Countess and the benefit of her marriage to the British race. As it concerned a healthy constitution and motherhood, Mrs. Carthew coughed and retired. Nor do I reprove either of them. The speculation and the decorum are equally commendable. Masculine ideas are one thing; but let feminine ever be feminine, or our civilization perishes.

At Croridge village church, then, one of the smallest churches in the kingdom, the ceremony was performed and duly witnessed, names written in the vestry-book, the clergyman's fee, the clerk and the pew-man, paid by the bridegroom. And thus we see how a pair of lovers, blind with the one object of lovers in view; and a miserly uncle, all on edge to save himself the expense of supporting his niece; and an idolatrous old Admiral, on his back with gout, conduced in turn and together to the marriage gradually exciting the world's wonder, till it eclipsed the story of the Old Buccaneer and Countess Fanny, which it caused to be discussed afresh.

Mrs. Carthew remembered Carinthia Jane's last maiden remark and her first bridal utterance. On the way, walking to the church of Croridge from Lekkatts, the girl said: "Going on my feet, I feel I continue the mountain walk with my brother when we left our home." And after leaving the church, about to mount the coach, she turned to Mrs. Carthew, saying, as she embraced her: "A happy bride's kiss should bring some good fortune." And looking down from her place on the top of the coach: "Adieu, dear Mrs. Carthew. A day of glory it is to-day."

She must actually have had it in her sight as a day of glory; and it was a day of the clouds off our rainy quarter, similar in every way to the day of her

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stepping on English soil and saying, "It is a dark land." For the heart is truly declared to be our colorist. A day having the gale in its breast, sweeping the whole country and bending the trees for the twigs to hiss like spray of the billows around our island, was a day of golden splendor to the young bride of the Earl of Fleetwood, though he scarcely addressed one syllable to her, and they sat side by side all but dumb, he like a coachman driving an unknown lady fare on a morning after a night when his wife's tongue may have soured him for the sex.

## CHAPTER XIV

### A PENDANT OF THE FOREGOING.

MENTION has been omitted or forgotten by the worthy Dame, in her vagrant fowl's treatment of a story she cannot incubate, will not relinquish, and may ultimately addle, that the bridegroom, after walking with a disengaged arm from the little village church at Croridge to his coach-and-four at the cross of the roads to Lekkatts and the lowland, abruptly, and as one pursuing a deferential line of conduct he had prescribed to himself, asked his bride what seat she would prefer.

He shouted "Ines!"

A person inside the coach appeared to be ineffectually roused.

The glass of the window dropped. The head of a man emerged. It was the head of one of the barge-faced men of the British Isles, broad and battered, flattish, with sentinel eyes.

In an instant the heavy-headed but not ill-looking fellow was nimble and jumped from the coach.

"Napping, my Lord," he said.

Heavy though the look of him might be, his feet were light; they flipped a bar of a hornpipe at a touch of the ground. Perhaps they were allowed to go with their instinct for the dance, that his master should have a sample of his wakefulness. He quenched a smirk and stood to take orders, clad in a flat blue cap, a brown overcoat, and kneebreeches, as the temporary bustle of his legs had revealed.

Fleetwood heard the young lady say, "I would choose, if you please, to sit beside you."

He gave a nod of enforced assent, glancing at the vacated box.

The man inquired: "A knee and a back for the lady to mount up, my Lord?"

"In!" was the smart command to him; and he popped in with the agility of his popping out.

Then Carinthia made reverence to the gray, lean figure of her uncle and kissed Mrs. Carthew. She needed no help to mount the coach. Fleetwood's arm was rigidly extended, and he did not visibly wince when this foreign girl sprang to the first hand-grip on the coach and said, "No, my husband, I can do it"—unaided was implied.

Her stride from the axle of the wheel to the step higher would have been a graceful spectacle on Alpine crags.

Fleetwood swallowed that, too, though it conjured up a mocking recollection of the Baden woods, and an astonished wild donkey preparing himself for his harness.

A sour relish of the irony in his present position sharpened him to devilish enjoyment of it as the finest form of loathing, on the principle that, if we find ourselves consigned to the nether halls, we do well to dance drunkenly. He had cried for Romance—here it was.

He raised his hat to Mrs. Carthew and to Lord Levellier. Previous to the ceremony the two noblemen had interchanged the short speech of mannered duellists punctiliously courteous in the opening act. Their civility was maintained at the termination of the deadly work. The old Lord's bosom thanked the young one for not requiring entertainment and a repast; the young Lord's thanked the old one for a strict military demeanor at an execution, and the abstaining from any nonsensical talk over the affair.

A couple of liveried grooms at the horses' heads ran and sprang to the hinder seats as soon as their master had taken the reins. He sounded the whip caressingly: off those pretty trotters went.

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Mrs. Carthew watched them, waving to the bride. She was on the present occasion less than usually an acute or a reflective observer, owing to her admiration of lordly state and masculine commandership; and her thought was: She has indeed made a brilliant marriage.

The lady thought it, notwithstanding an eccentricity in the wedding ceremony such as could not but be noticeable. But very wealthy noblemen were commonly, perhaps necessarily, eccentric, for thus they proved themselves egregious, which the world expected them to be.

Lord Levellier sounded loud eulogies of the illustrious driver's team. His meditation, as he subsequently stated to Chillon, was upon his vanquished antagonist's dexterity in so conducting matters that he had to be taken at once, with nought of the customary preface and apology for taking to himself the young lady, of which a handsome settlement is the memorial.

We have to suppose that the curious occupant of the coach inside aroused no curiosity in the pair of absorbed observers.

Speculations regarding the chances of a fall of rain followed the coach until it sank, and the backs of the two liveried grooms closed the chapter of the wedding, introductory to the honeymoon at Esslemont, seven miles distant by road, to the right of Lekkatts. It was out of sight that the coach turned to the left, northwestward.

## CHAPTER XV

### OPENING STATE OF THE HONEYMOON.

FAMOUS maxim in the book of the Old Buccaneer, treating of PRECAUTION as "*the brave man's clean conscience,*" with sound counsel to the adventurous, has it:

"*Then you sail away into the tornado, happy as a sealed bottle of ripe wine.*"

It should mean, that brave men entering the jaws of hurricanes are found to have cheerful hearts in them when they know they have done their best. But, touching the picture of happiness, conceive the bounteous Bacchic spirit in the devoutness of a Sophocles, and you find comparison neighbor closely between the sealed wine-flask and the bride who is being driven by her husband to the nest of the unknown on her marriage morn.

Seated beside him, with bosom at heave and shut mouth in a strange land, travelling cloud-like, rushing like the shower-cloud to the vale, this Carinthia, suddenly wedded, passionately grateful for humbleness exalted, virginly sensible of treasure of love to give, resembled the inanimate and most inspiring; was mindless and inexpressive, past memory, beyond the hopes, a thing of the thrilled blood and skylark air, since she laid her hand in this young man's. His not speaking to her, was accepted. Her blood rather than recollection revived their exchanges during the dance at Baden, for assurance that their likings were one, their aims rapturously one; that he was she, she he, the two hearts making one soul.

Could she give as much as he? It was hardly asked. If we feel we can give our breath of life, the strength of the feeling fully answers. It bubbles perpetually from the depths like a well-spring in tumult. Two hearts that make one soul do not separately count their gifts.

For the rest, her hunger to admire disposed her to an absorbing sentience of his acts; the trifles, gestures, manner of this and that, which were seized as they flew, and swiftly assimilated to stamp his personality. Driving was the piece of skill she could not do. Her husband's mastery of the reins endowed him with the beauty of those harmonious trotters he guided and kept to their pace; and the humming rush of the pace, the smooth torrent of the brown heath-knolls and reddish pits and hedgelines and grass flats and copses pouring the counterway of her advance, belonged to his wizardry. The bearing of her onward was her abandonment to him. Delicious as mountain air the wind sang; it had a song of many voices. Quite as much as on the mountains there was the keen, the blissful, nerve-knotting catch of the presence of dan-

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ger in the steep descents, taken as if swallowed, without swerve or check. She was in her husband's hands. At times, at the pitch of a rapid shelving, that was like a fall, her heart went down; and at the next throb exulted before it rose, not reasoning why—her confidence was in him; she was his comrade whatever chanced. Up over the mountain-peaks she had known edged moments little heeded in their passage, when life is poised as a crystal pitcher on the head, in peril of a step. Then she had been dependent on herself. Now she had the joy of trusting to her husband.

His hard leftward eye had view of her askant, if he cared to see how she bore the trial; and so relentlessly did he take the slopes that the man inside pushed out an inquiring pate, the two grooms tightened arms across their chests. Her face was calmly set; wakeful, but unwrinkled; the creature did not count among timid girls, or among civilized. She had got what she wanted from her madman—mad in his impulses, mad in his reading of honor. She was the sister of Henrietta's husband. Henrietta bore the name she had quitted? Could madness go beyond the marrying of the creature? He chafed at her containment, at her courage, her silence, her withholding the brazen or the fawnish look-up, either of which he would have hated.

He, however, was dragged to look down. Neither Gorgon nor Venus, nor a mingling of them, she had the chasm of the face, recalling the face of his bondage, seen first that night at Baden. It recalled, and it was not the face; it was the skull of the face, or the flesh of the spirit. Occasionally she looked, for a twinkle or two, the creature or vision she had been, as if to mock by reminding him. She was the abhorred delusion, who captured him by his nerves, ensnared his word—the doing of a foul witch. How had it leaped from his mouth? She must have worked for it. The word spoken—she must have known it—he was bound; or the detested Henrietta would have said, "Not even true to his word!"

To see her now, this girl insisting to share his name, for a slip of his tongue, despite the warning sent her through her uncle, had that face much as a leaden winter landscape pretends to be the country radiant in color. She belonged to the order of the variable animals—a woman indeed—womanish enough in that. There are men who love women—the idea of woman. Woman in their shepherdess of sheep. He loved freedom, loathed the subjection of a partnership; could undergo it only in adoration of an ineffable splendor. He had stepped to the altar fancying she might keep to her part of the contract by appearing the miracle that subdued him. Seen by light of day this bitter object beside him was a witch without her spells; that is, the skeleton of the seductive; ghastliest among horrors and ironies. Let her have the credit of doing her work thoroughly before the exposure. She had done it. She might have helped—such was the stipulation of his mad freak in consenting to the bondage—yes, she might have helped to soften the sting of his wound. She was beside him, bearing his name, for the perpetual pouring of an acid on the wound that vile Henrietta—poisoned honey of a girl!—had dealt.

He glanced down at his possession; heaven and the yawning pit were the contrast! Poisoned honey is, after all, honey while you eat it. Here there was nothing but a rocky bowl of emptiness. And who was she? She was the sister of Henrietta's husband. Those two were on their bridal tour.

This creature was also the daughter of an ancient impostor and desperado called the Old Buccaneer; a distinguished member of the family of the Lincolnshire Kirbys, boasting a present representative grimly acquitted, men said, on a trial for murder. An eminent alliance! Society considered the Earl of Fleetwood wildish, though he could manage his affairs. He and his lawyers had them under strict control. How of himself? The prize of the English marriage-market had taken to his bosom for his winsome bride the daughter of the Old Buccaneer. He was to mix his blood with the blood of the Lincolnshire Kirbys, lying pallid under the hesitating acquittal of a divided jury.

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How had he come to this pass, which swung him round to think almost regretfully of the scorned multitude of fair besiegers in the market, some of whom had their unpoetic charms?

He was renowned and unrivalled as the man of stainless honor; the one living man of his word. He had never broken it—never would. There was his distinction among the herd. In that a man is princely above princes. The nobility of Edward Russett, Earl of Fleetwood surpasses the nobility of common nobles. But, by all that is holy! he pays for his distinction.

The creature beside him is a franked issue of her old pirate of a father in one respect; nothing frightens her. There she sits; not a screw of her brows or her lips; and the coach rocked, they were sharp on a spill midway of the last descent. It rocks again. She thinks it scarce worth while to look up to reassure him. She is looking over the country.

"Have you been used to driving?" he said.

She replied, "No, it is new to me on a coach."

Carinthia felt at once how wild the wish or half expectation that he would resume the glowing communion of the night which had plighted them.

She did not this time say "my husband," still it flicked a whip at his ears.

She had made it more offensive by so richly toning the official title just won from him as to ring it on the nerves; one had to block it or be invaded. An anticipation that it would certainly recur haunted every opening of her mouth.

Now that it did not, he felt the gap, relieved, and yet pricked to imagine a mimicry of her tones, for the odd foreignness of the word and the sound. She had a voice of her own besides her courage. At the altar her responses had their music. No wonder: the day was hers. "My husband" was a manner of saying "My fish."

He spoke very civilly. "Oblige me by telling me what name you are accustomed to answer to."

She seemed unaware of an Arctic husband, and replied: "My father called me Carin, short for Carinthia. My mother called me Janey; my second name is Jane. My brother Chillon says both. Henrietta calls me Janey."

The creature was dead flesh to goads. But the name of her sister-in-law on her lips returned the stroke neatly. She spared him one whip, to cut him with another.

"You have not informed me which of these names you prefer."

"Oh, my husband, it is as you shall please."

Fleetwood smartened the trot of his team, and there was a to-do with the rakish leaders.

Fairies of a malignant humor in former days used to punish the unhappiest of the naughty men who are not favorites, by suddenly planting a hump on their backs. Off the bedevilled wretches pranced, and they kicked, they snorted, whined, rolled, galloped, outflying the wind, but not the dismal rider. Marriage is our incubus now. No explanation is offered of why we are afflicted; we have simply offended; or some one absent has offended and we are handy. The spiteful hag of power ties a wife to us, perhaps for the reason that we behaved in the spirit of a better time by being chivalrously honorable. Wives are just as inexplicable curses, just as ineradicable and astonishing as humps imposed on shapely backs.

Fleetwood lashed his horses until Carinthia's low cry of entreaty rose to surprise. That stung him.

"Leave the coachman to his devices; we have an appointment and must keep it," he said.

"They go so willingly."

"Good beasts, in their way."

"I do not like the whip."

"I have the same objection."

They were on the level of the vale, going along a road between farms and mansions, meadows and garden-plots and park-palings. A strong, warm wind drove the pack of clouds over the treetops and charged at the branches. English scenery, animating air; a rouse to the blood and the mind. Carinthia did not ask for hues. She had come to love of the dark land with the warm lifting wind, the big trees and the hedges, and the stately houses, and people requiring to be studied, who mean well and are

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warm somewhere below, as chimney-pots are, though they are so stiff.

English people dislike endearments, she had found. It might be that her husband disliked any show of fondness. He would have to be studied very much. He was not like others, as Henrietta had warned her. From thinking of him fervidly she was already past the marvel of the thought that she called him husband. At the same time, a curious intimation, gathered she knew not whence, of the word husband on a young wife's lips as being a foreign sound in England, advised her to withhold it. His behavior was instructing her.

"Are you weather-wise, able to tell when the clouds will hold off or pelt?" he said, to be very civil to a neighbor.

She collected her understanding, apparently, treating a conversational run of the tongue as a question to be pondered; and the horses paid for it. Ordinarily he was gentle with his beasts. He lashed at her in his heart for perverting the humanest of men.

"Father was," she replied.

"Oh. I have heard of him."

Her face lightened. "Father had a great name in England."

"The Old Buccaneer, I think."

"I do not know. He was a seaman of the Navy, like Admiral Fakenham is. Weather at sea, weather on the mountains, he could foretell it always. He wrote a book; I have a copy you will read. It is a book of Maxims. He often speaks of the weather. English weather and women, he says. But not my mother. My mother he stood aside by herself—*pas capricieuse; du tout!* Because she would be out in the weather and brave the weather. She rode, she swam, best of any woman. If she could have known you, what pleasure for me! Mother learnt to read the mountain weather from father. I did it, too. But sometimes on the high fields' upper snows it is very surprising. Father has been caught. Here the cloud is down near the earth and the strong wind keeps the rain from falling. How long the wind will blow I cannot guess. But you love the mountains. We spoke. . . . And mountains' adventures we both love. I will talk French if you like, for, I think, German you do not speak. I may speak English better than French; but I am afraid of my English with you."

"Dear me!" quoth Fleetwood, and he murmured politely and cursorily, attentive to his coachman business. She had a voice that clave the noise of the wheels, and she had a desire to talk—that was evident. Talk of her father set her prattling. It became clear also to his not dishonest, his impressionable mind, that her baby English might be natural. Or she was mildly playing on it, to give herself an air.

He had no remembrance of such baby English at Baden. There, however, she was in a state of enthusiasm—the sort of illuminated transparency they show at the end of fireworks. Mention of her old scapegrace of a father let her up again. The girl there and the girl here were no doubt the same. It could not be said that she had duped him; he had done it for himself—acted on by a particular agency. This creature had not the capacity to dupe. He had armed a blunt-witted young woman with his idiocy, and she had dealt the stroke; different in scarce a degree by nature from other young women of prey.

But her look at times, and now and then her voice, gave sign that she counted on befooling him as well, to reconcile him to his bondage. The calculation was excessive. No woman had done it yet. Idiocy plunged him the step which reawakened understanding; and to keep his whole mind alert on guard against any sort of satisfaction with his bargain, he frankly referred to the cause. Not female arts, not nature's impulses, it was his passion for the wondrous in the look of a woman's face, the new morning of the idea of woman in the look and the peep into imaginary novel character, did the trick of enslaving him. Call it idiocy. Such it was. Once acknowledged, it is not likely to recur. And implacable reason sits in its place, with a keen blade for efforts to carry the imposture further afield or make it agreeable. Yet, after giving his word to Lord Levellier, he had prodded himself to think the burden

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of this wild young woman might be absurdly tolerable and a laugh at the world.

A solicitude for the animal was marked by his inquiry, "You are not hungry yet?"

"Oh, no, not yet," said she, oddly enlivened.

They had a hamper and were independent of stoppages for provision, he informed her. What more delightful? cried her look, seeing the first mid-day's rest and meal with Chillon on the walk over the mountain from their empty home.

She could get up enthusiasm for a stocked hamper! And when told of some business that drew him to a meadow they were nearing, she said she would be glad to help, if she could. "I learn quickly, I know."

His head acquiesced. The daughter of the Old Buccaneer might learn the business quickly, perhaps. A singularly cutting smile was on his tight lips, in memory of a desire he had as a boy to join hands with an Amazonian damsel and be out over the world for adventure, comrade and bride as one. Here the creature sat. Life is the burlesque of young dreams; or they precipitate us on the roar and grin of a recognized beast world.

The devil possessing him gnawed so furiously that a partial mitigation of the pain was afforded by sight of waving hats on a hill-rise of the road. He flourished his whip. The hats continued at windmill work. It signified brisk news to him, and prospect of glee to propitiate any number of devils.

"You will want a maid to attend on you," he said.

She replied: "I am not used to attendance on me. Henrietta's maid would help. I did not want her. I had no maid at home. I can do for myself. Father and mother liked me to be very independent."

He supposed he would have to hear her spelling her words out next.

The hill-top was gained; twenty paces of pretty trotting brought up the coach beside an inn-porch, in the style of the finish dear to whips, and even imperative upon them, if they love their art. Two gentlemen stood in the road, and a young woman at the inn-door; a dark-haired girl of an anxious countenance. Her puckers vanished at some signal from inside the coach.

"All right, Madge; nothing to fear," Fleetwood called to her, and she courtesied.

He alighted, saying to her, before he spoke to his friends: "I've brought him safe; had him under my eye the last four-and-twenty hours. He'll do the trick to-day. You don't bet?"

"Oh, my Lord, no."

"Help the lady down. Out with you, Ines!"

The light-legged, barge-faced man touched ground capering. He was greeted, "Kit," by the pair of gentlemen, who shook hands with him, after he had faintly simulated the challenge to a jig with Madge. She flounced from him, holding her arms up to the lady. Landlord, landlady, and ostler besought the lady to stay for the fixing of a ladder. Carinthia stepped, leaped, and entered the inn, Fleetwood remarking, "We are very independent, Chummy Potts."

"Cordy bally, by Jove!" Potts cried. But the moment after this disengaged ejaculation he was taken with a bewilderment. "At the Opera?" he questioned of his perplexity.

"No, sir, not at the Opera," Fleetwood rejoined. "The lady's last public appearance was at the altar."

"Sort of a suspicion of having seen her somewhere. Left her husband behind, has she?"

"You see; she has gone in."

The scoring of a proposition of Euclid on the forehead of Potts amused him and the other gentleman, who was hailed "Mallard!" and cared nothing for problems involving the female of man when such work was to the fore as the pugilistic encounter of the Earl of Fleetwood's chosen Kit Ines, with Lord Brailstone's unbeaten and well-backed Ben Todds.

Ines had done pretty things from the age of seventeen to his twenty-third; remarkably clever things they were; to be called great in the annals of the Ring. The point, however, was that the pockets of his backers had seriously felt his latest fight. He received a dog's licking

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at the hands of Lummy Phelps, his inferior in skill, fighting two to one of the odds; and all because of his fatal addiction to the breaking of his trainer's imposed fast in liquids on the night before the battle. Right through his training, up to that hour, the rascal was devout; the majority's money rattled all on the snug safe side. And how did he get at the bottle? His trainer never could say. But what made him turn himself into a headlong ass, when he had only to wait a night to sit among friends and worshippers drinking off his tumbler upon tumbler with the honors? It was past his wits to explain. Endurance of his privation had snapped in him; or else, which is more likely, this genius of the ring was tempted by his genius on the summit of his perfected powers to believe the battle his own and celebrate it, as became a victor despising the drubbed antagonist.

In any case, he drank, and a minor man gave him the dog's licking. "Went into it puffy, came out of it bunged," the chronicle resounding over England ran. Old England read of "an eyeless carcase" heroically stepping up to time for three rounds of mashing punishment. If he had won the day after all, the country would have been electrified. It sympathized on the side of his backers too much to do more than nod a short approval of his fortitude. To sink with flag flying is next to sinking the enemy. There was talk of a girl present at the fight, and of how she received the eyeless, almost faceless, carcase of her sweetheart Kit, and carried him away in a little donkey-cart comfortably cushioned to meet disaster. This pretty incident drew the attention of the Earl of Fleetwood, then beginning to be known as the diamond of uncounted facets, patron of the pick of all departments of manly activity in England.

The devotion of the girl Madge to her sweetheart was really a fine story. Fleetwood touched on it to Mr. Mallard, speaking of it like the gentleman he could be, while Chumley Potts wagged impatient acquiescence in a romantic episode of the Ring that kept the talk from the hotter theme.

"Money's Bank of England to-day, you think?" he interposed, and had his answer after Mallard had said, "The girl's rather good-looking, too."

"You may double your bets, Chummy. I had the fellow to his tea at my dinner-table yesterday evening; locked him in his bedroom, and had him up and out for a morning spin at six. His trainer, Flipper's on the field, drove from Esslemont at nine, confident as trumps."

"Deuce of a good-looking girl," Potts could now afford to say; and he sang out: "Feel fit, lucky-dog?"

"Concert pitch!" was the declaration of Kit Ines.

"How about Lord Brailstone's man?"

"Female partner in a quadrille, sir."

"Ah." Potts doated on his limbs with a butcher's eye for prize joints.

"Cock-sure has crowed low by sunset," Mallard observed.

Fleetwood offered him to take his bets.

"You're heavy on it with Brailstone?" said Mallard.

"Three thousand."

"I'd back you for your luck blindfold."

A ruffle of sourness shot over the features of the Earl, and was noticed by both eager betters, who exchanged a glance.

Potts inspected his watch, and said half aloud: "Liver, ten to one. That never meant bad luck—except bad to act upon. We slept here last night, you know. It's a mile and a quarter from the Royal Sovereign to the field of glory. Pretty well time to start. Brailstone has a drive of a couple of miles. Coaches from London down by this time. Abrane's dead on Ben Todds, any odds. Poor old Braney! 'Steady man, Todds.' Backs him because he's a 'respectable citizen'—don't drink. A prize-fighter total-abstainer has no spurts. Old Braney's branded for the losing side. You might bet against Braney blindfold, Mallard. How long shall you take to polish him off, Kit Ines?"

The opponent of Ben Todds calculated.

"Well, sir, steady Benny ought to be satisfied with his dose in, say, about forty minutes. Maybe he won't own to it before an hour and ten. He's got a proud English stomach."

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"Shall we be late?" Potts asked.

"Jump in," Fleetwood said to his man. "We may be five minutes after time, Chummy. I had a longer drive, and had to get married on the way, and —ah, here they are!"

"Lady coming?"

"I fancy she sticks to the coach; I don't know her tastes. Madge must see her hero through it, that's positive."

Potts deferred his astonishment at the things he was hearing and seeing, which were only Fleetwood's riddles. The fight and the bets rang every other matter out of his head. He beheld the lady, who had come down from the coach like a Columbine, mount it like Beanstalk Jack. Madge was not half so clever, and required a hand at her elbow.

After giving hurried directions to Rundles, the landlord of the Royal Sovereign, Fleetwood took the reins, and all three gentlemen touched hats to the courtesying figure of Mrs. Rundles.

"You have heard, I dare say; it's an English scene," he spoke, partly turning his face to Carinthia; "particularly select to-day. Their majesties might look on, as the Cæsars did in Rome. Pity we can't persuade them. They ought to set the fashion. Here we have the English people at their grandest, in prime condition, if they were not drunk overnight; and dogged, perfectly awake, magnanimous, all for fair play; fine fellows, upon my word. A little blood, of course."

But the daughter of the Old Buccaneer would have inherited a tenderness for the sight of blood. She should make a natural Lady Patroness of England's national sports. We might turn her to that purpose; wander over England with a tail of shouting riff-raff; have exhibitions, join in them, display our accomplishments; issue challenges to fence, shoot, walk, run, box, in time; the creature has muscle. It's one way of crowning a freak; we follow the direction, since the deed done can't be undone; and a precious poetical life, too! You may get as royally intoxicated on swipes as on choice wine; win a name for yourself as the husband of such a wife; a name in sporting journals and shilling biographies; quite a revival of the peerage they have begun to rail at.

"I would not wish to leave you," said Carinthia.

"You have chosen," said Fleetwood.

## CHAPTER XVI

IN WHICH THE BRIDE FROM FOREIGN PARTS IS GIVEN A TASTE OF OLD ENGLAND.

CHEERS at an open gate of a field saluted the familiar scarlet of the Earl of Fleetwood's coach in Kentish land. They were chorister cheers, the spontaneous ringing out of English country hearts in homage to the nobleman who brightened the heaviness of life on English land with a spectacle of the noble art distinguishing their fathers. He drove along over muffling turf; ploughboys, and blue butcher-boys, and smocked old men, with an approach to a hundredweight on their heels, at the trot to right and left, and hoping for an occasional sight of the jewel called Kitty, that he carried inside. Kitty was there.

Kitty's eyes are shut. Think of that; cradled innocence and angel dreams, and the whole of the hymn just before ding-dong-bang on noses and jaws. That means confidence? Looks like it. But Kitty's not asleep; you try him. He's only quiet, because he has got to undergo great exertion. Last fight he was knocked out of time, because he went into it honest drunk, they tell. And the Earl took him up, to give him a chance of recovering his good name, and that's Christian. But the Earl, he knows a man as well as a horse. He's one to follow. Go to a fayte down at Esslemont, you won't forget your day. See there, he's brought a lady on the top o' the coach. That seems for to signify he don't expect it's going to be much of a bloody business. But there's no accounting. Anyhow, Broadfield'll have a name in the papers for Sunday reading. In comes t'other Lord's coach. They've timed it together close, they have.

They were pronounced to be both the right sort of noblemen for the country.

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Lord Brailstone's blue coach rattled through an eastern gate to the corner of the thirty-acre meadow, where Lord Fleetwood had drawn up, a toss from the ring. The meeting of the blue and scarlet coaches drew forth Old England's thunders; and when the costly treasures contained in them popped out heads, the moment was delirious. Kit Ines came after his head on a bound. Ben Todds was ostentatiously deliberate; his party said he was no dancing-master. He stepped out, grave as a barge emerging from a lock, though alive to the hurrahs of supporters and punctilious in returning the formal portion of his rival's too roguish nod. Their look was sharp into the eyes, just an instant.

Brailstone and Fleetwood jumped to the grass and met, talking and laughing, precise upon points of business, otherwise cordial; plenipotentiaries of great powers, whom they have set in motion and bind to the ceremonial opening steps, according to the rules of civilized warfare. They had a short colloquy with newspaper reporters; an absolutely fair, square, upright fight of Britons was to be chronicled. Captain Abrane, a tower in the crowd, registered bets whenever he could. Curricles, gigs, carts, pony-traps, boys on ponies, a swarm on legs, flowed to the central point and huddled there.

Was either champion born in Kent? An audacious boy proclaimed Kit Ines a man of Kent. Why, of course he was, and that was why the Earl of Fleetwood backed our cocky Kitty, and means to land him on the top of his profession. Ben Todds was shuffled aside, as one of their Londoners, destitute of county savor.

All very well, but have a spy at Benny Todds. Who looks the squarer man? And hear what that big gentleman of the other Lord's party says. A gentleman of his height and weight has a right to his opinion. He's dead against Kit Ines; it's fists, not feet, he says, 'll do it to-day; stamina, he says. Benny has got the stamina.

Todds's possession of the stamina, and the grand voice of Captain Abrane, and the Father Christmas, roast-beef-of-Old-England face of the umpire, declared to be on the side of Lord Brailstone's color, blue, darkened the star of Kit Ines till a characteristic piece of behavior was espied. He dashed his cap into the ring and followed it, with the lightest of vaults across the ropes. There he was, the first in the ring; and that stands for promise of first blow, first blood, first flat knock down, and last to cry for quarter. His pair of seconds were soon after him. Fleetwood mounted his box.

"Is it to fight?" said Carinthia.

"To see which is the master."

"They fight to see?"

"Generally until one or the other can't see. You are not obliged to see it; you can be driven away if you wish."

"I will be here, if you are here."

"You choose it."

Fleetwood leaned over to Chumley Potts on the turf. "Abrane's ruining himself."

Potts frankly hoped that his friend might be doing so. "Todds is jolly well backed. He's in prime condition. He's the favorite of the knowing ones."

"You wouldn't have the odds, if he weren't."

"No; but the odds are like ten per cent.; they conjure the gale, and be hanged," said Potts: he swore at his betting mania, which destroyed the pleasure of the show he loved.

All in the ring were shaking hands. Shots of a desire to question and comment sped through Carinthia's veins and hurt her. She had gathered that she spoke foolishly to her husband's ear, so she kept her mouth shut, though the unanswered of her inquisitive ignorance in the strange land pricked painfully at her bosom. She heard the girl behind her say, "Our colors," when the color scarlet, enwound with Lord Brailstone's blue was tied to the stake; and her husband nodded; he smiled; he liked to hear the girl.

Potts climbed up, crying, "Toilots complete, now for paws out, and then at it, my hearties."

Choice of corners under the leaden low cloud counted for little. A signal was given, a man outside the ring eyed a watch, raised a hand; the two umpires were on foot in their places; the

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pair of opposing seconds hurried out cheery or bolt-business words to their men, and the champions advanced to the scratch, Todds first, by the courtesy of Ines, whose decorous control of his legs at a weighty moment was rightly read by his party.

Their hands grasped firmly; thereupon becoming fists of a hostile couple in position. And simply to learn which of us two the better man! Or, in other words, with four simple fists to compass a patent fact and stand it on the historic pedestal, with a little red writing underneath: you never can patent a fact without it. But mark the differences of this kind of contention from all other—especially the Parliamentary; this is positive, it has a beginning and an end; and it is good-humored from beginning to end; trial of skill, trial of stamina; nature and art; Old English; which made us what we are; and no rancors, no vows of vengeance; the beaten man of the two bowing to the bit of history he has helped to make.

Kittites had need to be confident in the skill of their lither lad. His facer looked granite. Fronting that mass, Kit you might—not to lash about for comparisons—call a bundle of bamboo. Ay, but well knitted, springy, alive every inch of him; crafty, too, as you will soon bear witness. He knows he has got his task, and he's the man to do it.

There was wary sparring, and mirrors watched them.

"Bigger fellow; but have no fear," the Earl said over his shoulder to Madge.

She said in return, "Oh, I don't know, I'm praying."

Kit was now on his toes, all himself, like one who has found the key. He feinted. Quick as lightning, he landed a bolt on Ben's jib, just at the toll-bar of the bridge, between the eyes, and was off, out of reach, elastic; Ben's counter fell short by a couple of inches. Cheers for first blow.

The Earl clucked to Madge. Her gaze at the ring was a sullen intensity.

Will you believe it? Ben received a second spanking cracker on the spectacles-seat; neat indeed; and, poor payment for the compliment, he managed to dig a drive at the ribs. As much of that game as may suit you, sturdy Ben! But hear the shout, and behold: First blood to Kit Ines! That tell-tale nose of old Ben's has mounted the Earl of Fleetwood's color, and all his party are looking Brailstone-blue.

"So far!" said Fleetwood. His grooms took an indication; the hamper was unfastened; sandwiches were handed. Carinthia held one; she tried to nibble, in obedience to her husband's example. Madge refused a bite of food.

Hearing Carinthia say to her, "I hope he will not be beaten; I hope, I hope;" she made answer, "You are very good, miss;" and the young lady flushed.

Gentlemen below were talking up to the Earl. A Kentish squire, of an estate neighboring Esslemont, introduced a Welsh squire he had driven to see the fun, by the name of Mr. Owain Wythan, a neighbor of the Earl's down in Wales. Refreshments were offered. Carinthia submissively sipped the sparkling wine, which stings the lips when we are indisposed to it. The voice of the girl Madge rang on the tightened chords of her breast. Madge had said she was praying; and to pray, was all that could be done by two women. Her husband could laugh loudly with Mr. Potts and the other gentlemen and the strangers. He was quite sure the man he supported would win; he might have means of knowing. Carinthia clung to his bare words, for the sake of the girl.

A roaring peal went up from the circle of combat. Kit had it this time. Attacking Ben's peepers, he was bent on defending his own, and he caught a body-blow that sent him hopping back to his pair of seconds, five clear hops to the rear, like a smashed surge-wave off the rock. He was respectful for the remainder of the round. But hammering at the system he had formed, in the very next round he dropped from a tremendous repetition of the blow, and lay flat as a turbot. The bets against him had simultaneously a see-saw rise.

"Bellows, he appears to have none," was the comment of Chumley Potts.

"Now for training, Chummy," said Lord Fleetwood.

"Chummy!" signifying a crow over

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Potts, rang out of the hollows of Captain Abrane on Lord Brailstone's coach.

Carinthia put a hand behind her to Madge. It was grasped in gratitude for sympathy, or in feminine politeness. The girl murmured, "I've seen worse." She was not speaking to ears.

Lord Fleetwood sat watch in hand. "Up," he said; and as if hearing him, Kit rose from the ministering second's knee. He walked stiffly, squared after the fashion of a man taught caution. Ben made play. They rounded the ring, giving and taking. Ben rushed, and had an emollient; spouted again and was corked; again, and received a neat red waxen stopper. He would not be denied at Kit's door, found him at home and hugged him. Kit got himself to grass, after a spell of heavy fibbing, Ben's game.

It did him no great harm; it might be taken for an enlivener; he was dead on his favorite spot the ensuing round, played postman on it. So cleverly, easily, dancingly did he perform the double knock and the retreat, that Chumley Potts was moved to forget his wagers and exclaim, "Racket-ball, by Jove!"

"If he doesn't let the fellow fib the wind out of him," Mallard addressed his own crab eyeballs.

Lord Fleetwood heard and said, coolly, "Tight-strung; I kept him fasting since he earned his breakfast. You don't wind an empty rascal fit for action. A sword through the lungs won't kill when there's no air in them."

That was printed in the "Few Words before the Encounter," in the book of "Maxims for Men." Carinthia, hearing everything her husband uttered, burned to remind him of the similarity between his opinions and her father's.

She was learning that, for some reason, allusions to her father were not acceptable. She squeezed the hand of Madge, and felt a pleasure, like a scream, telling her the girl's heart was with the fight beneath them. She thought it natural for her. She wished she could continue looking as intently. She looked because her husband looked. The dark hills and clouds curtaining the run of the stretch of fields relieved her sight.

The clouds went their way; the hills were solid, but like a blue smoke; the scene here made them very distant and strange. Those two men were still hitting, not hating one another; only to gratify a number of unintelligible people and win a success. But the earth and sky seemed to say, what is the glory? They were insensible to it, as they are not—they are never insensible to noble grounds of strife. They bless the spot, they light lamps on it; they put it into books of History, make it holy, if the cause was a noble one or a good one.

Or supposing both of those men loved the girl who loved one of them! Then would Carinthia be less reluctantly interested in their blows.

Her infant logic stumbled on for a reason while she repressed the torture the scene was becoming, as though a reason could be found by her submissive observation of it. And she was right in believing that a reason for the scene must or should exist. Only, like other bewildered instinctive believers, she could not summon the great universe or a life's experience to unfold it. Her one consolation was in squeezing the hand of the girl from time to time.

Not stealthily done, it was not objected to by the husband whose eye was on all. But the persistence in doing it sank her from the benignity of her station to the girl's level; it was conduct much too raw, and grated on the deed of the man who had given her his name.

Madge pleased him better. She had the right to be excited, and she was very little demonstrative. She had—well, in justice, the couple of them had, only she had it more—the tone of the women who can be screwed to witness a spill of blood; peculiarly catching to hear; a tone of every string in them snapped except the silver string. Catching to hear? It is worth a stretching of them on the rack to hear that low buzz-hum of their inner breast. . . . By heaven! we have them at their best when they sing that note.

His watch was near an hour of the contest, and Brailstone's man had scored first knock-down blow, a particularly clean floorer. Thinking of that, he was cheered by hearing Chummy



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Potts, whose opinions he despised, cry out to Abrane!

"Yeast to him!" For the face of Todds was visibly swelling to the ripest of plums from Kit's deliveries. Down he went. He had the sturdy legs which are no legs to a clean blow. Odds were offered against him.

"Oh! pretty play with your right, Kit!" exclaimed Mallard, as Kit fetched his man an ugly stroke on the round of the waist behind, and the crowd sent up the name of the great organs affected; a sickener of a stroke, if dealt soundly. It meant more than it showed. Kit was now for taking liberties. Light as ever on his pins, he now and then varied his attentions to the yeasty part, delivering a wakener in unexpected quarters; masterly as the skilled cook's carving of a joint, with hungry guests for admirers.

"Eh, Madge?" the Earl said.

She kept her sight fixed, replying: "Yes, I think . . ." Carinthia joining with her; "I must believe it that he will; but will the other man, poor man, submit? I entreat him to put away his pride. It is his—oh, poor man!"

Ben was having it hot and fast on a torso physiognomy.

The voices of these alien women thrilled the fray and were a bardic harp to Lord Fleetwood.

He dropped a pleasant word on the heads in the curricle.

Mr. Owain Wythan looked up. "Worthy of Theocritus. It's the Boxing Twin and the Bembrycian Giant. The style of each. To the letter!"

"Kit is assiduously fastening Ben's blinkers," Potts remarked.

He explained to the incomprehensible lady he fancied he had somewhere seen, that the battle might be known as near the finish by the behavior on board Lord Brailstone's coach.

"It's like Foreign Affairs and the Stock Exchange," he said to the more intelligent males. "If I want to know exactly how the country stands, I turn to the Money Article in the papers. That's a barometrical certainty. No use inquiring abroad. Look at old Rufus Abrane. I see the state of the fight on the old fellow's mug. He hasn't a bet left him!"

"Captain Mountain—Rufus Mus!' cried Lord Fleetwood, and laughed at the penetrative portrait Woodseer's epigram sketched; he had a desire for the presence of the singular vagabond.

The Rufus Mus in the Captain Mountain exposed his view of the encounter by growing stiller, apparently growing smaller, without a squeak, like the entrapped; and profoundly contemplative, after the style of the absolutely detached, who foresee the fatal crash, and are calculating, far ahead of events, the means for meeting their personal losses.

The close of the battle was on the visage of Rufus Abrane fifteen minutes before that Elgin marble under red paint in the Ring sat on the knee of a succoring seconder, mopped, rubbed, dram-primed, puppy-peeping, inconsolably comforted, preparatory to the resumption of the great-coat he had so hopefully cast from his shoulders. Not downcast, by any means. Like an old Roman, the man of the sheer hulk with purple eye-mounds found his legs to do the manful thing, show that there was no bad blood, stand equal to all the forms. Ben Todds, if ever man in Old England, looked the picture you might label 'Bellyful,' it was remarked. Kit Ines had an appearance of springy readiness to lead off again. So they faced on the opening step of their march into English History.

Vanquisher and vanquished shook hands, engaged in a parting rally of good-humored banter; the beaten man said his handsome word; the best man capped it with a compliment to him. They drink of different cups to-day. Both will drink of one cup in the day to come. But the day went too clearly to crown the light and the tight and the right man of the two for moralizing to wag its tail at the end. Oldsters and youngsters agreed to that. Science had done it; happy the backers of Science! Not one of them alluded to the philosophical "hundred years hence." For when England, thanks to a spirited pair of our young nobleman, has exhibited more of her characteristic performances consummately, Philosophy is bidden fly; she is a foreign bird.

(To be continued.)

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# IN NORTHERN WATERS

*By T. C. Evans*

AT the inn of Monsieur Bertrand the coming storm held in thrall the interest of all its inmates. Some diversity of opinion prevailed as to the time of its arrival, but there was no doubt that it was near at hand. The ocean mist piled against the westering sun, at first sheared away its frosty halo and extinguished its encircling annulet, which hung in the sky like Ixion's wheel and finally shrouded out of sight the flaming orb itself, blotting it from its own heaven, making a waste without bound of the waters and the overarching air, from which rained the falling noise of sea-birds, now, as it were, "all instruments," and now as flutings of unseen seraphim, but ever edged with cadences of rapture and desire; as if these flying phantoms wheeling in the midst of the grisly arch were minions of the coming tempest, joyous in expectancy of its rough embrace.

On the balcony of the inn, too narrow for his bulk, sat the commissioner of something which it took many buttons and some yards of braid officially to certify, and over against him weltered the flowing bulk of Sandy McCorkendale, each bristling with his own weather opinions, and both wrong. A pervasive young advocate from Quebec, on his way to Prince Edward Island further to confuse the intricacies of a law case, involving the relations of the insular lobster with the statutory ordinances of the main land, also distributed forecasts which the event did not confirm, and an odor of cigarettes and Martel brandy which was authentic. The three salmon fishers from Liverpool, strapped to field-glasses of a range to tackle Saturn, and who at a first glance seemed to be composed mainly of whiskers and Scotch tweed, had no opinions of their own, but took in the flow of local vaticination as if it had been brown stout. Father Pepin, on the way to his mission northward from Bersimis toward Abbittibe among the bear and beaver, read a pious book in the window and said nothing; and the botanist, pausing here on his tour of scientific exploration, made notes in a red book at the littered tavern table, awaiting with composure whatsoever the skies had in store for him. The razor-backed pig which wandered by hung a discontented snout near to the earth, but lifted a contumacious, tightly twisted tail high in the air as if it flung defiance at the menacing heavens; the geese by the riverside clamored with upstretched necks and gray wings flung wide; the twilight fell before its time, sultry and still with a noise of insects in the air blowing horns of defiance or sounding reeds of propitiation under the advancing trumpets of the storm.

After nightfall, when the lamps were lighted in the long room of the inn, the skippers began to arrive, clad in their yellow sou'westers to be ready for the gale and the deluge, when they came. Their craft lay in shelter under the lee of the pier, safe and snug, and they had a few hours for holiday and convivial intercourse with their fellows. They ranged up to the row of bottles at the end of Monsieur Bertrand's bar with the same courage as that with which they had many a time fronted the climbing waters of the gulf, or plunged with their light flying craft into its down-streaming and tumultuous caves. Nothing, in the repertory of Monsieur Bertrand's strong waters or ingenious commixtures, daunted them, and jolly Bacchus astride his kilderkin could not other than joy in the robustness and staying power of these, his votaries. Each helped himself and settled his score at intervals, a spirit of liberality animating the drinking part of the procedure, and a fine sense of equity, accompanied with occasional mental confusion, presiding over the settlements. No official tapster was here needed, nor code of chilly regulative interdictions to stare the cheerful tosspot out of countenance and invade the gen-

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erous relations of confidence which subsisted between host and customer. Most of the latter kept easy account of their scores, the fingers of one hand going to a creditable length in this numeration; but Sandy McCorkendale's reckoning ran speedily into decimals, and was after referred to the higher powers of arithmetic. It was ultimately settled on a basis of conjecture and compromise, Sandy supplying the conjectures with great liberality, while the landlord with equal generosity contributed the concessions.

Each of these sea-going men had a history of renown in local annals. They had been cradled amidst the surge of the roughest of seas, and were but a handful surviving of their fellows whose bones lay whitening at the bottom of the gulf. Their eyes were brightened with the beam of the pilot stars long gazed on through flying drift of storm, and their glance upon their flagons was as it were a glance upon the binnacle light and the trembling needle beneath. One had rescued a band of castaway sailors from lone Anticosti, taking them as he deemed from the clutch of witches populous in the air of that storm-driven isle, and another by the flounderings of an infuriate whale, resenting thus the intrusion of his flying harpoon, had been cast upward into space some fathoms toward the constellation of the Bear. There was no end of adventure in the tales rehearsed of them. The youngest in appearance was a diver to whom the ocean's caves held no mystery or terror, but were as grottos of dim unearthly beauty, or as vestibules to palaces of wonder and delight. He had a calm and amicable countenance of rosy bronze, with a shimmer of gold upon it from the overhanging lamp, and he was the centre of the stern and rugged group around him. The qualities expressed in his face and bearing acquired further definition by reason of his abstinence from all the liquor and most of the conversation which the place afforded. It was clear that his comrades looked up to him, and that was a deference which they only paid to superior courage and skill in their particular calling. They all knew of the treasures which he had brought up from the ocean's floor, and of his adventures amidst its perilous caves. In the green lit spaces of a sunken ship they told how one in bridal robe, with jewels on her bosom and arms outstretched, floated toward him as if to fold him in her chill embrace. Other forms were round her, once animate with human impulse and desire; some in attitudes of prayer, and all with wonder-stricken faces on which had fallen a sea change till they seemed native dwellers there and to have forgotten, in that realm of shadow and amaze, the blush and glory of the sun. Out of these gulfs of dread and piteous proximities, undefiled with the slime of the ravening creatures around him, he would come forth among his fellows bearing no outward sign that he had so violated the ocean's sanctuary of terror. But among the older mariners and the withered sibylline old island gammers, rocking to and fro in the dull beam of their cabin fires, knitting a prophetic brede into their coarse stockings of gray wool or the broken meshes of the fisher nets which they mended, there were some who saw, as in a wizard's mirror reflecting futurity and fate, that the deep would one day claim him, and that the robed and jewelled bride of death, in her chill nuptial chamber, still with outstretched arms awaited him.

According to the forecast of those who said they knew but did not, and that composed the whole prophetic circle, the storm was due any time after nightfall; but the hours went by and it still held off, though the air outside seemed to grow heavier and the fog to deepen till it closed behind one like a wall, shutting in a small halo or nimbus the light of passing lanterns and entirely obscuring the beam of those along the water-side, or which were swung red, green, and blue from the rigging of the ships beside the pier. The assemblage at the inn began to break up early, those living outside, who comprised the greatest number, drifting away homeward, singly or in groups, as soon as the private and personal spirit-gauge which each carried within him marked a point of sufficient pressure. The guests of the inn, one after

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another, took their bedroom candles and wended their way through narrow and devious passages to their respective dormitories. The long low room, with its dim hanging lamps and candles around the walls, fixed in tin sconces and burning yellow and obscure through an atmosphere of fog and tobacco-smoke, was at length nearly emptied, when the melancholy skirl of Sandy McCorkendale's bagpipe arose in a remote corner like a propitiatory wail or invocation to the spirits of the coming storm.

This instrument was well known along the streets of the riverside town, from the long pier below to the screaming railway station on the hill above it, and in and about every repository of strong waters which the place contained. It was observed of it that, while its preluding notes had the effect of drawing to a focus all neighboring Scotchmen, they immediately dissipated all other orders of men, and its ensuing strains dispersed even its native votaries. The intentions of its owner were respected; but that was neither here nor there, as criticism and the popular idea of his music was another matter. The postmaster, who was likewise the apothecary and performed other useful local functions, made no scruple in declaring that in his opinion a little of it went a great way; but that might freely be said of the entire body of the performance. It was of a shrill, penetrating character, and on windy days might be heard in the next parish. But Sandy was superior to neighborhood opinions or the vagaries of local taste, and poured his measures forth with profuse liberality, indifferent to the sentiments or sensibilities of his auditors, and equally callous to the judgment of the next parish or posterity.

Sandy was a maker and mender of boats, a strapping lout, canny in his work and kind of heart, and he lived in the neat and thrifty cabin of Janet Murdock down by the long pier, with a portrait of John Knox over the mantel and a big Bible on a small table in the corner of the comfortably furnished front room, to the pages of which every Sunday morning he was obliged to devote himself with unswerving diligence, for a certain time, before Janet tucked him under her sinewy arm and carried him away reluctant but obedient to the kirk. This was the only godly place of prayer as she thought in all the region, notwithstanding that there were a number of parish churches in the town, where the priests ministered to their little flocks, and that the cathedral, like a bastion of defence and protection, lifted in the midst of them its twin towers, carrying a mellow chime of bells within, while legions of bright temple-haunting birds floated in the summer air around them. But to Janet these were tabernacles of idolatry, wherein the harlot of Babylon pressed to the lips of her votaries her golden cup of abominations. In her kirk alone was the word which was in the beginning, which had been transmitted undefiled to her fathers, and had guided them forth out of bondage and oppression, as the earlier people chosen of God had been led forth through paths of deliverance from the bondage of Egypt and the encompassing wilderness. This word of grace was expounded by the Rev. Archibald McNutt, a hard-headed Perthshire divine, who had come over as a missionary to the Ojibbeways and the Mic-Macs, but, finding nothing left of these tribes except some fragments of sentimental poetry, setting forth their virtues, and a bundle of scalps hanging up in an Aboriginal Museum, was compelled to turn his ministerial efforts in other directions. A little band of his countrymen was settled here, fisher and sea-going folk, with a few artisans, shopkeepers and the like, and they had established a modest house of worship, to the direction of which he was called. It was small, the ceilings were low, and the deacons were long and, from an artistic point of view, looked out of drawing, and the preacher's voice overflowed its boundaries, annexing to his audience of the elect within the ethnic and the pagan outside for a considerable distance. But, humble as it was, it served the need of the flock and the shepherd, and within it he ministered year in and year out, with the general respect and acceptance of his congregation. He had a pious countenance and an aspect

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of authority, and it was locally a point in his favor that he took his gin and water with the faithful in a straightforward, unwinking manner. He had no hesitation in holding up the individual sinner for reprobation, and Sandy, who, if not the chief of these, was the one who conserved that reputation with most assiduity, was frequently thus suspended.

He heard the clerical reproof of the sins of idleness and drink with a certain composure, and may have gathered comfort from the consciousness that he shared it with others of the congregation. Its force thus diffused and attenuated he could endure, with some measure of fortitude, but it was otherwise with the ministerial denunciation of the wickedness of profane music; of the iniquity of the lascivious idler with his sackbut and his pipe and his stringed instrument, spreading round him the strains which went before and led the feet of the unwary as of the sinner and the scorner in the way which led downward to the pit. This reproof could not be lightened by division with any of his fellow-worshippers, for none of them were addicted to such practices, except McNish, the blacksmith, who played the fiddle, but that was at home and in private, and it was generally admitted that he played so badly that his example did not count either for edification or reproof, or lend itself to any other form of clerical application. This peculiar reproach awakened in Sandy a sensibility surpassing that inspired by any form of grog or admonition within his experience, and often threw him into dim moods of penitence, which, however, were not lasting enough to carry him over any crisis of temptation. His submission each week to this kind of rebuke, and his constant appearance as the example of all that was to be avoided in conduct were not entirely voluntary, though he may have had some cloudy consciousness that like a bitter medicament it was good for him, unpalatable as it was to his sensual and sinful appetites. It was the force of Janet's will which brought him thither and kept him steady and submissive to the lessons and admonitions there administered. He had been her lodger since he had first come to the town. She had assiduously knit and mended and washed and spun for him during all this time, and no shirt-collar in the congregation of a Sunday stood higher during the forenoon than his. What was left in him of grace and hope had indeed been of her conservation. Testimony of this was borne by the preacher, and McIan, the clerk, confirmed it, and it was not unknown to Père Anton, the parish priest, or the nuns of the White Cross Sisterhood, to all of whom the implacable virtues of Janet and the contrasting qualities of Sandy had a neighborhood familiarity. Her lean and resolute head now appeared through the opened door of Monsieur Bertrand's inn, fixing her fugitive lodger with calm, commanding eye. "Ye'll be coming home the noo," she said. The minstrel rose without intermitting his performance and, after a saltatory gesture or two, resembling the preluding steps of a hornpipe and very likely designed to intimate that he was his own master though appearances were against him, meekly followed Janet through the door and into the dark, the sound of his pipe dying gradually in the distance, answered by the howl of an occasional belated dog and by the calm opprobrium of Monsieur Bertrand, who, having turned off the master spigot of the inn and extinguished all the lights except his bedroom candle, was engaged in making fast the doors and windows to leave all snug against the oncoming of the storm.

Between midnight and morning it arrived, announcing its advent by a noise as of bells in the upper air, followed by a roaring in the vault and deluges of driving rain, and when the morning rose the little inn was but an islet in the midst of encompassing tempest and flood. Nothing was to be seen without, except the flowing torrents and the shrouding mist driven past the windows. Even the low earth-clinging cabins across the sheet, standing nearest the window, were revealed only in occasional glimpses, and then in vaporous and obscure outline. For the long pier, reaching a mile into the river like an index finger stretched out toward Tadousac and the magnetic pole, it

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might have sunk beneath the waves, for all that could be seen of it from the windows of the hostelry. That fabric, in fact, still stood where it was planted, the water piled high against its windward side, and scooped in a deep hollow to the leeward where the ships lay, the wind booming over them across the top of the pier with the sound of guns. Its builder was an inmate of the inn, and had been since (years before) his labor, outreaching any of the fabulous toils of Hercules, had begun. His place was at the head of the inn table since he first arrived, armed with his theodolite and engineer's equipments, to lay out the plan of his gigantic mole. During the years in which he had been there he had listened unmoved to the stream of table-talk which had flowed across the board, gathering in its current many rivulets of dialect and individuality; but it was not on record that he had ever in any noticeable degree increased its volume or manifested absorption in any of its particulars.

On this tempestuous morning he was early in his chair at the breakfast-table, lit with candles to help out the dim and struggling daylight, and the guests came in one after another showing signs of broken sleep, and some of them of last night's conviviality. There was nothing brightening in the outlook for the day, or even in the prospect for the morrow, and there was the certainty of a season of imprisonment of which the only consolatory features were the spirit bottles of Monsieur Bertrand's bar, and some back numbers of Canadian newspapers containing articles against annexation. Besides the weariness and tedium of the situation, some of the guests were penetrated by vague sentiments of foreboding and alarm; and it was no wonder, for the house shook with every blow of the wind, and there was a booming in the sky like the roar of smiting seas; and even the eye could not carry the spirit forth out of its immurement, for the storm shut wet and dim against the windows, and nothing but the driven torrent was to be seen from them. With the young advocate the lobster had resumed its normal proportions and relation to the general plan of things, but a drooping expression was remarked in his mustache and eyelids, and in his manner an abated juridical confidence. Those, however, who knew him thought that he would brighten up as the day advanced, and he did in fact do so, becoming increasingly argumentative as the hours rolled by, though he finally lost his grasp of principles and lapsed into incoherent crustacean theories, for which there was neither legal nor scientific authority. The proportion of whiskers and Scotch tweed which entered into the visible composition of the three salmon fishers still seemed inordinate, but that there was a Briton within each investiture and appended to each flowing and sanguine wisp of hair, was attested by the breadth and vivacity of appetite which they evinced, and by certain guttural articulations which between them appeared to serve some of the purposes of language. Their concern for the storm was that of mere lookers-on, and it might have washed away a geographical boundary without awakening in them any particular interest. From their point of view it was a strictly colonial and exoteric commotion with which they had nothing to do, except to stay in-doors till it was over. To all of the apprehensions expressed by the various guests in pauses of the breakfast and lulls of the shivering gale, the calm-faced engineer with the gray eyebrows and steel watch chain, and air of composure and reserve, returned the assurance that there was no unusual danger; that the hurricane would blow itself out in about twenty-four hours, and that the river would then be found flowing past the town as usual, and the other side of the street, now invisible, would turn up just across the way.

While only so narrow a hand-breadth of the storm revealed itself to the vision, the imagination outlined for it an extent almost unlimited, and saw its progress accompanied on either hand by images of grandeur and terror. It had hung its thunder flame over the shaken seas in the arch of midnight, to outbeam the arrested glow of all its starry fires; and with sorcery more powerful than Prospero's had bedimmed in the vault the noontide sun. It had swept away for the time, mid-

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summer's aspect of pride and beauty, and in the midst of such encompassing rage and tumult it seemed strange to consider that only a little distance overhead there hung a zone of radiant stillness and peace, and beneath, no deeper than the graves by the side of kirk and chapel in which the dead lay lulled asleep, there was silence likewise, and calm which no commotion could invade, but folded in a robe of darkness not to be put off till the dawning of the light of resurrection, in the ending of the tempests and the days.

The vision of an occasional ecclesiast blown into strange and vapory outlines, and projected with great velocity across the narrow space commanded by the windows, recalled the fact that it was a saint's day, and that preparations had been made for its celebration which would now have to be delayed. It was evident that these occasionally appearing and vanishing phantoms were not the ministers of pageantry, but refugees from the inclemency of the weather, into which some pressing occasion had summoned them. Some oblation would doubtless be made, and some ceremony performed in the cathedral, that the day of the holy mediator might not pass without its appropriate token of reverence and love, but the feathers of its processional pomp would of course droop under such a copious downpouring deluge. There was nothing, however, to prevent the bells from ringing, and this they did during much of the forenoon, flinging a mellow peal amid the storm like a voice of propitiation between the wrath of heaven and the sins of men. To the faithful it may have seemed a message from the saint himself falling out of the sky, to attest his presence in that celestial space, and give assurance of his continuing watchfulness and protection. It was a golden accent of peace, playing like sunlight over the darkness and rage beneath it, and its benediction must have descended upon his devotees like balm and dew, through the ruder aspersion which the storm poured forth upon them out of its high shaken baptismal urn.

The saint's day came and went in gloom, but the next one stepped forth like a bridegroom from its canopy of saffron and rose, and shone on a scene of restored communal and maritime activity. The razor-backed pig appeared early with his tail out of curl, either from exposure to the elements or in token of some inward relaxation of the strings of contumacy; the geese uplifted a less clamorous note by the river-side, the doves again circled in shining flocks around the towers of the cathedral; the shops spread forth their wares upon the sidewalks; children appeared in the streets with school-books and satchels, and shining morning faces hooded in with quaint gingham bonnets, or surmounted with caps of a curious foreign pattern; the priests came forth robed and shovel-hatted, two and two, and the sisters, black-garmented with rosaries and silver crosses and white wide-winged muslin head-gear; and the guests gathered at the door and on the balcony of the inn with joyous faces, in the midst of some of which short briar-wood pipes were inserted; while others were parted in smiles of contentment that nature had resumed her benignant aspect. The upper section of Janet Murdock's cabin door, by the side of the long pier, was open, and that diligent and conscientious female was visible therein engaged in some household occupation, while she laid down a series of moral propositions to Sandy, who hung across the closed section of the portal with a delinquent expression of countenance, indicating an interval of penitence and sobriety. At the end of the long pier the skippers were gathered, and were busy in releasing their storm-bound craft. One after another they fell off into the stream, and spread their white wings like a retreating flock of water-birds. A trail of smoke revealed the oncoming of the Montreal steamer, the boat from Bersimis, two days belated, hove in sight, and the normal activities of the wharf were resumed. The storm was over, and the broad flowing river, so late a gulf of terror, abandoned even by the porpoises and the red-footed gulls whose element it was, ran sparkling in sunlight to the sea.

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# THE ART OF LIVING

## EDUCATION

*By Robert Grant*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

### I

ON occasions of oratory in this country, nothing will arouse an audience more quickly than an allusion to our public school system, and any speaker who sees fit to apostrophize it is certain to be fervidly applauded. Moreover, in private conversation, whether with our countrymen or with foreigners, every citizen is prone to indulge in the statement, commonly uttered with some degree of emotion, that our public schools are the great bulwarks of progressive democracy. Why, then, is the American parent, as soon as he becomes well-to-do, apt to send his children elsewhere?

I was walking down town with a friend the other day, and he asked me casually where I sent my boys to school. When I told him that they attended a public school he said, promptly, "Good enough. I like to see a man do it. It's the right thing." I acquiesced modestly; then, as I knew that he had a boy of his own, I asked him the same question.

"My son," he replied slowly, "goes to Mr. Bingham's"—indicating a private school for boys in the neighborhood. "He is a little delicate—that is, he had measles last summer, and has never quite recovered his strength. I had almost made up my mind to send him to a public school, so that he might mix with all kinds of boys, but his mother seemed to think that the chances of his catching scarlet fever or diphtheria would be greater, and she has an idea that he would make undesirable acquaintances and learn things which he shouldn't. So, on the whole, we decided to send him to Bingham's. But I agree that you are right."

There are many men in the community who, like my friend, believe thoroughly that everyone would do well to send his boys to a public school—that is, everyone but themselves. When it comes to the case of their own flesh and blood they hesitate, and in nine instances out of ten, on some plea or other, turn their backs on the principles they profess. This is especially true in our cities, and it has been more or less true ever since the Declaration of Independence; and as a proof of the flourishing condition of the tendency at present, it is necessary merely to instance the numerous private schools all over the country. The pupils at these private schools are the children of our people of means and social prominence, the people who ought to be the most patriotic citizens of the Republic.

I frankly state that I, for one, would not send my boys to a public school unless I believed the school to be a good one. Whatever other motives may influence parents, there is no doubt that many are finally deterred from sending their boys to a public school by the conviction that the education offered to their sons in return for taxes is inferior to what can be obtained by private contract. Though a father may be desirous to have his boys understand early the theory of democratic equality, he may well hesitate to let them remain comparatively ignorant in order to impress upon them this doctrine. In this age, when so much stress is laid on the importance of giving one's children the best education possible, it seems too large a price to pay. Why, after all, should a citizen send his boys to a school provided by the State, if better schools exist in the neighborhood which he can afford to have them attend?

This conviction on the part of parents is certainly justified in many sections of the country, and when justifiable, disarms the critic who is prepared to take



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"School Boards and Committees."

a father to task for sending his children to a private school. Also, it is the only argument which the well-to-do aristocrat can successfully protect himself behind. It is a full suit of armor in itself, but it is all he has. Every other excuse which he can give is flimsy as tissue-paper, and exposes him utterly. Therefore, if the State is desirous to educate the sons of its leading citizens, it ought to make sure that the public schools are second to none in the land. If it does not, it has only itself to blame if they are educated apart from the sons of the masses of the population. Nor is it an answer to quote the Fourth of July orator, that our public schools are second to none in the world; for one has only to investigate to be convinced that, both as regards the methods of teaching and as regards ventilation, many of them all over the country are signally inferior to the school as it should be, and the school, both public and private, as it is in certain localities. So long as school boards and committees, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are composed mainly of political aspirants without experience in educational matters, and who seek to serve as a first or second step toward the White House, our public schools are likely to remain only pretty good. So long as people with axes to grind, or, more plainly speaking, text-books to circulate, are chosen to office, our public schools are not likely to improve. So long—and here is the most serious factor of all—so long as the well-to-do American father and mother continue to be sublimely indifferent to the condition of the public schools, the public schools will never be so good as they ought to be.

It must certainly be a source of constant discouragement to the earnest-minded people in this country, who are interested in education, and are at the same time believers in our professed national hostility to class distinctions, that the well-to-do American parent so calmly turns his back on the public schools, and regards them very much



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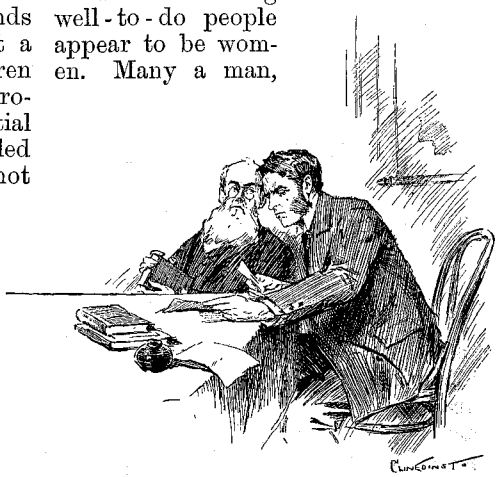
from the lofty standpoint from which certain persons are wont to regard religion—as an excellent thing for the masses, but superfluous for themselves. Of course, if we are going, in this respect also, to model ourselves on and imitate the older civilizations, there is nothing to be said. If the public schools are to be merely a semi-charitable institution for children whose parents cannot afford to separate them from the common herd, the discussion ceases. But what becomes, then, of our cherished and Fourth of July sanctified theories of equality and common school education? And what do we mean when we prate of a common humanity, and no upper class?

It is in the city or town, where the public school is equal or superior to the private school, that the real test comes. Yet in these places well-to-do parents seem almost as indifferent as when they have the righteous defence that their children would be imperfectly educated, or breathe foul air, were they to be sent to a public school. They take no interest, and they fairly bristle with polite and ingenious excuses for evading compliance with the institutions of their country. Not everybody, but probably three-fifths of the parents who can afford, if necessary, to pay for private instruction. And having once made the decision that, for some reason, a public school education is not desirable for their children, they feel absolved from further responsibility and practically wash their hands of the matter. It is notorious that a very large proportion of the children of the leading bankers, merchants, professional men, and other influential citizens, who reside in the so-called court end of our large cities, do not attend the public schools, and it is equally notorious that the existence of a well-conducted and satisfactory school in the district affects the attendance comparatively little. If only this element of the population, which is now so indifferent, would interest itself actively, what a vast improvement could be effected in our public school system! If the parents in the community, whose standards of life are the highest, and whose ideas are the most enlightened, would as a class co-operate in the advancement of common education, the charge that our public schools produce on the whole second-rate acquirements, and second-rate morals and manners, would soon be refuted, and the cause of popular education would cease to be handicapped, as it is at present, by the coolness of the well-to-do class. If the public schools, in those sections of our cities where our most intelligent and influential citizens have their homes, are unsatisfactory, they could speedily be made as good as any private school, were the same interest manifested by the tax-payers as is shown when an undesirable pavement is laid, or a company threatens to provide rapid transit before their doors. Unfortunately, that same spirit of aloofness, which has in the past operated largely to exclude this element in the nation from participation in the affairs of popular government, seems to be at the bottom of this matter. Certainly much progress has been made in the last twenty years in remedying the political evil, and the public good appears to demand a change of front from the same class of people on the subject of common education, unless we are prepared to advocate the existence and growth of a favored, special class, out of touch with, and at heart disdainful of, the average citizen.

The most serious enemies of the public schools among well-to-do people appear to be women. Many a man,



"People with axes to grind."

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alive to the importance of educating his sons in conformity with the spirit of our Constitution, would like to send his boys to a public school, but is deterred by his wife. A mother accustomed to the refinements of modern civilization, is apt to shrink from sending her fleckless darling to consort, and possibly become the boon companion or bosom friend, of a street waif. She urges the danger of contamination, both physical and moral, and is only too glad to discover an excuse for refusing to yield. "Would you like to have your precious boy sit side by side with a little negro"? I was asked one day, in horrified accents, by a well-to-do American mother; and I have heard many fears expressed by others that their offspring would learn vice, or contract disease, through daily association with the children of the mass. It is not unjust to state that the average well-to-do mother is gratified when the public school, to which her sons would otherwise be sent, is so unsatisfactory that their father's patriotism is overborne by other considerations. All theories of government or humanity are lost sight of in her desire to shelter her boys, and the simplest way to her seems to be to set them apart from the rest of creation, instead of taking pains to make sure that they are suitably taught and protected side by side with the other children of the community. Excellent as many of our private schools are, it is doubtful if either the morals are better, or the liability to disease is less, among the children who attend them than at a public school of the best class. To begin with, the private schools in our cities are eagerly patronized by that not inconsiderable class of parents who hope or imagine that the social position of their children is to be established by association with the children of influential people. Falsehood, meanness, and unworthy ambitions are quite as dangerous to character, when the little man who suggests them has no patches on his breeches, as when he has, and unfortunately there are no outward signs on the moral nature, like holes in trousers, to serve as danger signals to our darlings. Then again, those of us who occupy comfortable houses in desirable localities, will generally find on investigation that the average of the class of children which attend the public school in such a district is much superior to what paternal or maternal fancy has painted. In such a district the children of the ignorant emigrant class are not to be found in large numbers. The pupils consist mainly of the rank and file of the native American population, whose tendencies and capacities for good have always been, and continue to be, the basis of our strength as a people. There is no need that a mother with delicate sensibilities should send her son into the slums in order to obtain for him a common school education; she has merely to consent that he take his chance with the rest of the children of the district in which he lives, and bend her own energies to make the standards of that school as high as possible. In that way she will

"The Enemy of the Public School."

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best help to raise the tone of the community as a whole, and best aid to obliterate those class distinctions which, in spite of Fourth of July negations, are beginning to expose us to the charge of insincerity.

"The private school boy."

When a boy has reached the age of eleven or twelve, another consideration presents itself which is a source of serious perplexity to parents. Shall he be educated at home—that is, attend school in his own city or town—or be sent to one of the boarding-schools or academies which are ready to open their doors to him and fit him for college? Here again we are met by the suggestion that the boarding-school of this type is not a native growth, but an exotic. England has supplied us with a precedent. The great boarding-schools, Rugby, Eton, and Harrow, are the resort of the gentlemen of England. Though termed public schools, they are class schools, reserved and intended for the education of only the highly respectable. The sons of the butcher, the baker, and candlestick-maker are not formally barred, but they are tacitly excluded. The pupils are the sons of the upper and well-to-do middle classes. A few boarding-schools for boys have been in existence here for many years, but in the last twenty there has been a notable increase in their number and importance. These too are essentially class schools, for though ostensibly open to everybody, the charges for tuition and living are beyond the means of parents with a small income. Most of them are schools of a religious denomination, though commonly a belief in the creed for which the institution stands is not made a formal requisite for admission. The most successful profess the Episcopalian faith, and in other essential respects are modelled deliberately on the English public schools.

The strongest argument for sending a boy to one of these schools is the fresh-air plea. Undeniably, the growing boy in a large city is at a disadvantage. He can rarely, if ever, obtain opportunities for healthful exercise and recreation equal to those afforded by a well-conducted boarding-school. He is likely to become a little man too early, or else to sit in the house because there is nowhere to play. At a boarding-school he will, under firm but gentle discipline, keep regular hours, eat simple food, and between study times be stimulated to cultivate athletic or other outdoor pursuits. It is not strange that parents should be attracted by the comparison, and decide that, on the whole, their boys will fare better away from home. Obviously the aristocratic mother will point out to her husband that his predilection for the public school system is answered by the fact that the State does not supply schools away from the city, where abundant fresh air and a famous foot-ball field are appurtenant to the institution. Tom Brown at Rugby recurs to them both, and they conclude that what has been good enough for generations of English boys will be best for their own son and heir.

On the other hand, have we Americans ever quite reconciled ourselves to, and sympathized with, the traditional attitude of English parents toward their sons as portrayed in veracious fiction? The day of parting comes; the mother, red-eyed from secret weeping, tries not to break down; the blubbering sisters throw their arms around the neck of the hero of the hour, and slip pen-wipers of their own precious making into his pockets; the father, abnormally stern to hide his emotion, says, bluffly, "Good-by, Tom; it's time to be off, and we'll see you again at Christmas." And out goes Tom, a tender fledgling into the great world of the public school, and that is the last of home. His holidays arrive, but

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there is no more weeping. He is practically out of his parents' lives, and the sweet influence of a good mother is exercised only through fairly regular correspondence. And Tom is said to be getting manly, and that the nonsense has nearly been knocked out of him. He has been bullied and has learned to bully; he has been a fag and is now a cock. Perhaps he is first scholar, if not a hero of the cricket or football field. Then off he goes to college half a stranger to those who love him best. This is fine and manly perhaps, in the Anglo-Saxon sense, but does it not seem just a little brutal? Are we well-to-do Americans prepared to give up to others, however exemplary, the conduct of our children's lives? Granting that the American private boarding-school is a delightful institution where bullying and fags and cocks are not known, can it ever take the place of home, or supply the stimulus to individual life which is exercised by wise parental love and precept? Of course it is easier, in a certain sense, to send one's boy to a select boarding-school where the conditions are known to be highly satisfactory. It shifts the responsibility on to other shoulders, and yet leaves one who is not sensitive, in the pleasing frame of mind that the very best thing has been done for the young idea. In our busy American life—more feverish than that of our English kinsfolk whose institution we have copied—many doubtless are induced to seek this solution of a perplexing problem by the consciousness of their own lack of efficiency, and their own lack of leisure to provide a continuous home influence superior or equal to what can be supplied by head-masters and their assistants, who are both churchmen and athletes. Many too, especially fathers, are firm believers in that other English doctrine, that most boys need to have the nonsense knocked out of them, and that the best means of accomplishing this result is to cut them loose from their mothers' apron-strings.

"The day of parting."

It is to be borne in mind in this connection that the great English public schools are a national cult. That is, everybody above a certain class sends his sons to one of them. On the other hand, the private boarding-schools on this side of the water, fashioned after them, have thus far attracted the patronage of a very small element of the population. It is their misfortune, rather than their fault, that they are chiefly the resort of the sons of rich or fashionable people, and consequently are the most conspicuously class schools in the country. Doubtless the earnest men who conduct most of them

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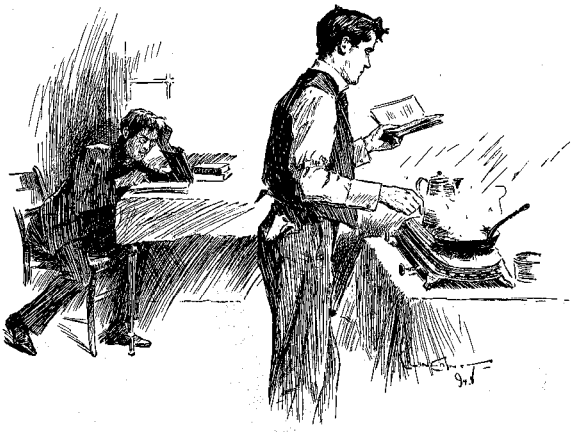

"Ambitious students without means."

regret that this is so, but it is one of the factors of the case which the American parent with sons must face at present. It may be that this is to be the type of school which is to become predominant here, and that, as in England, the nation will recognize it as a national force, even though here, as there, only the sons of the upper classes enjoy its advantages. That will depend partly on the extent to which we shall decide, as a society, to promote further class education. At present these schools are essentially private institutions. They are small; they do not, like our American colleges, offer scholarships, and thus invite the attendance of ambitious students without means. Moreover, they are almost universally conducted on a sectarian basis, or with a sectarian leaning, which is apt to proselytize, at least indirectly.

While those in charge of them indisputably strive to inculcate every virtue, the well-to-do American father must remember that his sons will associate intimately there with many boys whose parents belong to that frivolous class which is to-day chiefly absorbed in beautiful establishments, elaborate cookery, and the wholly material vanities of life, and are out of sympathy with, or are indifferent to, the earnest temper and views of that already large and intelligent portion of the community, which views with horror the development among us of an aristocracy of wealth, which apes and is striving to out-do the heartless inanities of the Old World. He must remember that a taste for luxury and sensuous, material aims, even though they be held in check by youthful devotion to the rites of the church, will prove no less disastrous, in the long run, to manhood and patriotism, than the lack of fresh air or a famous foot-ball field.

Practical instruction.

If, however, the American father chooses to keep his sons at home, he is bound to do all he can to overcome the physical disadvantages of city life. Fresh air and suitable exercise can be obtained in the suburbs of most cities by a little energy and co-operation on the part of parents. As an instance, in one or two of our leading cities, clubs of twelve to fifteen boys are sent out three or four afternoons a week under the charge of an older youth—usually a college or other student—who, without interfering with their liberty, supervises their sports, and sees that they are well occupied. On days when the weather is unsuitable for any kind of game, he will take them to museums, manufactories, or other places of interest in the vicinity. In this way some of the watchfulness and discipline which are constantly operative at a

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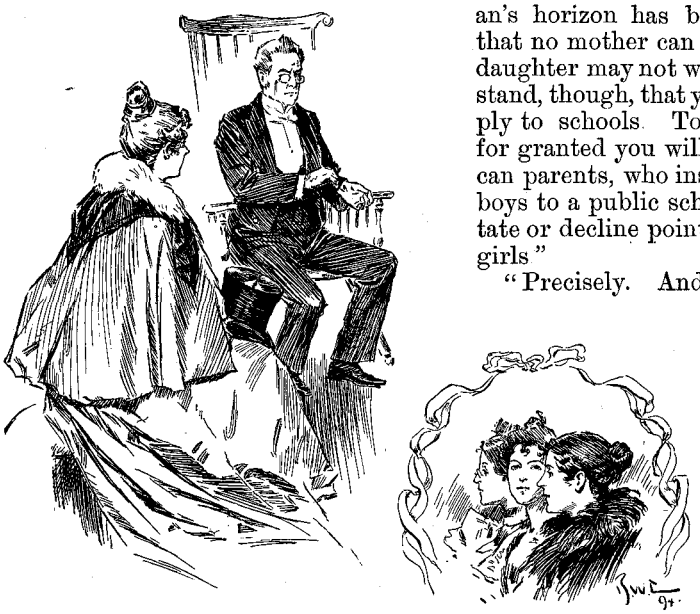

"Mr. Perkins and his four daughters."

boarding-school, are exercised without injury to home ties. There is no doubt that, unless parents are vigilant and interest themselves unremittingly in providing necessary physical advantages, the boys in a crowded city are likely to be less healthy and vigorous in body, and perhaps in mind, than those educated at a first-class boarding-school. It may be, as our cities increase in size, and suburbs become more difficult of access, that the boarding-school will become more generally popular; but there is reason to believe that, before it is recognized as a national institution, sectarian religion will have ceased to control it, and it will be less imitative of England in its tone and social attitude. Until then, at least, many a parent will prefer to keep his boys at home.

## II

"Supposing you had four daughters, like Mr. Perkins, what would you do with them, educationally speaking?" I said to my wife Barbara, by way of turning my attention to the other sex

"You mean what would they do with me? They would drive me into my grave, I think," she answered. "Woman's horizon has become so enlarged that no mother can tell what her next daughter may not wish to do. I understand, though, that you are referring simply to schools. To begin with, I take for granted you will agree that American parents, who insist on sending their boys to a public school, very often hesitate or decline point-blank to send their girls"

"Precisely. And we are forthwith confronted by the question whether they are justified in so doing."

Barbara looked meditative for a moment, then she said: "I am quite aware there is no logical reason why girls should not be treated in the same way, and yet as a matter of fact I am not at all sure, patriotism and logic to the contrary notwithstanding, I should send a daughter to a public school unless I were convinced, from personal examination, that she would have neither a vulgar teacher nor vulgar associates. Manners mean

"The American school-mistress."

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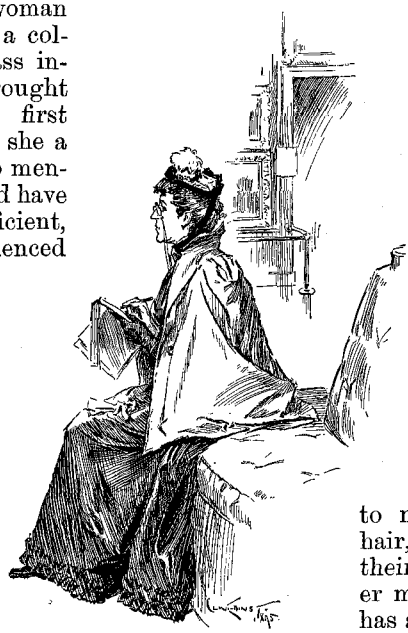
so much to a woman, and by manners I refer chiefly to those nice perceptions of everything which stamp a lady, and which you can no more describe than you can describe the perfume of the violet. The objection to the public schools for a girl is that the unwritten constitution of this country declared years ago that every woman was a born lady, and that manners and nice perceptions were in the national blood, and required no cultivation for their production. Latterly, a good many people interested in educational matters have discovered the fallacy of this point of view; so that when the name of a woman to act as the head of a college or other first-class institution for girls is brought forward to-day, the first question asked is, 'Is she a lady?' Ten years ago mental acquirements would have been regarded as sufficient, and the questioner silenced with the severe answer that every American woman is a lady. The public school authorities are still harping too much on the original fallacy, or rather the new point of view has not spread sufficiently to cause the average American school-teacher to suspect that her manners might be improved and her sensibilities refined. There, that sounds like treason to the principles of democracy, yet you know I am at heart a patriot."



"The decayed gentlewoman of to-day."

"And yet to bring up boys on a common basis and separate the girls by class education seems like a contradiction of terms," I said.

"I am confident—at least if we as a nation really do believe in obliterating class distinctions—that it won't be long before those who control the public schools recognize more universally the value of manners, and of the other traits which distinguish the woman of breeding from the woman who has none," said Barbara. "When that time comes the well-to-do American mother will have no more reason for not sending her daughters to a public school than her sons. As it is, they should send them oftener than they do."

"Of course," continued Barbara, presently, "the best private schools are in the East, and a very much larger percentage, both of girls and boys, attends the public schools in the West than in the East. Indeed, I am inclined to think that comparatively few people west of Chicago do not send their children to public schools. But, on the other hand, there are boarding-schools for girls all over the East which are mainly supported by girls from the West, whose mothers wish to have them finished. They go to the public schools at home until they are thirteen or fourteen, and then are packed off to school for three or four years in order to teach them how to move, and wear their hair, and spell, and control their voices—for the proper modulation of the voice has at last been recognized as a necessary attribute of the well-bred American woman. As for the Eastern girl who is not sent to the public school, she usually attends a private day-school in her native city, the resources of which are supplemented by special instruction of various kinds, in order to produce the same finished specimen. But it isn't the finished specimen who is really interesting from the educational point of view to-day; that is, the conventional, cosmopolitan, finished specimen such as is turned out with deportment and accomplishments from the hands of the English governess, the French Mother Superior, or the American private school-mistress.

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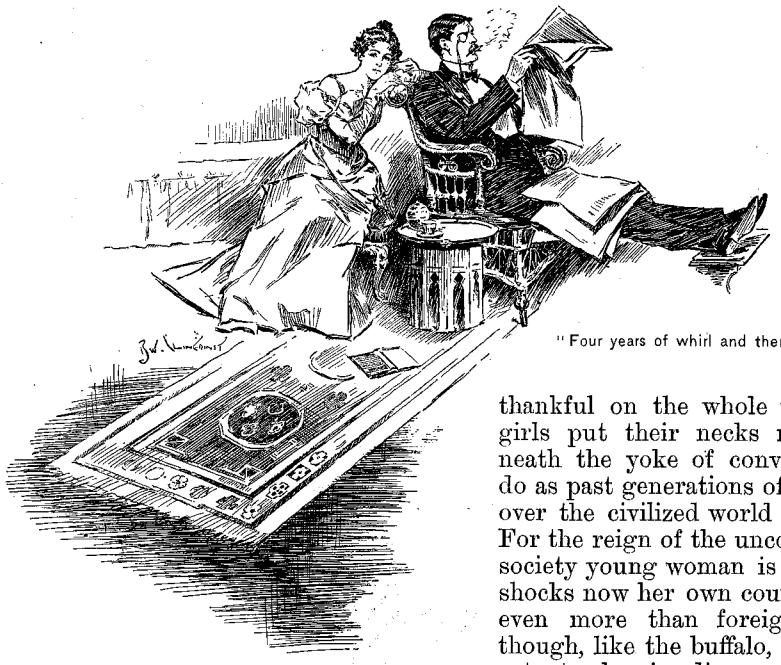

"Four years of whirl and then a husband."

After making due allowance for the national point of view, I don't see very much difference in principle between the means adopted to finish the young lady of society here and elsewhere. There are thousands of daughters of well-to-do mothers in this country who are brought up on the old aristocratic theory that a woman should study moderately hard until she is eighteen, then look as pretty as she can, and devote herself until she is married to having what is called on this side of the Atlantic a good time. To be sure, in France the good time does not come until after marriage, and there are other differences, but the well-bred lady of social graces is the well-bred lady, whether it be in London, Paris, Vienna, or New York, and a ball-room in one capital is essentially the same as in all the others, unless it be that over here the very young people are allowed to crowd out everybody else. There are thousands of mothers who are content that this should be the limit of their daughters' experience, a reasonably good education and perfect manners, four years of whirl, and then a husband, or no husband and a conservative afternoon tea-drinking spinsterhood—and they are thankful on the whole when their girls put their necks meekly beneath the yoke of convention and do as past generations of women all over the civilized world have done. For the reign of the unconventional society young woman is over. She shocks now her own countrywomen even more than foreigners; and though, like the buffalo, she is still extant, she is disappearing even more rapidly than that illustrious quadruped."

"Are you not wandering slightly from the topic?" I ventured to inquire.

"Not at all," said Barbara. "I was stating merely that the Old-World, New-World young lady, with all her originality and piquancy, however charming, and however delightfully inevitable she may be, is not interesting from the educational point of view. Or rather I will put it in this way: the thoughtful, well-to-do American mother is wondering hard whether she has a right to be content with the ancient programme for her daughters, and is watching with eager interest the experiments which some of her neighbors are trying with theirs. We cannot claim as an exclusive national invention collegiate education for women, and there's no doubt that my sex in England is no less completely on the war-path than the female world here; but is there a question that the peculiar qualities of American womanhood are largely responsible for the awakening wherever it has taken place? My dear, you asked me just now what a man like Mr. Perkins should do with his four daugh-



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"Equip themselves thoroughly in some direction or other."

ters. Probably Mrs. Perkins is trying to make up her mind whether she ought to send them to college. Very likely she is arguing with Mr. Perkins as to whether, all things considered, it wouldn't be advisable to have one or two of them study a profession, or learn to do something bread-winning, so that in case he, poor man—for he *does* look overworked—should not succeed in leaving them the five thousand dollars a year he hopes, they need not swell the category of the decayed gentlewomen of the day. I dare say they discuss the subject assiduously, in spite of the views Mr. Perkins has expressed to you regarding the sacredness of unemployed feminine gentility; for it costs so much to live that he can't lay up a great deal, and there are certainly strong arguments in favor of giving such girls the opportunity to make the most of themselves, or at least to look at life from the self-supporting point of view. At first, of course, the students at the colleges for women were chiefly girls who hoped to utilize, as workers in various lines, the higher knowledge they acquired there; but every year sees more and more girls, who expect to be married sooner or later—the daughters of lawyers, physicians, merchants—apply for admission, on the theory that what is requisite for a man is none too good for them; and it is the example of these girls which is agitating the serenity of so many mothers, and suggesting to so many daughters the idea of doing likewise. Even the ranks of the most fashionable are being invaded, though undeniably it is still the fashion to stay at home, and I am inclined to think that it is only the lack of the seal of fashion that restrains many conservative people, like the Perkinses, from educating their daughters as though they probably would not be married,

"The intellectual companion of men."

instead of as though they were almost certain to be."

"You may remember that Perkins assured me not long ago, that marriage did not run in the Perkins female line," said I.

"All the more reason, then, that his girls should be encouraged to equip themselves thoroughly in some direction or other, instead of waiting disconsolately to be chosen in marriage, keeping up their courage as the years slip away, with a few cold drops of Associated Charity. Of course the majority of us will continue to be wives and mothers—there is nothing equal to that when it is a success—but will not marriage become still more desirable if the choicest girls are educated to be the intellectual companions of men, and taught to familiarize themselves with

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the real conditions of life, instead of being limited to the rose garden of a harem, over the hedges of which they are expected only to peep at the busy world—the world of men, the world of action and toil and struggle and sin—the world into which their sons are graduated when cut loose from the maternal apron-strings? We intend to learn what to teach our sons, so that we may no longer be silenced with the plea that women do not know, and be put off with a secretive conjugal smile. And as for the girls who do not marry, the world is open to them—the world of art and song and charity and healing and brave endeavor in a hundred fields. Become just like men? Never. If there is one thing which the educated woman of the present is seeking to preserve and foster, it is the subtle delicacy of nature, it is the engaging charm of womanhood which distinguishes us from men. Who are the pupils at the colleges for women today? The dowdy, sexless, unattractive, masculine-minded beings who have

"The dowdy, masculine-minded being."

served to typify for nine men out of ten the crowning joke of the age—the emancipation of women? No; but lovely, graceful, sympathetic, earnest, pure-minded girls in the flower of attractive maidenhood. And that is why the well-to-do American mother is asking herself whether she would be doing the best thing for her daughter if she were to encourage her to become merely a New-World Old-World young lady of the ancient order of things. For centuries the women of civilization have worshipped chastity, suffering resignation and elegance as the ideals of femininity; now we mean to be intelligent besides, or at least as nearly so as possible."

"The secretive conjugal smile."

"In truth a philippic, Barbara," I said. "It would seem as though Mrs. Grundy would not be able to hold out much longer. Will you tell me, by the way, what you women intend to do after you are fully emancipated?"

"One thing at a time," she answered. "We have been talking of education, and I have simply been suggesting that no conscientious mother can afford to ignore or pass by with scorn the claims of higher education for girls—experimental and faulty as many of the present methods to attain it doubtless are. As to what women are going to do when our preliminary perplexities are solved and our sails are set before a favorable wind, I have my ideas on that score also, and some day I will discuss them with you. But just now I should like you to answer *me* a question. What are the best occupations for sons to follow when they have left school or college?"

Pertinent and interesting as was this inquiry of Barbara's, I felt the necessity of drawing a long breath before I answered it.

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# TO A GREEK VICTORY

*By Pitts Duffield*

Fair, broken Victory, with thy wings outspread
To alien bullets in thine evening life;
Thy sandal'd feet, thy flower-tilted head
Marks for a world grown leaden hard in strife,
Toys for barbarian idlers undeterred,
Frail wreckage blackened when foul bivouacs burned;
Yet spared at last from deadlier batteries
Than e'er thy trumpets stirred
In those far days, when careful chiselers yearned
Creating thee, nor guessed such storms as these.

Strange, headless loveliness, whose ruin seems
Divinely lovelier than what we complete;
Unpassing limbs, ungirdled robe that streams
In lawny ripples like low brooks that meet
Some swell of parting shoals; firm, bruised breasts
And feathered marble plumes; round woman's arm
Stretched forth to nothing; lo, in every one,
The truth of Hellas rests—
Unquenched, undying altars, while one charm
Still glows beneath the seasonable sun.

The cycled years preserve them, and for thee
Thy station on that southward balustrade.
There is large worship from the blue-gulfed sea
Across Phaleron's quiet meadows made;
There is a violet crown in those wide hills
Which stand at perfect distance, in the falls
Of dusk-veils purpling ere the day takes flight,
And Gorgon darkness kills
Each backward shadow on the temple walls
Behind thy cousins with her look of night.

And sequent dawns piercing the curtained skies
Above Hymettus' ridge, distilling dew
In unguents glistening on thy tawny thighs,
Like runners in the course; warming anew



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Thy seeming-tender flesh; quick, whistling winds
To dry thy sprinkled garments with their breath;
Song birds that settle on thy voiceless throat;
    Echo that speaks and finds
An answer there at last;—rare life in death—
Still and unhidden, luminous, unremote.

Ah happy sights and sounds! Ah thrilling heart
And utterance of youth! Glad livelihood!
Who were thy friends? Who oftenest came apart
To view thy parapet, forsaking wood
And walks in Academe, leaving the throngs
Of peplos-bearing worshippers a space,
With chariots rattling down the rutted way,
    And unison of songs
Borne upward sweetly—so to see thy face
One splendid moment in an Attic day?

Or at some stiller hour, when noon was high
And Athens gone Ilissusward, up-ranged
In rock-hewn circles, whence Medea's cry,
Borne on the favoring winds and fainter changed,
Might waft around thee; or naught else was voiced
Save silence, murmurous while Alcestis wept
Upon her bride-bed—thou and he alone,
    With pagan rites rejoiced;
Which we had almost envied, almost crept
To pay before thee, broken thing of stone.

Yea, let us pray to thee! Our o'erwise times
Need offerings like those wherewith men vied
In conquered Posidonia—pæans and rhymes
For deities usurped, yet not denied
Because their truth was vital as of yore,
And vows were ready-lipped, and feet were led
Across the disused thresholds, and old fires
    Which smouldered, blazed once more.
Let us too gather sometimes with thy dead
Round reverend hearths where Beauty still inspires.

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# "LA BELLE HÉLÈNE"

*By Abbe Carter Goodloe*

*Mrs. Olmsted Morrison to Mrs. Franklin Bennett, Rhinebeck-on-Hudson.*

BALTIMORE, October 20th.

MY DEAREST ALMA: As we have been confiding our joys and woes to each other for the last twenty-five years, it is to you I naturally write about this new trial which has come into my life. You will probably think it *peu de chose*, but I assure you, my dear, that if you really and truly put yourself in my place you will realize that it is an annoyance. Henry's child has at last written to me that she "has finished her studies for the present" (!) and is coming to America to spend the winter with us. You *must* see, Alma, that this is slightly appalling. I have never seen her—not since she was a little thing with enormous gray eyes and a freckled nose—and I know absolutely nothing about her except what Henry wrote me from time to time, when he stopped his eternal wanderings long enough to remember he had a sister. But judging by the education he gave her—and I consider it simply deplorable—and the evident taste she had for it, and later for "the higher education of woman," I feel distressingly positive that I cannot approve of the child. I am very sorry now that I did not make an effort to go to her when her father died in England, five years ago, but she wrote me that she had friends there who were doing everything for her, and that she was coming directly to America to enter college according to her father's wishes, and that there was really no need to disturb myself about her. I could see, Alma, the effect of the independent, strange existence she had led, in that letter. It repelled me. Now Eleanor, I am sure, would have been completely prostrated, the dear child!

So she came directly to Boston, and I, being so busy with my own preparations for taking Eleanor and Margaret to Paris, simply could not arrange to go on to Boston to see her. As of course you know, we remained abroad four years, and last year, when we returned and I expected to see Helen at last, she wrote me a letter which I got just before leaving Paris, saying that she had decided to go to Oxford for a year to take a course in mathematical astronomy at the Lady Margaret Hall. So we passed each other in mid-ocean.

Fancy, Alma! I knew when I read that letter what kind of a girl she was. One of your hard students, engrossed in books, without one thought for dress or social manners! I am afraid she will prove a severe trial. And just when Eleanor is counting on having such a gay second winter and Margaret is to début! It is a little hard, is it not, dear? Thank heaven, I shall never have to blame myself as Henry would have to do if he were alive. At least *I* have seen to it that my daughters have had the education which will fit them to ornament society, the education that I still believe in notwithstanding all this talk of colleges for women and advancement in learning, and college settlements and extensions, and heaven knows what besides!

*My* girls have had first, the best of training at Mrs. Meed's, and then four years at *Les Oiseaux*, you know. They speak French perfectly, of course, and Margaret has even tried Italian and German. They both ride and drive well, and Eleanor plays and sings very sweetly. But what is the use of my telling you about them when you know them so well?

I only wish, Alma, you could tell me something about *Helen!* Just think, I have never even seen a photograph of

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her! It is one of her fads not to have them taken, from which I argue that she is very homely, very opinionated, and very strange. Eleanor has two dozen in different poses, I am sure. The only information I have at all about Helen's looks is from Margaret, who saw her for an hour in Brookline—it was five years ago—just before we sailed. She had run up to see a Boston friend for a few days, and of course she was very young and has probably forgotten, but she insists that Helen was rather pretty. However, I do not attach the least importance to what Margaret says, because, as you know, she is so good-natured that she always says the best of everyone; and then her tastes are sometimes really deplorable—so unlike Eleanor's! Besides, her description of Helen does not sound like that of a pretty girl. She says she wore her hair parted and back from her face, and was slightly near-sighted. Think of it, Alma! For the hair, *encore passe*, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Wenzell have made that so much the fashion lately that one might forgive it; but short-sighted! Eye-glasses! Spectacles perhaps! Hard study since may have completely ruined her eyes. I greatly fear she will show up very badly beside Eleanor's piquant beauty and Margaret's freshness.

She writes me that she will be here in a month, so that it is time I was seriously considering what I am to do with her. Of course, with the severe education she has had, she probably dislikes society and could not be induced to go out, knowing well that she could not shine in it; but as my brother's child she must be at least introduced properly, and she can then subside gracefully. Of course, where there are two such attractive girls in the house as Eleanor and Margaret, she cannot hope to compete in social honors with them, and will probably much prefer in any case to continue her studies or go in for charitable work, or something of that sort.

My dear Alma, I have just read over this letter and am shocked to see how much I have written about this affair. Forgive me if I have wearied you and—yes, *do* give me some good advice.

Are you going to Carlsbad?

The girls are out of town for a few days, or would send love as I do.

Very affectionately yours,

MARIAN MORRISON.

P. S. They say a woman cannot write a letter without a postscript, and I believe it! Tell me what to do about H. How had I best introduce her to society? Don't you think a dinner—where she could sit beside someone whom I could especially choose as suited to her—and where she would not be too much *en évidence?* A dance would not do at all—I doubt if she *can* dance, poor girl!

M. M.

*Mrs Franklin Bennett, to Mrs. Olmsted Morrison.*

October 22d.

MY DEAREST MARIAN: How could you think me so cold-blooded as to consider such a piece of news as your letter contains, "*peu de chose?*" I feel for you, I assure you. What a dilemma! The dear girls! how do they like the idea? Margaret, as you say, will probably not mind, but Eleanor—so exquisitely pretty and stylish! It will be rather a thorn in the flesh, I imagine. O! how I wish I had children—two such lovely girls as yours would make life a different thing for me!

Of course, the dinner. How could you think of anything else! Invite some of the professors from the University for *her*, and have the rest of the company of young society people, so that Eleanor and Margaret can enjoy it too.

Oh, my dear, I would like to write a long, long letter about this, but I am in such confusion and hurry! Mr. Bennett has been ordered to Wiesbaden for the winter, and we sail in a week. I wish I could be in Baltimore to help you, but it is impossible, of course. I count on your writing me all your plans, and just how Helen appears, and whether it is all as dreadful as you now fear. Address to the Langham Hotel until November 25th, after that, care Brown, Shipley, as usual. Good-by. I have a thousand things to tell you of, but must put them off

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until I reach London and have a moment to myself.

As ever,
Devotedly yours,
A. B.

P. S. Don't look too much on the dark side of things. I knew a Philadelphia girl once—the niece of old Colonel Devereux you know—and she was rather pretty and quite good form, though a college girl. I think, however, she had been but *one* year to college.

A. B.

*Mrs. Olmsted Morrison to Mrs. Franklin Bennett, the Langham Hotel, London, W. C.*

BALTIMORE, November 15th.

DEAREST ALMA: Your note, which was so welcome and which came so long ago, would have had an earlier answer had I not been a little sick, and so busy and worried that I have not had time or heart to write even to you. So you can imagine in what a state I am.

The girls came back to town shortly after I last wrote you, and we held a sort of family council about Helen. The dear girls were charming, and Eleanor bore it very bravely. She says she will give Helen hints about her hair, and will implore her not to wear spectacles, but rimless eye-glasses.

We are very much worried about her gowns. Of course her own taste is not to be depended upon, and I hardly fancy her income would justify her in leaving her toilette entirely with a *grande couturière*, even if she would dream of doing such a thing, which I very much doubt. Her father, you know, left the bulk of his fortune to found a library in Westchester. He always said he never intended to leave Helen enough to tempt anyone to marry her for her money. Poor Henry—what a strange, misguided man! But then, of course, he could not foresee that his daughter would be an ugly duckling, and strong-minded and college-bred, and all that. Oh, yes, of course he must have known about the college. But at any rate, man-like, he did not realize how unattractive Helen would be.

Well, as I say, we talked it over, and the girls agree with me that the best thing is a dinner. Eleanor was for having it a small affair. She said it would be truer kindness to Helen, but Margaret, who is very blunt sometimes, I am sorry to say, said she thought "we ought to give Helen a chance," as she rather vulgarly expressed it, and insisted so strongly on it that we gave in, and have decided to have a dinner, and invite some of Eleanor's friends later to a small dance. This will relieve Eleanor of some of her more pressing social obligations, and she will also be able to introduce Margaret to some of her particular set before she makes her formal début later in the season. A débutante cannot have *too* many friends.

And so, after talking it over, we determined to invite Professor Radnor, of the University. He is a comparatively young man—about forty-five, I judge—and though far from handsome he is considered very interesting, I believe, to those who understand him. He is of good family too—one of the Radnors of Cliffe Hill, you know. He and Helen can talk biology or whatever it is he professes—I really forget what it is. Then there is Colonel Gray—I shall invite him because he was an old friend of her father, and though very grumpy and disagreeable, and apt to bore one to death with his interminable war stories, still I always invite him to the house once a year, and he is to be depended upon to come; and indeed, Alma, I am so perplexed to know whom to invite that I really cannot pick and choose. Then I think I shall have the new Rector at All Souls. He is a young man, an Englishman, and as stupid as the proverbial Britisher, very high-church, and as I have not yet invited him to dinner, I think the choice of *him* rather diplomatic. It really has been too much of an exertion to get up a dinner-party for him alone, and indeed Eleanor cannot bear him, she says; but with her usual sweetness has consented to have him come if Helen and Margaret will take him off her hands. He and Helen will doubtless find much to say to each other about Dr. Bernardo, and the People's Palace, and that sort of thing. I think with these three I can safely let the girls take care of the rest, and invite younger people who will be congenial



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to them. I say younger people, for Helen must be twenty-three or four, and she will doubtless seem much older and graver. You see I shall be prepared; I know this will be an ordeal, but I mean to do the best for her that I can. I shall have everything as handsome as possible—the girls are particularly anxious about it—as Eleanor proposes asking young Claghart, the new artist you know, who is making such a name for himself.

Helen will be here in a week, I shall send out the invitations in a day or two, so as to have no refusals—dinner engagements are already getting numerous. I shall let you know all about Helen and the dinner-party. I know you are as interested as myself in this, and that you sympathize with me. Poor Henry! to think that he should have given me a niece who has spent the best years of her life shut up in colleges, and ruining health and looks in sedentary, intellectual pursuits!

The Kinglakes were here yesterday and send their kindest regards to you. Good-by! A thousand best wishes for a happy trip. *Do* tell Mr. Bennett how much I hope he will be improved by Wiesbaden.

Write soon to your devoted friend,

MARIAN M.

*Mrs. Olmsted Morrison to Colonel Ralph Gray.*

MY DEAR COLONEL: Of course it is to you, Henry's oldest friend, that I write first to tell the charming news that his daughter Helen is coming to us in a week. She has "finished her studies for the present," so she writes, and we are at last to see the dear child. We are delighted to have her come, and feel that she must meet you at once. You will certainly find her to your taste, as she is so highly educated and not at all like these society girls whom you justly condemn as utterly frivolous.

We have arranged a little dinner-party for Thursday, the twenty-fourth, and positively count on you to come and put us all in a good humor with one of your inimitable war stories.

Most cordially your friend,

MARIAN V. MORRISON.

Friday, the eighteenth.

*Mrs. Morrison to the Reverend Percival Beaufort.*

MY DEAR MR. BEAUFORT: Will you give us the great pleasure of seeing you at dinner on Thursday evening, at half-past eight? Only severe illness has kept me from asking this favor long ago, so that I very much hope nothing will prevent your accepting now. Eleanor tells me to remind you that the Young People's Guild had been changed to *Wednesday* evening, so at least *that* will not interfere with your acceptance. If you come, virtue will not be its own reward in this case. I have a niece whom I am particularly anxious you should meet. She is intensely interested in all charities—especially London charities—and is very quiet and charming, if not exactly pretty. But I am sure you agree with me that beauty is often only a snare!

The girls particularly wish to be remembered.

Most truly yours,

MARIAN V. MORRISON.

Friday, November the eighteenth.

*Mrs. Morrison to Professor Albert Radnor, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.*

November the eighteenth.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR RADNOR: Can we persuade you to abandon your lectures and experiments long enough to dine with us on the evening of the twenty-fourth? I know we are very frivolous and not at all the people to interest *you*, however much *you* interest *us*, but I fancy I shall have someone here whom you will be glad to meet. I want you to know my niece Miss Helen Hammersley. She is an immensely clever girl—has taken her degree at one of our most famous women's colleges, and has just returned from a year of Oxford and the Bodleian, so that I feel reasonably sure she will be able to *listen* intelligently to you, at any rate. She is greatly interested in your specialty, and will certainly esteem it the greatest privilege to meet such a noted authority on the subject as yourself.

I will take no excuse.

Very sincerely your friend,

MARIAN V. MORRISON.

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*Miss Eleanor Morrison to Miss Grace Fairfax, Washington, D. C.*

November 19th.

DEAREST GRACE: We are sending out invitations to a dinner and small dance afterward in honor of a cousin of ours, Helen Hammersley, who is coming from England to spend the winter with us, and of course we thought of you first and foremost. You must come and save the situation with your brilliancy and tact. There! can you refuse me after that? To tell you the truth, dear, we are all awfully worried about the whole thing. We none of us know Helen at all, and we are simply *au désespoir* about her because she is such a strange girl. She has been at college for five years—first in America and then at Oxford, and we all feel miserably sure of what an impossible sort of girl she is. She even took some sort of honor in mathematics at Oxford—just fancy! What she is going to be like in a ball-room no mortal can guess! So we have done the best we can—mamma has invited some old fogies to entertain her, and I propose we make our end of the table as much of a shining contrast as possible. I shall ask that Canadian you adore so—Reggie Montrose—for you, and your brother Jerry for Margaret, and shall reserve Wayne Claghart for myself; so please take warning and let that youth severely alone. He is my especial property, and I consider him simply the nicest man I know. He has hinted two or three times that he would like to sketch my head. He needn't be afraid of my refusing, if he'd only ask me outright! I shall tell Helen, of course, that I asked him because he has lately returned from England and she has just returned, etc., etc., but I'm afraid he'll be so far away from her and she'll be so busy talking the ologies with Professor Radnor (forgot to tell you mamma has asked him!), and the East End with Percy Beaufort, that I don't think she'll have a chance to stun him with her learning. Besides, I don't think he is the man to devote much time to *that* sort of a girl.

Now, don't disappoint me! I count on you. Later there will be a lot of people in—the usual crowd you know—and if you'll say positively you'll come we will make it a small cotillion and you shall lead with Reggie.

I'll let Margaret write to Jerry—they are such chums, but you be sure and make him come. Don't, for heaven's sake, let him know about Helen's homeliness and flabbergastering attainments, or he won't stir a foot.

Good-by. Expect you down Wednesday. Telegraph me you will come.

As ever,
ELEANOR.

*Miss Eleanor Morrison to Reginald Montrose, Esq., Murray Hill Hotel, New York City.*

November 19th.

DEAR MR. MONTROSE: Thank you so much for that lovely philopena present. How charming of you to have thought of *that!* Won't you take dinner with us next Thursday, at half after eight, and let me thank you in person? After dinner you may dance the cotillion with Miss Fairfax. There! is not that an inducement? I have a cousin whom I want you to meet too—she is just returning to America and is very learned, and not quite your style, I fear, but she will doubtless be good for you after *me!*

Most cordially yours,
ELEANOR MORRISON.

*Miss Eleanor Morrison to Wayne Claghart, Esq., — Twenty-third Street, New York City.*

Saturday, November 19th.

DEAR MR. CLAGHART: Do you remember your promise to run down to Baltimore? Well, I shall expect you to keep it next Thursday. We are to have a little dinner and a dance afterward—(perhaps I should say a dinner and a little dance—no, the adjective belongs to both), and I shall certainly expect you to be on hand. Your fame has preceded you, of course, and a great many very nice young women are simply existing on the thought of meeting Mr. Wayne Claghart, the artist! Shall I reserve the very prettiest and nicest of them all to dance the cotillion with you?

Hoping to see you without fail,
Very sincerely yours,
ELEANOR MORRISON.

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*Miss Margaret Morrison to Mr. Jeré Fairfax, Washington, D. C.*

November 19th.

DEAR JERRY: Eleanor has a dinner on for next Thursday, and we want you to throw over all your numerous engagements for that evening and come to us. Do, Jerry—and favor me a lot—I forgot to say there was a german afterward—and be generally nice to your débutante Margot. As an inducement I will say that we've got a jolly surprise for you. Eleanor don't want me to tell, but I'm going to. Our cousin Helen Hammersley is coming to spend the winter with us—it's for her the dinner is being given—and mamma and Eleanor are in despair about her. I don't believe she's half bad, but they say she's awfully ugly and too smart to be nice. I suppose she is awfully erudite—is that the word? Wears specs, and dresses like everything, I suppose. Wonder if she ever danced the german—she can have a sprained ankle if she don't know how.

As ever,

MARGARET.

*Telegram—Miss Grace Fairfax to Miss Eleanor Morrison, Baltimore.*

WASHINGTON, November 20th.

Delighted to come. Charmed to lead with R. Have two new figures. Order little French flags for one set favors.

GRACE.

*Telegram—Miss Grace Fairfax to Miss Eleanor Morrison.*

WASHINGTON, November 22d.

Terrible attack tonsillitis. Doctor says positively cannot go. GRACE.

*Miss Eleanor Morrison to Miss Marie de Rochemont, Charles Street.*

MY DEAR MISS DE ROCHEMONT: Much to my surprise and annoyance I have this moment found an invitation which I thought had been mailed to you several days ago. It must have slipped out of the other notes some way and has been lying under some papers here on my desk ever since. Can you forgive this mischance and accept so tardy an invitation? It will give us all the greatest pleasure to see you at half after eight. I especially want to introduce to you a cousin of mine just returned from the other side. She has been in college all her life, and I want her to meet some of our most charming society girls to rub her shyness off and make her take more interest in social life. Perhaps you may convert her! Hoping that no previous engagement will prevent our seeing you Thursday,

Most sincerely yours,

ELEANOR MORRISON.

*Mrs. Olmsted Morrison to Mrs. Franklin Bennett, care of Brown, Shipley and Co., London.*

November 25th.

MY DEAR ALMA: What a surprise! I can scarcely collect my thoughts sufficiently to write intelligently on the subject. I really was never more surprised in all my life—more intensely and thoroughly surprised. But I must try and tell you connectedly all about it. To begin with—Helen did not come on the twentieth as we had expected, but telegraphed us that she was detained in Boston and would not reach Baltimore until the morning of the twenty-fourth. This was very annoying, as I was most anxious about her gown for the dinner, and then I imagined that she would be utterly dragged out after travelling all night. Dear Eleanor would have been, I am quite sure. But Helen seems to be one of those distressingly healthy people—no nerves, no sensitiveness. She quite laughed when I asked her if she were not tired!

Well—she came on the eleven-five train, and, Alma, she is not at all the kind of person I had expected. She is even handsome after a certain style of her own—not one that I admire—not at all Eleanor's style. But certainly it could be much worse. The men even seemed to find her quite good-looking. She has certainly preserved her complexion wonderfully well—and as for her being short-sighted! Between ourselves I am sure it is only an excuse for using a very beautiful lorgnon, and for looking rather intently at one in a sort of meditative way which I consider rather offensive, but which Percy Beaufort told me he found most attractive. He is very disappointing, by the way;

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I had expected so much of him, but I find him quite an ordinary young man.

I was really shocked at Helen's levity. I had expected from her superior education that her mind would be above trivialities, but the way she laughed and seemed to enjoy the conversation of Reggie Montrose and Jerry Fairfax! and if she had confined her attentions to those boys! But, Alma, she even tried to infatuate Colonel Gray and Professor Radnor! Two such men! She is far from being the quiet, thoughtful student I had expected to so enjoy. Why, she had the audacity to say to Colonel Gray, after one of his irascible explosions at things in general—"My dear Colonel, you are a living example of squaring the circle—quite round yet full of angles!" You know how rotund the Colonel is, Alma. Think of it! To Colonel Gray, whose irritability is simply proverbial. And he actually seemed to enjoy it! Men of a certain age seem to be only too willing to make fools of themselves if a young girl looks at them. And Percival Beaufort, who is so interested in London charities, could not extract one word from her on the subject, I believe; at any rate I distinctly heard her giving him an animated account of the last "Eights Week," and he was inquiring solicitously who was the coxswain for Magdalen! Even Professor Radnor seemed to lose his head, though I believe she talked more sensibly to him than to the others, for he told me that she was one of the few women he had ever met who seemed to thoroughly understand Abel's demonstration of the impossibility of solving a quintic equation by means of radicals—whatever that means.

By the way, we need not have worried about her gown at all. It was quite presentable, and had in it a quantity of rare old point d'Alençon which Helen says Henry picked up in Paris. It quite vexed me to think that I have none of that pattern—it is especially beautiful.

Eleanor would add a word, but she is feeling quite ill this morning, dear child! She was so worried over the dinner. At the very last moment Grace Fairfax failed her, and she was obliged to invite Marie de Rochemont in her place. We were especially sorry that Grace could not come, and that Jerry did. He is getting completely spoiled; his assurance and inconsiderateness are truly wonderful.

By the way, we have changed our plans for the winter slightly. We are going to the Bermudas for a month, and Helen will visit friends in Boston for the rest of the winter. Write soon and let me know how Mr. Bennett is feeling. Address here, all our mail will be forwarded.

As ever, your devoted friend,
MARIAN MORRISON.

*Mr. Jeré Fairfax to Miss Grace Fairfax, Washington, D. C.*

BALTIMORE, November 25th.

DEAR GRACE: I suppose I've got to keep my solemn promise to write to you all about the blow-out, though it's an awful effort for me to write letters, and I'm so razzle-dazzled too! You simply weren't in it! She's stunning! The fellows all call her "La Belle Hélène." Claghart started the name, and it took like wildfire. The fair Eleanor is furious. She looked perfectly insignificant by the side of that magnificent creature. What the dickens did Margaret mean by her letter? Why, Helen Hammersley is a perfect beauty. It isn't good to spring a surprise like that on a fellow. Bad for one's nerves. Claghart is terribly shaken. Found out she had met ever so many celebrated artists, English and French, and they jawed for hours. Fact is Claghart's got the cinch on the rest of us because she's so awfully interested in art—I heard her tell him so. Oh! I almost forgot to tell you the joke! You see, Mrs. Morrison had put her up at her end of the table, with the rector of All Souls on one side of her—the old duffer!—and that fossil, Professor Radnor, on the other, and of all people in the world that ante-bellum specimen, Colonel Ralph Gray, opposite! Think of that, with Montrose and Claghart and myself at the other end, cut off from her by half a dozen married people! Think of the injustice, the tactlessness of such a

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proceeding! Well, I simply determined to shake things up a bit, so after the bird I said, as sweetly as only yours truly can say, "Mrs. Morrison, I was at the Dwights the other evening to a progressive dinner-party. Charming idea, don't you think?" I knew all the men would back me up, and sure enough Reggie Montrose sang out, "Yes, indeed, Mrs. Morrison! Why not try it to-night?" and before the words were fairly out of his mouth, Claghart had jumped up with his wine glass and his napkin in his hand, and was moving up one seat nearer "La Belle Hélène." Of course there was an awful muss and Eleanor was furious, I could see, but she pulled herself together and smiled awfully sweetly at Claghart. Marie de Rochemont turned perfectly green—give you my word of honor. Margaret was the only one who seemed really not to mind. She's a nice little thing, but she won't have much show in society if Helen Hammersley is around.

I wish I could tell you about "La Belle Hélène," but I'm not much for descriptions. She's different from any girl I ever knew—not very tall, but awfully good figure—fixes her hair like those stunning girls of Gibson's you know, and she's got a way of looking at a fellow—earnest and yet half laughing—that's enough to drive one out of one's senses. She's got that *je ne sais quoi*, you know — something awfully fetching and magnetic and all that sort of thing. (You'll think me a drivelling idiot!) She wore a beauty of a gown, white satin—or gauze, I'm not sure which. Was going to ask Claghart—being an artist he's up to such fine distinctions—but forgot it. I say, Grace, why don't your gowns look like that? You'd better ask her who built hers. Tell you what, she's just fascinating—not stiff or uppish a bit, but she's got a certain sort of dignity you girls don't seem to acquire, some way or other.

She simply hoodooed old Gray, not to mention Percy Beaufort, the Professor, and several dozen others, including your devoted brother. There was one solemn moment at the cotillion when every man in the room was around her. The other girls looked black, I promise you! What the deuce, Grace, makes you girls so jealous? I actually believe Eleanor didn't like her cousin's brilliant success at all, and yet you told me she was so anxious about it. Can't make you girls out.

You say she's been to college all her life and is awfully smart? Well, I suppose she is—she looks that way—but she didn't come any of it on us. And yet she's clever, that's sure, for she knows all the points of difference between the Rugby and Association game, and I heard her talking golf with Claghart and telling Professor Radnor that dancing was a healthful amusement, and he was asking her, in the most idiotic way, if she'd teach him the two-step. Wasn't that rich! And old Gray said to a lot of fellows in the smoking-room that, "By Jove, she was the handsomest girl he'd seen in a quarter of a century, and that if she was an example of a college-bred girl he wished they'd *all* go to college."

Well, I must stop. I really believe, Grace, this is the longest letter I ever wrote, and I want you to put it to my credit—understand? and the next time I try to arrange a trip to Mount Vernon with certain people, you'll please be more amenable to reason—See?

I think I've told you everything except that I'm going to stop here for a few days—they're always asking me, you know, and I told Margaret last night that I'd accept this time. Eleanor looked as if she didn't half like it. Why not, do you suppose? But I can't tear myself away. I'm desperately in love with "La Belle Hélène," besides I'm awfully interested in watching the running between Claghart and Montrose. It will be a close finish, I think, with Claghart in the lead, Montrose a good second, and a full field not far behind. Excuse sporting instincts and language.

As ever, your aff. brother,

JERRY.

How's your throat? Better, I hope. Hers is lovely—"like a piece of marble column"—at least that's what Reggie confided to me at 3 J. M. this morning.

J. F.

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# WHO WON THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS?

## AN UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON

WITHIN the last few weeks the following original papers, which have for many years been stowed away safely in the keeping of the Southard family, came under the notice of the writer, and by permission were copied for publication. They have never been printed before, a really remarkable fact when their historical importance is taken into consideration, and only explained by the care and secrecy with which they have been guarded by the Southard family.

They relate to the memorable controversy between General Jackson and the Honorable Samuel L. Southard, Secretary of the Navy, and James Monroe, which was caused by some remarks made by Mr. Southard at the table of Mr. John S. Wellford, of Fredericksburg, Va., detrimental to the established claims of General Jackson to the sole honor of the victory at New Orleans. These remarks were called forth by Mr. Southard's asking Dr. J. H. Wallace, "Upon what grounds he supported the election of General Jackson to the Presidency;" and being answered, "On account of General Jackson's services during the late war."

E. LESLIE GILLIAMS.

*Jackson to Southard.*

HERMITAGE, Jany 5th, 1827.

SIR: Being informed through a friend that at the table of Mr. Jno S. Wellford of Fredericksburg Virginia, the following conversation took place between you and Doctor J. H. Wallace, to wit, you asked Doctor Wallace "upon what grounds he supported the election of General Jackson to the Presidency." With other reasons, the Doctor mentioned my services during the late war, to which you replied, "that Mr. Monroe and not General Jackson was entitled to the credit for the victory at New Orleans — that just before our troops were ordered to New Orleans General Jackson left the Army and was returning home when Mr. Monroe sent him a peremptory order to return to the defence of that place,—and that this, with other energetic measures of Mr. Monroe was the salvation of New Orleans." Colo. Gray of that place who was present asked where that order could be found remarking—"that it would be of importance." Mr. Southard said—he did not know, but he had been informed such order was issued and did exist.

I have thought it my duty, not less to my own character, than to the high and responsible situation which you occupy, to address you stating the facts precisely as they have been communicated to me—a charge of so serious a nature as that implied in your declarations, as stated, to Doctor Wallace, it cannot be expected of me to pass without some notice, especially as it seems to be adopted as true by an executive branch of our government — and as an act of justice you cannot be surprised when I demand of you the name of your informer, or the source through which you have felt yourself warranted in making this statement; which I am compelled from principles of truth, to pronounce false and unfounded, and that nothing during my military command ever happened like it—nor can it be said with truth, that I ever left my army, or ever slept one night beyond the limits of my camp, so long as I had one—or that I ever was on the sick report, or asked for leave of absence during the whole time I held a military command.

I have enclosed this letter to my friend Genl Houston, with the request that he present it to you, and enclose your reply—which I have no doubt, you will promptly make.

I have the honor to be very respectfully
yr mo, obdt, servt,
"ANDREW JACKSON.

The Honble
Saml Southard
Sec. of the Navy.

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*Southard to Jackson.*

SIR: Your unsealed letter of the 5th Jany was handed to me, in my Office, on the 3rd of this month, by Genl. Houston, with the remark, that he had received it as an enclosure from you, on the preceding day. Disposed to regard it *only* as an inquiry, dictated by the persuasion that you have been injured, and feeling that I have done you no intentional wrong, I cheerfully give such explanation as is in my power.

About the first of July last, I was at the private table of my friend John S. Wellford, in Fredericksburg, in company with five or six of his immediate neighbors, who, I believe had been invited to spend an hour or two with me after the cloth was removed. There was much conversation on a variety of subjects, occasionally political. That part of it was related to Mr. Monroe and yourself, was probably the foundation of the tale which has been borne to you. You will perceive, from the time and place, that it was in no aspect, official. I do not profess to have a very distinct recollection of every part of it—particularly of the language used—No effort was made to retain it in my memory because I was not aware of the presence of any one who would seize such a time & occasion to treasure it up for future use. I can rely on my memory however, for the substance of what was said.

I cannot recollect that I asked Dr. Wallace upon "what ground he supported the election of General Jackson to the Presidency"—The question would have been superfluous, as the Doctor's habit of talking upon that subject, has rendered the enquiry unnecessary, for any one who has fallen in with him, at least, since his visit to Washington during the Winter before last.

I am also satisfied that he did not then, or at any time, state "other reasons," besides "your services during the late war"—as I feel very sure, that he has never in my presence, given any other than one reason for his choice—The battle of New Orleans.

I have no hesitation in denying to you the statements of my remarks, as they are presented in your letter—and assuring you that I never charged you with neglect or desertion of your military duties—nor denied to you the merit & glory of fighting the battle of New Orleans. But as a conversation relating to that subject did occur, at the private table of Mr. Wellford, and as it may have been misunderstood, & has certainly been misrepresented, I think proper to give you my recollections of it—and feel the more confidence in my correctness because I then intended to express what I have frequently expressed elsewhere, & what I have always believed to be in conformity with the truth of history.

The conversation, was, on this point, commenced and principally sustained by others—In its progress, someone, probably Dr. Wallace, remarked that the battle of N. Orleans was proof that General Jackson was fit for any station. Some other answered, that fighting no one battle could be proof of fitness for high civil stations. The reply was, that it was not the fighting of the battle alone but also providing the materials & preparing the means for it—that this had been left to his unaided exertions—the War Department having neglected to make the preparations & left him without arms, means or money) I think I had not before this taken part in the conversation—but considering this view of the subject extremely unjust to Mr. Monroe, who had been Secretary of War at the time, to whom I have long expressed a strong personal attachment, and for whose virtues I feel reverence, as I did gratitude for his services to the Country—I thought it my duty to say in substance that my impression of what had occurred, at that period, was different—that I did not think Genl J. had been left in the manner represented — that all which could be done, had been done, after Mr. Monroe came into the Department—that his exertion and devotion to his duties at that time had nearly destroyed his life—that he early discovered or foresaw that N. Orleans would be attacked—& informed Genl. Jackson of it—and provided such troops and arms as he could to meet the emergency—that he learned that Genl J's health was bad, & he & the President were ex-

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tremely anxious, lest this cause should induce him to return to Tenessee, or he should remain so long in Florida, as to prevent him from reaching N. Orleans in time to prepare for its defence —that urgent and pressing letters were sent to hasten him to that point—and that I believed the means provided, the information given and the orders sent, enabled Genl. Jackson to fight the battle & to fight it successfully—that without Mr. Monroe's exertions it could not probably have been won, as it was won. But I did not deny to you the merit of fighting the battle well; or making every possible exertion to prepare for it —nor fail to give you the high praise which was your due. My. Object was to vindicat Mr. Monroe, and was not then, nor has it been, at any time, to depreciate your military exploits. They form a part of national glory, which I have no inclination to tarnish.

It is not improbable that Colo. Gray did ask where the letters or orders which I mentioned, were to be found—and that I did answer that I could not tell except it might be in the War Dept. but that I understood and had no doubt that they did exist.

You will not after this narrative, expect me to give the name of any informers—My information whether correct or otherwise was derived from the various sources, verbal written and printed from which my knowledge of the history of that day is drawn.

As you request, I shall enclose this letter to Genl. Houston that he may forward it.

I am Sir, respectfully &c.

SAML. L. SOUTHARD.

Genl. Jackson.

WASHINGTON, 9th Feby 1857

*Jackson to Southard.*

HERMITAGE, 6th of March, 1827.

SIR: I have rec'd your letter of the 9th ult. in answer to mine of the 5th of January under cover of your subsequent letter of the 16th of February.

On receipt of the written statement of Dr. Wallace, affirmed to be substantially true by Mr. Johnston, who was present, I addressed you, and from the high and dignified station which you then & still hold, I had a right to expect a frank and candid answer giving the source through which you derived information so positively expressed, & where the order issued by Mr. Monroe, that brought me to New Orleans was to be found.—This from one of the heads of the Department of our government was not too much to look for. I had not asked you for historical knowledge, or for your opinion of Doctor Wallace, or of Mr. Johnston *who is not a neighbor of Mr. Wellford* as advised, or of any other of the gentlemen who were present, believeing that all must have been gentlemen & men of truth who were associated with you at the party. I asked you for a frank answer, not an argumentative one which to my mind always carries with it the want of sincerity. As you are at the head of that chivalric corps, the Navy, to whose exploits the glory of our country is so indebted, I believed that you would have answered just as one of those high minded honorable men would on such an occasion, but I have been disappointed. You deny any intention, however, to injure me, whilst you profess to have no distinct recollection of the language used. Whether the *unofficial "aspect of the time and place"* shall excuse your memory, or weaken the statement of the Doctor, it is not my business to determine. I cannot suppose that you meant to intimate that the stamp, official or unofficial can affect the obligation of honorable men on all occasions to speak the truth and act justly, whether at wine drinkings or at the bureau of state—It is a matter of much regret to me that the variance between your statement & that of the gentlemen named, does not enable me to act understandingly on the subject; it was to avoid this situation that I requested Genl Houston to receive your statement, and thus save me the trouble of sending a copy to those gentlemen, which Justice now requires should be done. I feel sorry therefore that you could not deliver your communication unsealed to Genl Houston.

As my enquiry was dictated by the persuasion that my character was injured by the statemented presented

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through Dr. Wallace :—& its *only* object to expose those who willfully misrepresented it, especially should they be high in authority like yourself, I shall add a few remarks upon your historical knowledge, & your reply to the question you acknowledge to have been asked by Colo. Gray & your answer. Had your recollection not proved very bad as it relates to the history of the times & to myself "*verbal, written and printed,*" you would have known that I solicited the Govt. as early as June 1814, when I forwarded to it information of the assemblage of a British force at Pensacola, for a permission to drive them from that rendevous before their reinforcements could arrive, & to disperse the Indians whom they had organized here; & although the order requested was issued in July 1814, it never reached me till after the declaration of peace. From your "*verbal, written and printed*" information, you might also have ascertained, that I kept the Govt. advised of the preparations of the British in Pensacola to attack Fot. Boyer & thro that point to invade the country, & that I again entreated the Govt for orders to attack them—no answer from the Govt—and that fater the British did actually attack Fort Boyer and invade the country & were repulsed, I again made the same entreaty to my Govt.—but still it was silent. I then informed it of the meditated attack by Great Britain with all its combined force as early as the 27th of August, when I appealed to the patriotism of my old volunteers under the command of that brave officer Genl Coffee (having ordered before, all the troops authorized by the Govt.) and with this force called for on my own responsibility, marched to & expelled the British from Pensacola; by which movement I frustrated the original plan of invasion through Mobile, and by thus clearing my left flank of the enemy, was enabled to move to New Orleans, ordering on Genl Coffee's command to Baton Rouge. These were the men called, armed and equiped at my own responsibility that enabled me to save New Orleans. Tho my friendship has been as sincere for Mr. Monroe as yours or any other man's can be, I will ask in what history "*verbal, written or printed*" have you learned that he had any agency in all this, except writing to me on the 21st of Oct. not to march on Pensacola, that the Govt. was about to negotiate with Spain &c., &c—and I would ask you as a military man whether negotiation then with Spain would have prevented invasion on the part of Great Britain had I not driven her force from Pensacola & destroyed her Indian allies—but these facts were forgotten in your unofficial zeal and in your wine drinking. I cannot but marvel what connection there is between Mr. Monroe and the Presidential canvass in your mind that at this period you should seek to adorn him with plumage which I know he could not consent to wear. To proceed however with the historical facts—"*verbal, written and printed,*" so soon as I had cleared my left flank of the enemy, having ordered Genl Coffee across to Baton Rouge, *without the means provided, information given, or the orders sent,* of the Govt. I repaired to New Orleans reaching that place on the first day of Decebr, 1814. Now I hazard the assertion without the fear of contradiction, that you have ever seen, read, or been verbally informed by Mr. Monroe, or any other person of truth, that ever Mr. Monroe wrote, or sent me any order prior to the date of my arrival at New Orleans; and that from the 20th of Novbr, 1814, until the 18th of February 1815 I ever recd a single line from the Department of War; and as you are so conversant with history "*verbal, written & printed,*" I regret in your zeal for truth you did not read my answer to the letter of the 10th Decbr 1814 that moment recd. But further, on my arrival at Orleans I found the arsenal empty of all materials for vigorous and ample defence against such an overwhelming invading enemy, well armed and supplied for the attack—no arms and what was still worse, no flints for the few arms to put into the hands of the militia. What was to be done? Requisitions had been made in Septr 1814 & acknowledged, and the Agent at Pittsburgh had promised to have them forwarded. Still the Steam Boat arrived from Pittsburgh with no arms, no fixed ammunition, no flints, no ordnance

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or ordnance stores, & the report was that those supplies altho offered to be brought by the steam boat at 75 cts per Cwt was entrusted to a peddling merchant at 50 cents per Cwt, with the permission to sell or barter his goods on the way, all which, as you have read much, you might have seen on record in the war office where the trial of Mr. Maples before a court martial ought to be found. Thus situated, I was advised that the Barritorions had flints and some arms & were willing to surrender themselves and all their supplies on condition of promise of pardon on good conduct. I directed Mr. Livingston my voluntary aid to accept them, & give the Pledge. This was done and I obtained 7500 pistol flints which were put into the arms obtained for the militia and contributed much to the defense of the city. Now again I will ask what agency Mr. Monroe had in all this that it should be said his energetic orders raised the *means for the defence* of New Orleans. These means were procured by myself and my agents & enabled me to make the defence I did. I would be the last man in the Union to strip Mr. Monroe of the credit to which he is entitled & have no doubt he issued orders for the requisitions & for the supply of arms, but in a military point of view it is not only for the Superior to order but to see his orders executed. Besides, the Govt. did know, & was informed in the latter end of Septr. or first of Octr. 1814 that the Tennesseans and Kentuckians would march, but could not be armed — in consequence the 5000 stand was sent to Pittsburgh & might have been brought to me in due time in the steam boat, but for the pittance of 25 cents per Cwt were detained, and our country thereby Jeopardized, and would probably have been lost, had it not been for the providential supply obtained from the Barritorions.

I have therefore to request when on your electioneering tours, or at your wine drinkings hereafter, you will not fail to recollect these historical facts, which indeed you ought long since to have known from the *verbosities, writings and printings* of the times — and that you will not forget to state that I never abandoned the eagles of my country in the day of trial and danger; nor ever failed to take upon myself the responsibility of driving from our shores, or from those of a faithless neutral, our declared enemy when I found it necessary for the safety of my country; and altho I admire the zeal you display for your friend, yet it ought to be recollected that an honorable man will never do injustice to another in that zeal. I am sure Mr. Monroe from his love of truth (or I am much mistaken in him) would be the last man to say that he had given or written me an order to repair to Orleans of prior date to the time I reached the place. I always kept him advised of situations, intentions and movements, and mine of the 14th Novbr 1814 from Purees Block House & 20th of Novbr from Mobile, as is believed, must have reached him before the 10th of Decbr. was written, from the then expedition of the mail—mine being sent by express to the direct line of mail, which at that time travelled at the rate of 100 miles in 24 hours, & the distance to the city 1200 miles.

Having given you a *few* of the "*written, printed and verbal*" facts of the time alluded to, I close this correspondence, and am yr mo, obd't servt,

ANDREW JACKSON.

The Honble
Saml L. Southard
sec of the U. S. Navy.

The foregoing were followed by a letter from Samuel Houston and two exceedingly interesting letters to Honorable Samuel L. Southard from James Monroe, President of the United States.

*Houston to Southard.*

SIR: In reply to your note of yesterday, declining to return me an answer to General Jackson's letter to you of the 8th ultimo, *unsealed;* I have to say, that inasmuch, as his letter passed through my hands *open*, and his request was, *that the answer should be received unsealed; and for me to take and retain a copy of the same;* leave me but one course to pursue; I shall therefore, unhesitatingly, adopt the course of refusing to receive from you any *sealed*

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communication addressed to General Jackson. Very respectfully,

SAMUEL HOUSTON.

18th February, 1827.

Hon. Samuel L. Southard,
Secretary of the Navy
United States.

*Monroe to Southard.*

DEAR SIR: I have yours of the 11th, and most earnestly hope, that any publication at this time, may be avoided, which brings me in any shape before the public. In what relates to my conduct, in the Dep't of War, I shall take the proper time, to bring all the occurrences, in relation to every part of the Union, before the nation. . . . "General Jackson acquitted himself well, in combining his force, turning all the material at his command to the best acc't, and by his judgm't and gallantry in action, in the battle of the 8th, but yet all the force was sent to him, by w'h he gained the victory, and had not the gov't anticipated the invasion and pro vided for it, and sent the force down, on its own part, N. Orleans would have been lost. As to my conduct in the aff'r, my correspondence of record in the Dep't, will place that in a clear light. I fear nothing from the investigation. My advice to you is to observe the utmost calmness and moderation in your reply. I would myself state facts as they can be proved by documents. Allow him credit where due, and no more, but do it, as I know you will, in a candid and liberal spirit." . . . Was it our old friend, Dr. Wallace, whom you suspect to have communicated what passed at Mr. Wellford's, or some other person? I hardly think it possible that he sho'd have been the person.

Very sincerely your friend,

JAMES MONROE.

*Monroe to Southard.*

I have just received yours of the 27th, and hasten to answer it. I do not positively know, that Gen'l Jackson ever expressed, either at Lynchburg or elsewhere, any sentiment, which acknowledged my services, in preparing for the defence of N. Orleans. I never had any conversation with him on the subject, but I have always understood that he had expressed that sentiment. The first however, does not rest on his acknowledgement, but is proved by the documents of the Dep't of War, which are accessible to you, should a vindication of your conduct, in doing justice to my services become necessary. The troops for Tennessee and Kentucky were ordered out by me without communication with him. That is, the order to march, was peremptory, and it was by them principally, that the battle was gained. His service was important and the acknowledgement of it on your part, regarding the state in which you are and the issue depending, will render service to and not injure you or your friends. A defense only can be useful and proper, and that, in the mildest form and within that limit, is what I expect from you.*

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES MONROE.

* In the same collection are also a number of letters from John S. Wellford, John H. Wallace, Fayette Johnson, William F. Gray, Archibald Hart, William M. Blackford, and John Minor, being the gentlemen that with Hon. Samuel L. Southard composed the company that met at John S. Wellford's house, where the discussion occurred that caused the above controversy. These letters are written to Mr. Wellford in answer to communications from him requesting their statement of the conversation that took place, and their opinion as to the inference to be drawn from it.

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# THE COMPASS

(*Genus Irritabile Vatum*)

*By Edith M. Thomas*

Touch but with gentlest finger the crystal that circles the Mariner's Guide—
To the East and the West how it drifts, and trembles, and searches on every side!
But it comes to its rest, and its light lance poises only one self-same way
Since ever a ship spread her marvellous sea-wings, or plunged her swan-breast through the spray—
For North points the needle!

Ye look not alone for the sign of the lode-star; the lode-stone too lendeth cheer;
Yet one in the heavens is stablished forever, and one is compelled through the sphere.
What! and ye chide not the fluttering magnet that seemeth to fly its troth,
Yet even now is again recording its fealty's silent oath—
As North points the needle!

Praise ye bestow that, though mobile and frail as tremulous spheret of dew,
It obeys an imperial law that ye know not (yet know that it guideth most true);
So, are ye content with its fugitive guidance—ye, but the winds' and waves' sport!—
So, are ye content to sail by your compass, and come in fair hour to your port;
For North points the needle!

---

And now, will ye censure, because, of compulsion, the spirit that rules in this breast,
To show what a poet must show, was attempered, and touched with a careless unrest,
Swift to be moved with all human mutation, to traverse Passion's whole range?
Mood succeeds mood, and humor fleets humor, yet never heart's drift can they change,
For North points the needle!

Inconstant I were to that Sovereign Bidding (why or whence given unknown),
Failed I to tent the entire round of motive ere sinking back to my own:
The error be yours, if ye think my faith erring or deem my allegiance I fly;
I follow my law and fulfil it all duly—and look! when your doubt runneth high—
North points the needle!

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# A QUESTION IN ART

*By Robert W. Herrick*

I

JOHN CLAYTON had pretty nearly run the gamut of the fine arts. As a boy at college he had taken a dilettante interest in music, and having shown some power of sketching the summer girl he had determined to become an artist. His numerous friends had hoped such great things for him that he had been encouraged to spend the rest of his little patrimony in educating himself abroad. It took him nearly two years to find out what being an artist meant, and the next three in thinking what he wanted to do. In Paris and Munich and Rome, the wealth of the possible had dazzled him and confused his aims; he was so skilful and adaptable that in turn he had wooed almost all the arts, and had accomplished enough trivial things to raise very pretty expectations of his future powers. He had enjoyed an uncertain glory among the crowd of American amateurs. When his purse had become empty he returned to America to realize on his prospects.

On his arrival he had elaborately equipped a studio in Boston, but as he found the atmosphere "too provincial" he removed to New York. There he was much courted at a certain class of afternoon teas. He was in full bloom of the "might do," but he had his suspicions that a fatally limited term of years would translate the tense into "might have done." He argued, however, that he had not yet found the right *milieu;* he was fond of that word — conveniently comprehensive of all things that might stimulate his will. He doubted if America ever could furnish him a suitable *milieu* for the expression of his artistic instincts. But in the meantime necessity for effort was becoming more urgent; he could not live at afternoon teas.

Clayton was related widely to interesting and even influential people. One woman, a distant cousin, had taken upon herself his affairs.

"I will give you another chance," she said, in a business-like tone, after he had been languidly detailing his condition to her and indicating politely that he was coming to extremities. "Visit me this summer at Bar Harbor. You shall have the little lodge at the Point for a studio, and you can take your meals at the hotel near by. In that way you will be independent. Now, there are three ways, anyone of which will lead you out of your difficulties, and if you don't find one that suits you before October, I shall leave you to your fate."

The young man appeared interested.

"You can model something—that's your line, isn't it?"

Clayton nodded meekly. He had resolved to become a sculptor during his last six months in Italy.

"And so put you on your feet, professionally." Clayton sighed. "Or you can find some rich patron or patroness who will send you over for a couple of years more until your *chef d'œuvre* makes its appearance." Her pupil turned red, and began to murmur, but she kept on unperturbed. "Or, best of all, you can marry a girl with some money and then do what you like." At this Clayton rose abruptly.

"I haven't come to that," he growled.

"Don't be silly," she pursued. "You are really charming: good character; exquisite manners; pleasant habits; success with women. You needn't feel flattered, for this is your stock in trade. You are decidedly interesting, and lots of those girls who are brought there every year to get them in would be glad to make such an exchange. You know everybody, and you could give

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any girl a good standing in Boston or New York. Besides, there is your genius which may develop. That will be thrown in to boot; it may bear interest."

Clayton, who had begun by feeling how disagreeable his situation was when it exposed him to this kind of hauling over, ended by bursting into a cordial laugh at the frank materialism with which his cousin presented his case. "Well," he exclaimed, "it's no go to talk to you about the claims and ideals of art, Cousin Della, but I will accept your offer, if only for the sake of modelling a bust of 'the energetic matron (American).'"

"Of course, I don't make much of ideals in art and all that," replied his cousin, "but I will put this through for you, as Harry says. You must promise me only one thing: no flirting with Harriet and Mary. Henry has been foolish and lost money, as you know, and I cannot have another beggar on my hands!"

## II

By the end of July Clayton had found out two things definitely; he was standing in his little workshop, pulling at his mustache and looking sometimes at a half-completed sketch, and sometimes at the blue stretch of water below the cliff. The conclusions were that he certainly should not become interested in Harriet and Mary, and secondly, that Mount Desert made him paint rather than model.

"It's no place," he muttered, "except for color and for a poet. A man would have to shut himself up in a cellar to escape those glorious hills and the bay, if he wanted to work at that putty." He cast a contemptuous glance at a rough bust of his Cousin Della, the only thing he had attempted. As a solution of his hopeless problem he picked up a pipe and was hunting for some tobacco preparatory to a stroll up Newport, when someone sounded timidly at the show knocker of the front door.

"Is that you, Miss Marston?" Clayton remarked, in a disappointed tone, as a middle-aged woman entered.

"The servants were all away," she replied, "and Della thought you might like some lunch to recuperate you from your labors." This was said a little maliciously, as she looked about and found nothing noteworthy going on.

"I was just thinking of knocking off for this morning and taking a walk. Won't you come? It's such glorious weather and no fog," he added, parenthetically, as if in justification of his idleness.

"Why do you happen to ask me?" Miss Marston exclaimed, impetuously. "You have hitherto never paid any more attention to my existence than if I had been Jane, the woman who usually brings your lunch." She gasped at her own boldness. This was not coquettishness, and was evidently unusual.

"Why! I really wish you would come," said the young man, helplessly. "Then I'll have a chance to know you better."

"Well! I will." She seemed to have taken a desperate step. Miss Jane Marston, Della's sister-in-law, had always been the superfluous member of her family. Such unenviable tasks as amusing or teaching the younger children, sewing, or making up whist sets, had, as is usual with the odd members in a family, fallen to her share. All this Miss Marston hated in a slow, rebellious manner. From always having just too little money to live independently, she had been forced to accept invitations for long visits in uninteresting places. As a girl and a young woman, she had shown a delicate, retiring beauty that might have been made much of, and in spite of gray hair, thirty-five years, and a somewhat drawn look, arising from her discontent, one might discover sufficient traces of this fading beauty to idealize her. All this summer she had watched the wayward young artist with a keen interest in the fresh life he brought among her flat surroundings. His buoyancy cheered her habitual depression; his eagerness and love of life made her blood flow more quickly out of sympathy; and his intellectual alertness bewildered and fascinated her. She was still shy at thirty-five, and really very timid and

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apologetic for her commonplaceness; but at times the rebellious bitterness at the bottom of her heart would leap forth in a brusque or bold speech. She was still capable of affording surprise.

"Won't I spoil the inspiration?" she ventured, after a long silence.

"Bother the inspiration," groaned Clayton. "I wish I were a blacksmith, or a sailor, or something honest. I feel like a hypocrite. I have started out at a pace that I can't keep up!"

Miss Marston felt complimented by this apparent confidence. If she had had experience in that kind of nature, she would have understood how indifferent Clayton was to her personally. He would have made the same confession to the birds, if they had happened to produce the same irritation in his mind.

"They all say your work is so brilliant," she said, soothingly.

"Thunder!" he commented. "I wish they would not say anything kind and pleasant and cheap. At college they praised my verses, and all the theatres stole my music for the Pudding play, and the girls giggled over my sketches. And now, at twenty-six, I don't know whether I want to fiddle, or to write an epic, or to model, or to paint. I am a victim of every artistic impulse."

"I know what you should do," she said, wisely, when they had reached a shady spot and were cooling themselves.

"Smoke?" queried Clayton, quizzically.

"You ought to marry!"

"That's every woman's great solution, great panacea," he replied, contemptuously.

"It would steady you and make you work."

"No," he replied, thoughtfully, "not unless she were poor, and in that case it would be from the frying-pan into the fire!"

"You should work," she went on, more courageously. "And a wife would give you inspiration and sympathy."

"I have had too much of the last already," he sighed. "And it's better not to have it all of one sort. After a while a woman doesn't produce pleasant or profitable reactions in my soul. Yes, I know," he added, as he noticed her look of wonderment, "I am selfish and supremely egotistical. Every artist is; his only lookout, however, should be that his surroundings don't become stale. Or, if you prefer to put it more humanely, an artist isn't fit to marry; it's criminal for him to marry and break a woman's heart."

After this heroic confession he paused to smoke. "Besides, no woman whom I ever knew really understands art, and the ends which the artist is after. She has the temperament, a superficial appreciation and interest, but she hasn't the stimulus of insight. She's got the nerves, but not the head."

"But you just said that you had had too much sympathy and molly-coddling."

"Did I? Well, I was wrong. I need a lot, and I don't care how idiotic. It makes me courageous to have even a child approve. I suppose that shows how closely we human animals are linked together. We have got to have the consent of the world, or at any rate a small part of it, to believe ourselves sane. So I need the chorus of patrons, admiring friends, kind women, etc., while I play the Protagonist, to tell me that I am all right, to go ahead. Do you suppose any one woman would be enough? What a great posture for an arm!" His sudden exclamation was called out by the attitude that Miss Marston had unconsciously assumed in the eagerness of her interest. She had thrown her hand over a ledge above them, and was leaning lightly upon it. The loose muslin sleeve had fallen back, revealing a pretty, delicately rounded arm not to be suspected from her slight figure. Clayton quickly squirmed a little nearer, and touching the arm with an artist's instinct, brought out still more the fresh white flesh and the delicate veining.

"Don't move. That would be superb in marble!" Miss Marston blushed painfully. "How strange you are," she murmured, as she rose. "You just said that you had given up modelling, or I would let you model my arm

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in order to give you something to do. You should try to stick to something."

"Don't be trite," laughed Clayton, "and don't make me consistent. You will keep yourself breathless if you try that!"

"I know what you need," she said, persistently unmindful of his admonition. "You need the spur. It doesn't make so much difference *what* you do—you're clever enough."

"'Truth from the mouths of babes ____.'"

"I am not a babe." She replied to his mocking, literally. "Even if I am stupid and commonplace, I may have intuitions like other women."

"Which lead you to think that it's all chance whether Raphael paints or plays on the piano. Well, I don't know that you are so absurd. That's my theory: an artist is a fund of concentrated, undistributed energy that has any number of possible outlets, but selects one. Most of us are artists, but we take so many outlets that the hogshead becomes empty by leaking. Which shall it be? Shall we toss up a penny?"

"Painting," said Miss Marston, decisively. "You must stick to that."

"How did you arrive at that conclusion—have you observed my work?"

"No! I'll let you know some time, but now you must go to work. Come!" She rose as if to go down to the lodge that instant. Clayton, without feeling the absurdity of the comedy, rose docilely and followed her down the path for some distance. He seemed completely dominated by the sudden enthusiasm and will that chance had flung him.

"There's no such blessed hurry," he remarked at last, when the first excitement had evanesced. "The light will be too bad for work by the time we reach Bar Harbor. Let's rest here in this dark nook, and talk it all over."

Clayton was always abnormally eager to talk over anything. Much of his artistic energy had trickled away in elusive snatches of talk. "Come," he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "I have it. I will begin a great work—a modern Magdalen or something of that sort. We can use you in just that posture, kneeling before a rock with outstretched hands, and head turned away. We will make everything of the hands and arms!"

Miss Marston blushed her slow, unaccustomed blush. At first sight it pleased her to think that she had become so much a part of this interesting young man's plans, but in a moment she laughed calmly at the frank desire he expressed to leave out her face, and the characteristic indifference he had shown in suggesting negligently such a subject.

"All right. I am willing to be of any service. But you will have to make use of the early hours. I teach the children at nine."

"Splendid!" he replied, as the vista of a new era of righteousness dawned upon him. "We shall have the fresh morning light, and the cool and the beauty of the day. And I shall have plenty of time to loaf, too."

"No, you mustn't loaf. You will find me a hard task-mistress!"

## III

True to her word, Miss Marston rapped at the door of the studio promptly at six the next morning. She smiled fearfully, and finding no response, tried stones at the windows above. She kept saying to herself, to keep up her courage: "He won't think about me, and I am too old to care, anyway." Soon a head appeared, and Clayton called out, in a sleepy voice:

"I dreamt it was all a joke; but wait a bit, and we will talk it over."

Miss Marston entered the untidy studio, where the *débris* of a month's fruitless efforts strewed the floor. Bits of clay and carving-tools, canvases hurled face downward in disgust and covered with paint-rags, lay scattered about. She tiptoed around, carefully raising her skirt, and examined everything. Finally, discovering an alcohol-lamp and a coffee-pot she prepared some coffee, and when Clayton appeared—a somewhat dishevelled god—he found her hunting for biscuit.

"You can't make an artist of me at six in the morning," he growled.

In sudden inspiration, Miss Marston



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threw open the upper half of the door and admitted a straight pathway of warm sun that led across the water just rippling at their feet. The hills behind the steep shore were dark with a mysterious green and fresh with a heavy dew, and from the nooks in the woods around them thrush was answering thrush. Miss Marston gave a sigh of content. The warm, strong sunlight strengthened her and filled her wan cheeks, as the sudden interest in the artist's life seemed to have awakened once more the vigor of her feelings. She clasped her thin hands and accepted both blessings. Clayton also revived. At first he leant listlessly against the door-post, but as minute by minute he drank in the air and the beauty and the hope, his weary frame dilated with incoming sensations. "God, what beauty!" he murmured, and he accepted unquestioningly the interference in his life brought by this woman just as he accepted the gift of sunshine and desire.

"Come to work," said Miss Marston, at last.

"That's no go," he replied, "that subject we selected."

"I dare say you won't do much with it, but it will do as well as any other for experiment and practice."

"I see that you want those arms preserved."

The little woman shrank into her shell for a moment: her lazy artist could scatter insults as negligently as epigrams. Then she blazed out.

"Mr. Clayton, I didn't come here to be insulted."

Clayton, utterly surprised, opened his sleepy eyes in real alarm.

"Bless you, my dear Miss Marston, I can't insult anybody. I never mean anything."

"Perhaps that's the trouble," replied Miss Marston, somewhat mollified. But the sitting was hardly a success. Clayton wasted almost all his time in improvising an easel and in preparing his brushes. Miss Marston had to leave him just as he was ready to throw himself into his work. He was discontented, and instead of improving the good light and the long day, he took a pipe and went away into the hills. The next morning he felt curiously ashamed when Miss Marston, after examining the rough sketch on the easel, said:

"Is that all?"

And this day he painted, but in a fit of gloomy disgust destroyed everything. So it went on for a few weeks. Miss Marston was more regular than an alarm-clock; sometimes she brought some work, but oftener she sat vacantly watching the growing picture. Her only standard of accomplishment was quantity. One day, when Clayton had industriously employed a rainy afternoon in putting in the drapery for the figure, she was so much pleased by the quantity of the work accomplished that she praised him gleefully. Clayton, who was as usual in an ugly mood, cast an utterly contemptuous look at her and then turned to his easel.

"You mustn't look at me like that," the woman said, almost frightened.

"Then don't jabber about my pictures."

Her lips quivered, but she was silent. She began to realize her position of galley-slave, and welcomed with a dull joy the contempt and insults to come.

One morning Clayton was not to be found. He did not appear during that week, and at last Miss Marston determined to find him. She made an excuse for a journey to Boston, and divining where Clayton could be found, she sent him word at a certain favorite club that she wanted to see him. He called at her modest hotel, dejected, listless, and somewhat shame-faced; he found Miss Marston calm and commonplace as usual. But it was the calm of a desperate resolve won after painful hours, that he little recognized. Her instinct to attach herself to this strange, unaccountable creature, to make him effective to himself, had triumphed over her prejudices. She humbled herself joyfully, recognizing a mission.

"Della said that I might presume on your escort home," she remarked, dryly, trembling for fear that she had exposed herself to some contemptuous retort. One great attraction, however, in Clayton was that he never expected the conventional. It did not occur to him as particularly absurd that this woman, ten years his senior, should hunt him

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up in this fashion. He took such eccentricities as a matter of course, and whatever the circumstances or the conversation, found it all natural and reasonable. Women did not fear him, but talked indiscreetly to him about all things.

"What's the use of keeping up this ridiculous farce about my work," he said, sadly. Then he sought for a conventional phrase. "Your unexpected interest and enthusiasm in my poor attempts have been most kind, my dear Miss Marston. But you must allow me to go to the dogs in my own fashion; that's the inalienable right of every emancipated soul in these days." The politeness and mockery of this little epigram stung the woman.

"Don't be brutal as well as good-for-nothing," she said, bitterly. "You're as low as if you took to drink or any other vice, and you know it. I can't appreciate your fine ideas, perhaps, but I know you ought to do something more than talk. You're terribly ambitious, but you're too weak to do anything but talk. I don't care what you think about my interference. I can make you work, and I will make you do something. You know you need the whip, and if none of your pleasant friends will give it to you, I can. Come!" she added, pleadingly.

"Jove!" exclaimed the young man, slowly, "I believe you're an awful trump. I will go back."

On their return they scarcely spoke. Miss Marston divined that her companion felt ashamed and awkward, and that his momentary enthusiasm had evaporated under the influence of a long railroad ride. While they were waiting for the steamer at the Mount Desert ferry, she said, as negligently as she could, "I have telegraphed for a carriage, but you had better walk up by yourself."

He nodded assent. "So you will supply the will for the machine, if I will grind out the ideas. But it will never succeed," he added, gloomily. "Of course I am greatly obliged and all that, and I will stick to it until October for the sake of your interest." In answer she smiled with an air of proprietorship.

One effect of this spree upon Clayton was that he took to landscape during the hours that he had formerly loafed. He found some quiet bits of dell with water, and planted his easel regularly every day. Sometimes he sat dreaming or reading, but he felt an unaccustomed responsibility if, when his mentor appeared with the children late in the afternoon, he hadn't something to show for his day. She never attempted to criticise except as to the amount performed, and she soon learned enough not to measure this by the area of canvas. Although Clayton had abandoned the Magdalen in utter disgust, Miss Marston persisted in the early morning sittings. She made herself useful in preparing his coffee and in getting his canvas ready. They rarely talked. Sometimes Clayton, in a spirit of deviltry, would tease his mentor about their peculiar relationship, about herself, or, worse than all, would run himself and say very true things about his own imperfections. Then, on detecting the tears that would rise in the tired, faded eyes of the woman he tortured, he would throw himself into his work.

So the summer wore away and the brilliant September came. The unsanctified crowds flitted to the mountains or the town, and the island and sea resumed the air of free-hearted peace which was theirs by right. Clayton worked still more out of doors on marines, attempting to grasp the perplexing brilliancy that flooded everything.

"It's no use," he said, sadly, as he packed up his kit one evening in the last of September. "I really don't know the first thing about color. I couldn't exhibit a single thing I have done this entire summer."

"What's the real matter?" asked Miss Marston, with a desperate calm.

"Why, I have fooled about so much that I have lost a lot I learnt over there in Paris."

"Why don't you get—get a teacher?"

Clayton laughed ironically. "I am pretty old to start in, especially as I have just fifty dollars to my name, and a whole winter before me."

They returned silently. The next morning Miss Marston appeared at the usual hour and made the coffee. After

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Clayton had finished his meagre meal, she sat down shyly and looked at him.

"You've never interested yourself much in my plans, but I am going to tell you some of them. I'm sick of living about like a neglected cat, and I am going to New York to—to keep boarders." Her face grew very red. "They will make a fuss, but I am ready to break with them all."

"So you, too, find dependence a burden?" commented Clayton, indifferently.

"You haven't taken much pains to know me," she replied. "And if I were a man," she went on, with great scorn, "I would die before I would be dependent!"

"Talking about insults—but an artist isn't a man," remarked Clayton, philosophically smoking his pipe.

"I hate you when you're like that," Miss Marston remarked, with intense bitterness.

"Then you must hate me pretty often! But continue with your plans. Don't let our little differences in temperament disturb us."

"Well," she continued, "I have written to some friends who spend the winters in New York, and out of them I think I shall find enough boarders—enough to keep me from starving. And the house has a large upper story with a north light." She stopped and peeped at him furtively.

"Oh," said Clayton, coolly, "and you're thinking that I would make a good tenant."

"Exactly," assented Miss Marston, uncomfortably.

"And who will put up the tin: for you don't suppose that I am low enough to live off you?"

"No," replied the woman, quietly. "I shouldn't allow that, though I was not quite sure you would be unwilling. But you can borrow two or three hundred dollars from your brother, and by the time that's gone you ought to be earning something. You could join a class; the house isn't far from those studios."

Clayton impulsively seized her arms and looked into her face. She was startled and almost frightened.

"I believe," he began, but the words faded away.

"No, don't say it. You believe that I am in love with you, and do this to keep you near me. Don't be quite such a brute, for you *are* a brute, a grasping, egotistical, intolerant brute." She smiled slightly. "But don't think that I am such a fool as not to know how impossible *that* is."

Clayton still held her in astonishment. "I think I was going to say that I was in love with you."

"Oh, no," she laughed, sadly. "I am coffee and milk and bread and butter, the 'stuff that dreams are made on.' You want some noble young woman—a goddess, to make you over, to make you human. I only save you from the poor-house."

## IV

There followed a bitter two years for this strange couple. Clayton borrowed a thousand dollars—a more convenient number to remember, he said, than three hundred dollars—and induced a prominent artist "who happens to know something," to take him into his crowded classes for a year. He began with true grit to learn again what he had forgotten, and some things that he had never known. At the end of the year he felt that he could go alone, and the artist agreed, adding, nonchalantly: "You may get there, God knows, but you need loads of work."

Domestically, the life was monotonous. Clayton had abandoned his old habits, finding it difficult to harmonize his present existence with his clubs and his fashionable friends. Besides he hoarded every cent, and with Miss Marston's aid wrung the utmost of existence out of the few dollars he had left. Miss Marston's modest house was patronized by elderly single ladies. It was situated on one of those uninteresting East Side streets where you can walk a mile without remembering an individual stone. The table, in food and conversation, was uninteresting. In fact, Clayton could not dream of a more inferior *milieu* for the birth of the great artist.

Miss Marston had fitted herself to suit his needs, and in submitting herself to this difficult position felt that

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she was repaying a loan of a new life. He was so curious, so free, so unusual, so fond of ideas, so entertaining even in his grim moods, that he made her stupid life over. She could enjoy vicariously by feeling his intense interest in all living things. In return she learnt the exact time to bring him an attractive lunch, and just where to place it so that it would catch his eye without calling out a scowl of impatience. She made herself at home in his premises, so that all friction was removed from the young artist's life. He made no acknowledgment of her devotion, but he worked grimly, doggedly, with a steadiness that he had never before known. Once, early in the first winter, having to return to Boston on some slight business, he permitted himself to be entrapped by old friends and lazed away a fortnight. On his return Miss Marston noticed with a pang that this outing had done him good; that he seemed to have more spirit, more vivaciousness, more ideas, and more zest for his work. So, in a methodical fashion she thought out harmless dissipations for him. She induced him to take her to the opera, even allowing him to think that it was done from pure charity to her. Sunday walks in the picturesque nooks of New York—they both shunned the Fifth Avenue promenade for different reasons — church music, interesting novels, all the "fuel," as Clayton remarked, that she could find she piled into his furnace. She made herself acquainted with the peculiar literature that seemed to stimulate his imagination, and sometimes she read him asleep in the evenings to save his overworked eyes. Her devotion he took serenely, as a rule. During the second winter, however, after a slight illness brought on by over-application, he seemed to have a thought upon his mind that troubled him. One day he impatiently threw down his palette and put his hands upon her shoulders.

"Little woman, why do you persist in using up your life on me?"

"I am gambling," she replied, evasively.

"What do you expect to get if you win?"

"A few contemptuous thanks; perhaps free tickets when you exhibit, or a line in your biography. But seriously, Jack, don't you know women well enough to understand how they enjoy drudging for someone who is powerful?"

"But even if I have any ability, which you can't tell, how do you enjoy it? You can't appreciate a picture."

She smiled. "Don't bother yourself about me. I get my fun, as you say, because you make me feel things I shouldn't otherwise. I suppose that's the only pay you artists ever give those who slave for you."

Such talks were rare. They experienced that physical and mental unity in duality which comes to people who live and think and work together for a common aim. They had not separated a day since that first visit to Boston. The summer had been spent at a cheap boarding-house on Cape Ann, in order that Clayton might sketch in company with the artist who had been teaching him. Neither thought of conventionality; it was too late for that.

As the second year came to an end, the pressure of poverty began to be felt. Clayton refused to make any efforts to sell his pictures. He eked out his capital and went on. The end of his thousand came; he took to feeding himself in his rooms. He sold his clothes, his watch, his books, and at last the truck he had accumulated abroad. "More fuel for the fire," he said, bitterly.

"I will lend you something," remarked Miss Marston.

"No, thanks," he said, shortly, and then added, with characteristic brutality, "my body is worth a hundred. Stevens will give that for it, which would cover the room-rent. And my brother will have to whistle for his cash or take it out in paint and canvas."

She said nothing, for she had a scheme in reserve. She was content meantime to see him pinched; it brought out the firmer qualities in the man. Her own resources, moreover, were small, for the character of her boarders had fallen. Unpleasant rumors had deprived her of the unexceptionable set of middle-aged ladies with

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whom she had started, but she had persued her course unaltered. The reproach of her relatives, who considered her disgraced, had been a sweet solace to her pride.

The rough struggle had told on them both. He had forgotten his delicate habits, his nicety of dress. A cheap suit once in six months was all that he could afford. His mind had become stolidly fixed, so that he did not notice the gradual change. It was a grim fight! The elements were relentless; day by day the pounding was harder and the end of his resistance seemed nearer. Although he was deeply discontented with his work, he did not dare to think of ultimate failure, for it unnerved him for several days. Miss Marston's quiet assumption, however, that it was only a question of months, irritated him.

"God must have put the idea into your head that I am a genius," he would mutter fiercely at her. "I never did, nor work of mine. You don't know good from bad, anyway, and we may both be crazy." He buried his face in his hands, overcome by the awfulness of failure. She put her arms about his head.

"Well, we can stand it a little longer, and then——"

"And then?" he asked, grimly.

"Then," she looked at him significantly. They both understood. "Lieber Gott," he murmured, "thou hast a soul." And he kissed her gently, as in momentary love. She did not resist, but both were indifferent to passion, so much their end absorbed them.

At last she insisted upon trying to sell some marines at the art stores. She brought him back twenty-five dollars, and he did not suspect that she was the patron. He looked at the money wistfully.

"I thought we should have a spree on the first money I earned. But it's all fuel now."

Her eyes filled with tears at this sign of humanity. "Next time, perhaps."

"So you think that's the beginning of a fortune. I have failed—failed if you get ten thousand dollars for every canvas in this shop. You will never know why. Perhaps I don't myself."

And then he went to work. Some weeks later he came to her again. This time she tried to enlist the sympathy of the one successful artist Clayton knew, and through his influence she succeeded in selling a number of pictures and placed others upon sale. She was so happy, so sure that the prophetic instinct in her soul was justified, that she told Clayton of her previous fraud. He listened carefully; his face twitched, as if his mind were adjusting itself to new things. First he took twenty-five dollars from the money she had just brought him and handed it to her. Then putting his arms about her, he looked inquisitively down into her face, only a bit more tenderly than he squinted at his canvases.

"Jane!" She allowed him to kiss her once or twice, and then she pushed him away, making a pathetic bow.

"Thanks for your sense of gratitude. You're becoming more civilized. Only I wish it had been something more than money you had been thankful for. Is money the only sacrifice you understand?"

"You can take your dues in taunts if you like. I never pretended to be anything but a huge and possibly productive polypus. I am honest enough anyway not to fool with lover's wash. You ought to know how I feel toward you—you're the best woman I ever knew."

"Kindest to you, you mean? No, Jack," she continued, tenderly, "you can have me body and soul. I am yours fast enough now, what there is left of me. I have given you my reputation, and that sort of thing long ago—no, you needn't protest. I know you despise people who talk like that, and I don't reproach you. But don't deceive yourself. You feel a little moved just now. If I had any charms, like a pretty model, you might acquire some kind of attachment to me, but love—you never dreamed of it. And," she continued after a moment, "I begin to think, after watching you these two years, never will. So I am safe in saying that I am yours to do what you will with. I am fuel. Only, oh, Jack, if you break my heart, your last fuel will be gone. You can't do without me!"

It seemed very absurd to talk about

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breaking hearts—a tired, silent man ; a woman unlovely from sordid surroundings, from age, and from care. Clayton pulled back the heavy curtain to admit the morning light, for they had talked for hours before coming to the money question. The terrible, passionate glare of a summer sun in the city burst in from the neighboring housetops.

"Why don't you curse *Him?*" muttered Clayton.

"Why?"

"Because He gave you a heart to love, and made you lonely, and then wasted your love!"

"Jack, the worst hasn't come. It's not all wasted."

## V

Clayton gradually became conscious of a new feeling about his work. He was master of his tools, for one thing, and he derived exquisite pleasure from the exercise of execution. The surety of his touch, the knowledge of the exact color, tone, and effect he was after, made his working hours an absorbing pleasure rather than an exasperating penance. And through his secluded life, with its singleness of purpose, its absence of the social ambitions of his youth, and the complexity of life in the world, the restlessness and agitation of his earlier devotion to his art disappeared. He was content to forget the expression of himself — that youthful longing—in contemplating and enjoying the created matter. In other words, the art of creation was attended with less friction. He worked unconsciously, and he did not, hen-like, call the attention of the entire barnyard to each new-laid egg. He felt also that human, comfortable weariness after labor when self sinks out of sight in the universal wants of mankind — food and sleep. Perhaps the fact that he could now earn enough to relieve him from actual want, that to some extent he had wrestled with the world and wrung from it the conditions of subsistence, relieved the strain under which he had been laboring. He sold his pictures rarely, however, and only when absolutely compelled to get money. Miss Marston could not comprehend his feeling about the inadequacy of his work, and he gave up attempting to make her understand where he failed.

The bond between them had become closer. This one woman filled many human relationships for him—mother, sister, friend, lover, and wife in one. The boarding-house had come to be an affair of transients and young clerks, so that all her time that could be spared from the drudgery of housekeeping was spent in the studio. Slowly he became amenable to her ever-present devotion, and even in his way thoughtful for her. And she was almost happy.

The end came in this way. One day Clayton was discovered on the street by an intimate college friend. They had run upon each other abruptly, and Clayton, finding that escape was decently impossible, submitted without much urging to be taken to one of his old clubs for a quiet lunch. As a result he did not return that night, but sent a note to Miss Marston saying that he had gone to Lenox with a college chum. That note chilled her heart. She felt that this was the beginning of the end, and the following week she spent in loneliness in the little studio, sleeping upon the neglected lounge. And yet she divined that the movement and stimulus of this vacation was what Clayton needed most. She feared he was becoming stale, and she knew that in a week, or a fortnight, or perhaps a month, he would return and plunge again into his work.

He came back. He hardly spoke to her; he seemed absorbed in the conception of a new work. And when she brought him his usual luncheon she found the door locked, the first time in many months. She sat down on the stairs and waited—how long she did not know — waited staring down the dreary hall and at the faded carpet and at herself, faded to suit the surroundings. At length she knocked, and Clayton came only to take her lunch, and say absently that he was much absorbed by a new picture and should not be disturbed. Would she bring his meals? He seemed to refuse tacitly an entrance to the studio. So a week passed, and

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then one day Clayton disappeared again, saying that he was going into the country for another rest. He went out as he had come in, absorbed in some dream or plan of great work. Pride kept her from entering his rooms during that week.

One day, however, he came back as before and plunged again into his work. This time she found the door ajar and entered noiselessly, as she had learned to move. He was hard at work; she admired the minute, sure strokes, the accuracy and nicety of his movements that seemed premeditated, the ease with which the picture before him was growing. Surely he had a man's power, now, to execute what his spirit conceived! And the mechanical effort gave him great pleasure. His complete absorption indicated the most intense though unconscious pleasure.

The picture stunned her. She knew that she was totally ignorant of art, but she knew that the picture before her was the greatest thing Clayton had accomplished. It seemed to breathe power. And she saw without surprise that the subject was a young woman. Clayton's form hid the face, but she could see the outline of a woman beside a dory, on a beach, in the early morning. So it had come.

When she was very close to Clayton, he felt her presence, and they both stood still looking at the picture. It was almost finished—all was planned. Miss Marston saw only the woman. She was youthful, just between girlhood and womanhood—unconscious, strong, and active as the first; with the troubled mystery of the second. The artist had divined an exquisite moment in life, and into the immature figure, the face of perfect repose, the supple limbs, he had thrown the tender mystery that met the morning light. It was the new birth—that ancient, solemn, joyous beginning of things in woman and in day.

Clayton approached his picture as if lovingly to hide it. "Isn't it immense?" he murmured. "It's come at last. I don't daub any more, but I can see, I can create! God, it's worth the hell I have been through——"

He paused, for he felt that his companion had left him.

"Jane," he said, curiously examining her face. "Jane, what's the matter?"

"Don't you know?" she replied, looking steadily at him. He looked first at her and then at the picture, and then back again. Suddenly the facts in the case seemed to get hold of him. "Jane," he cried, impetuously, "it's all yours—you gave me the power, and made me human, too—or a little more so than I was. But I am killing you by living in this fashion. Why don't you end it?"

She smiled feebly at his earnestness. "There is only one end," she whispered, and pointed to his picture. Clayton comprehended, and seizing a paint-rag would have ruined it, but the woman caught his hand.

"Don't let us be melodramatic. Would you ruin what we have been living for all these years? Don't be silly—you would always regret it."

"It's your life against a little fame."

"No, against your life." They stood nervelessly eying the picture.

"Oh, Jack, Jack," she cried, "why did God make men like you? You take it all, everything that life gives, sunshine and love and hope and opportunity. Your roots seem to suck out what you want from the whole earth, and you leave the soil exhausted. My time has gone; I know it, I know it, and I knew it would go. Now some other life will be sacrificed. For you'll break her heart, whether she's alive now or your dreaming of someone to come. You'll treat her as you have everything. It isn't any fault—you don't understand." The words ended with a moan. Clayton sat doggedly looking at his picture, but his heart refused to be sad.

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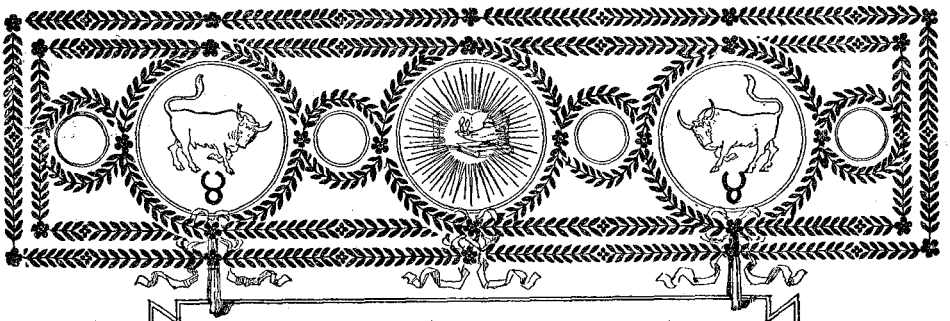

# THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE is stimulation at times in the reflection that, after all, the whole wide world is no great space ; that all the people in it are no more than a community, and that of none among them need a man stand much in awe. You seem, under this reducing view, to have got everything at last easily within your own grasp. You are exalted and emboldened as by wine. Fancy, starting up, raps you out of house and home and off on the longest, hardest journeys, without regard to cost or consequence ; and to your more particular satisfaction, frames for you a new and triumphant encounter with the man or circumstance that last put you out of countenance. For that you have been put out of countenance, and quite lately, is to be inferred from the very fact of your present meditations.

Just there, indeed, is the flaw in this fine masterful attitude toward the world : you rarely command it when you most need it. Like an unfaithful servant, it comes stealing in, submissive to your want, after the want is passed, but while the stress of it is still fresh and vexing in your memory. Practise the thing as faithfully as you will in the privacy of your lodging, you forget it entirely when you are again face to face with the world and closing with it for a renewal of the old tussle. If without having to think to do so, you could only keep the world then, in your regard, down to manageable dimensions, your prosperity would be assured. The only competitor you would need at all to fear would be the man so centred in his own individual purpose that for him the world at large did not exist even to the measure of a globule : a much rarer man, by the way, than one is apt to suppose.

For the sons of fighters, born ourselves to a life of strife, we are a singularly timid race. Ninety-nine men out of every hundred stand in the world more or less abashed. They know that one man's right to be here is no better than another's, and that any man has here but what he can get. Yet this knowledge has emboldened them to a singularly small degree. Overlooking the ordinary course of life, we remark the special manifestations of audacity and boldness, and are apt from these to conclude that boldness and audacity are special marks of the race. But they are not. Even the eminent masters of circumstance, the men of rare conquests, have proceeded ordinarily with the utmost caution, equipping themselves against their fellows much as if they were faring forth to hunt lions. And in the end, as even in lion-hunting, the prosperity and glory of the hunter have lain half in the fearfulness of the game. If he had not found other men timid and submissive, exaggerating the power of his arm, his own courage would not have lasted to the triumph.

The ordinary successful man is one who has managed to work up a little courage at a single point, in a single narrow province. So long as he has to do with brethren whose respective courages attach to other points, to other narrow provinces, he quite lords it. Thus one pale-faced little tailor can make nineteen out of every twenty of the strappingest fellows consent that they are admirably fitted in clothes that they know perfectly well both



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wrinkle and hump up. But set the sovereign tailor down in a court-room, and a less aggressive man than he could not be found.

Through want of strength to front each other squarely we are sometimes led to grace our manners with amiability and consideration; and these, to be sure, are virtues in their way. But by the same want we have been led also into no end of cunning and dishonesty. Now, certainly, it were better to stiffen a little in neck and body than not stand stout on the legs. When a man's organism weakens to a point where you can scarcely distinguish between his bow and his wabble, it is high time for him to "brace up."

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I WONDER if persons who can write Scotch are sufficiently aware of the great literary advantage they have over writers who are not born to that ability. It is no credit to them that they can do it. It is a gift of nature dropt in their lap. I never heard of anyone who learned by artificial means to write Scotch. Scotch writers do it, and no one else. It has long been obvious that the proportion of good writers to the whole Scotch population was exceedingly large; but I do not remember that it has ever been pointed out how much easier it is for a Scotchman to be a good writer than another because of his innate command of the Scotch tongue.

There are such delightful words in that language; words that sing on the printed page wherever their employer happens to drop them in; words that rustle; words that skirl, and words that clash and thump. It is their gain, I believe, that not many of us who know the sounds of them have an accurate notion of their meanings. Do you know what a brae is? After thirty years of familiarity with that word, I am still a little dubious about it, and cannot be sure whether the idea it conveys contains underbrush or is open field, and if the latter, whether there is an implication of heather. Perhaps sheep graze on braes. I could not be sure, and if a well-informed person insisted that Scotch nosegays had braes in them I could not contradict him with much confidence. But for all that

*Ye banks and braes of Bonny Doon*

conveys an image as delightful to my mind's eye as to the actual ear, and what uncertainty there may be about the dimensions and ingredients of the braes in it merely operates to give the imagination greater scope. I can aver that at least one habitual reader of English finds his attention curiously and agreeably quickened by Scotch words and idioms that are familiar enough not to be troublesome, and unfamiliar enough to give the ear a gentle fillip. A brook sparkles brighter for the moment for being a burn; "gone gyte" makes a prompter conveyance of its significance than "gone crazy;" brogues and lugs and bairns fit better into many sentences than shoes, and ears, and children. "A wheen blethers" fills the mouth like a spoonful of oatmeal; "twine" is a better word than "separate;" "will can" beats "will be able," and the verb to ken in all its uses is fit to stir the envy of the English writer. A French word dragged into English writing is an offence which is only tolerable when a master-hand commits it and the excuse is adequate, but the Scotch words of Scotchmen vary the tongue that harbors them only to enrich it, and stand among their English cousins with all the confiding assurance of blood relations.

It is to be hoped that the Scotch writers, and especially the story-tellers, appreciate with due humility the advantage they enjoy in having unrestricted use of as much English as they can handle, and in addition a monopoly of their own blessed brogue. There is scant justice in the dispensation that secures them their special privilege. They do not need it, for many of them write just as good English as even the Americans do, and are perfectly at home in that language. There is no true propriety in granting them special rights to write Scotch and English with the same pen on the same page; but on grounds of expediency, and because the mixture makes good reading, they have been suffered to do so. I am not one of those who would abridge their privilege, for I like its results; but I do think that in consideration

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of their advantages Scotch writers should be humble, should make allowances for other scribes, and in all literary competitions should be handicapped down to an equality with the writers in whose field they compete.

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IT is hardly in these pages that one need call attention to the various interest of the point of view, but perhaps some of us do not suspect the importance of it in matters with which lovers of reading are not too familiar. I ran across an instance of it lately that impressed me strongly. It was in a little *brochure* with a forbiddingly long title, written in very intelligible, but by no means elegant, French, by M. Julien Weiler: "Ingénieur du matériel des charbonnages de Mariemont et de Bascoup," Belgium. This title, I suppose, may fairly be rendered as "Engineer in charge of the Plant" of the coal mines named. M. Weiler is that rarest of men, a practical philosopher. He has set himself to work to get on peaceably with the employees of the mines, and the first obstacle he met was the difficulty of making them understand his language. For example, when he announced to them that they would have "every interest" in adopting a certain course, he found that they took that as an argument against it. It seems that in their dialect, to have an interest, "avoir de l'intérêt," meant to incur a loss. Again, having told them of his intention to make changes in the buildings by which they would be sheltered from the weather, "à l'abri du temps," he discovered to his dismay that they interpreted that phrase to mean that they would be exposed to the weather. And when he tried to explain that their opposition was due to "ignorance" of his real purpose, he learned that he had used a most offensive term.

Now, if M. Weiler had contented himself with writing an essay on the variations of meaning in language in different districts and among different classes, I should not think it worth while to call the attention of the readers of this magazine to the matter. But what he actually did was to think out and apply a system of representation of employers and employed — an equal number from each side — ranging from committees in each branch, who simply discuss affairs, to a Superior Committee who settle all differences, calling in an umpire if necessary. When M. Weiler wrote his pamphlet, the system had been in operation for four years, and there had been no need of an umpire. He foresees that this may not be an exhaustive test, but the plan has stood a number of severe trials, which, previously, would have led to strikes and lock-outs. The first and chief difficulty was that the representatives of the workmen, being chosen with perfect freedom, were the leaders who had been deemed, and who had actually been, mischief-makers in the past; the most encouraging feature of the experience was that these men gradually became the most intelligent and efficient representatives. The essential fact in this, to me, very interesting story is that two classes, whose real interests were mutual, and whose past relations had been disturbed, uncertain, and often hostile, found a common profit and a great one when they succeeded each in ascertaining the point of view of the other. I have, since reading this account, learned that a similar system carried the employers and employed in the bricklayers' trade in this city safely and peacefully through the building strikes of last summer. Clearly, there is something worth studying and developing in this idea of a common hunt for the point of view.

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WHEN I slip away for a season from the lively town of Wayback where I live, and take up temporary quarters at the Collegiate Reformed Club in the city of New York, I am always interested in certain men that I see there, who ought to recognize me and don't. I always see them there when I am in town, and they always see me, and every man of them seems to me to be visibly conscious that he has seen me before, and that he ought to know me; but the impression I made at the time of our original meeting must have been somewhat faint, and has been inadequately renewed in our subsequent encounters, for we pass in the hallway of the club without recognition, and read the newspapers side by side without admission of previous acquaintance.

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There is Dr. Fitztim. My acquaintance with him dates from an expedition I made fifteen years ago to the uttermost parts of Long Island. We rode from the train to the village together in a stage, and I asked him questions which he answered with politeness. I saw him that same afternoon riding a horse, and made exhaustive inquiries about him which gave him a permanent standing in my recollection. I think I was actually introduced to him at that time, but that may not have been so. Certainly I met him at Wayback, eight years later, when he came there to be usher at a wedding, and showed him distinguished attentions, including effervescent beverages. Later still I met him at dinner at his sister's house, and conversed with him freely, so I really know him intimately, know his relations, know his friends, know his religious opinions and his professional peculiarities; and yet, when he sees me at the Collegiate Club, he cannot quite remember who I am, and does not venture to bow to me. He ought to be ashamed, and I think he is, for though I try not to embarrass him by a painful propinquity, or by showing consciousness of his existence, I think it makes him squirm a little to see me in the club.

There is another man in the same club with whom I have the same experience. I met him once, when everything about him that was of importance was communicated to me by a common friend, and his identity firmly established in my mind. I know how many times he has been married and to whom, who have been his partners in business, where he spends his summers, and where he goes fishing. Once, since our acquaintance began, I have run into him at the Collegiate, and recalled myself to his recollection on the rebound. But the last time I saw him he knew me as little as ever. He is a particularly amiable gentleman, and I do not resent his obliviousness in the least. Indeed, there is a general rule concerning recognitions which applies to his case, and which excuses him. When I first met him and got him by heart, it was on a social occasion when he was one of the imported performers, and I one of the local chorus. It is to be expected that the chorus will always remember the visiting stars, and that the stars will go away with a very confused notion of the individuals in the chorus. When I am hanged, or lost at sea, or acquire a nine-days newspaper notoriety from crime or misfortune, he will remember to have seen me once; but until then I suspect that I shall have the advantage of him.

A man's estimate of his own worth must be low, indeed, if he does not rather feel sympathy for a man who has forgotten him, than resentment toward such a person. When I meet Fitztim again at dinner, I shall certainly have what fun I can with him about his halting memory; but neither for him nor for my other oblivious friend (whose name I cannot at this moment recall) is my esteem at all modified because of their unconscious surrender of my acquaintance. I suspect that there are men whose visages escape my recognition in the same way, and I forgive Fitztim and Blank, as I hope to be forgiven.

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THE RED POPE.

ENGRAVED BY STÉPHANE PANNEMAKER.

From Velasquez's portrait in the Doria Gallery, Rome.

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